SPECIAL EDITION

THE 10 GREATEST PUNCHERS OF ALL-TIME

THE RING

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TERRY NORRIS BRACES FOR HIS BIGGEST CHALLENGE
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The New Mexican Civil War ... In Las Vegas

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De La Hoya: Three titles at 24

Jones: Talent overflow

Whitaker: Never *really* lost

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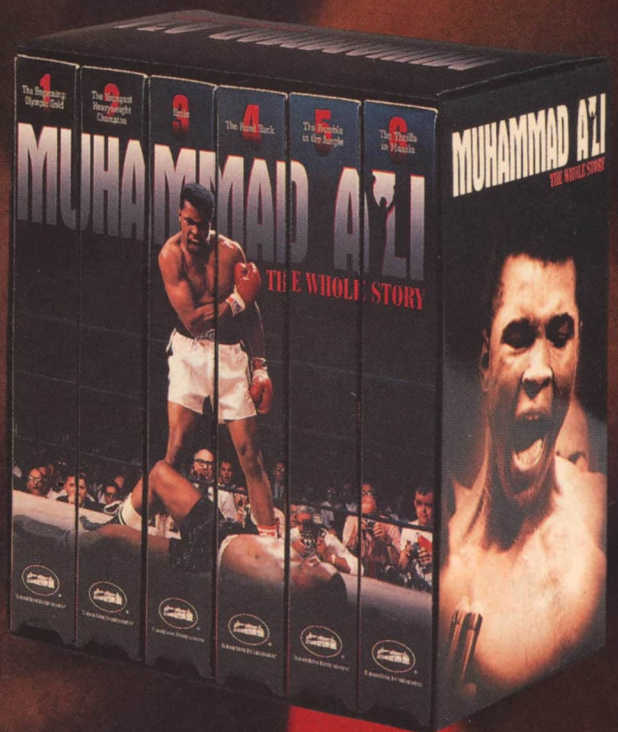

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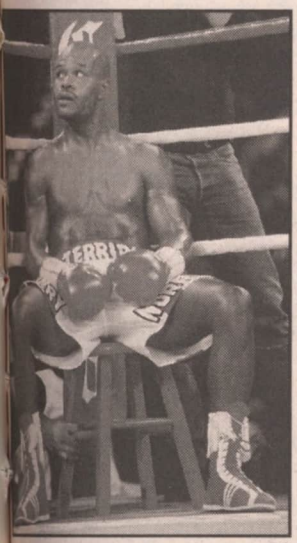
September 1997



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Cover: Oscar De La Hoya & Pernell Whitaker by Jason Ross Lavin; Roy Jones by Chris Cassidy

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RINGSIDE

Andrew Golota is to Riddick Bowe as Jimmy Young is to George Foreman. In 1977, Foreman was 28 when, after losing a 12-round decision to Young, he retired from boxing. In May, Bowe, 29, announced his retirement, which came five months after his second consecutive disqualification victory over Golota, three months after his three-day stint in Marine Corps boot camp, and five days after Foreman's career-resuscitating victory over Lou Savarese.

I'm not suggesting that like Big George, Big Daddy is going to return to the ring in 10 years. (If he did, he'd probably fight Bigfoot Martin.) Maybe Bowe will fight again, maybe not. Rather, I'm reminded of how different millionaires can be. Bowe, who has a lot of money for a kid from Brooklyn, is walking away when he can still make more. Foreman, whose bank account is bigger than all of Texas, is sticking around. He just had a breakthrough fight of sorts at age 48, and wants to fight into his 50s. Given his performance against Savarese, that ridiculous notion doesn't sound so ridiculous. We can only hope that when he turns 60, the punches Foreman has taken won't leave him sounding ridiculous.

I hope Bowe never fights again. I could say the same about Foreman. Of course, if every big-name fighter quit as soon as he made his first 10 million, or won his first title for that matter, the superfight would go the way of the dodo.

There's nothing wrong with applauding Bowe for his decision to fight no more. When I decide whether to applaud or condemn Foreman for his decision to fight on, I'll let you know.

***

Whenever I'm asked to choose the hardest puncher in history, a single vision enters my mind: Earnie Shavers winding up with a right hand, and Larry Holmes winding up on the floor. I was ringside for that fight in September 1979, and I don't care if boxing dates back to the Creation, I can't imagine anyone ever having landed a bigger shot. Of course, Shavers didn't touch Holmes the rest of the way, which is exactly the point Mike Silver makes in selecting the 10 greatest punchers of all-time *(page 27)*.

I might not agree with all of Silver's choices, but after considering his criteria, I can't argue too strenuously. Punch for punch, and maybe even pound for pound, Silver acknowledges, Shavers packed more power than just about anyone. He proved that by knocking down Holmes, and knocking out fighters like Ken Norton and Jimmy Ellis. But there's a difference between a *hard* puncher and a *great* puncher. As a result, Shavers can't possibly rank with a true kayo artist like Archie Moore or Joe Louis.

Silver's picks—and omissions—are sure to bring a flood of mail. That's okay, we like it that way.

Steve Farhood
Editor-in-Chief

Volume 76, No. 9 September 1997

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SUBSCRIPTION SERVICES
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Ft. Washington, PA 19034

THE RING (ISSN: 0035-5410), Vol. 76, No. 9, is published monthly, with an additional issue in December, by London Publishing Co., 7002 W. Butler Pike, Ambler, PA 19002. Periodicals postage paid at Ambler, PA 19002 and additional post offices. Postmaster: Send change of address notices to: THE RING, P.O. Box 910, Ft. Washington, PA 19034. Single copy price $3.50 ($4.50 in Canada, £2.65 in U.K.). Subscription price $32.45 in the U.S., $42.85 Canada and remaining countries. Not responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited articles or photographs, which will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing the proper amount of postage. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher. All rights reserved. FOR ADVERTISING INQUIRIES AND RATES: (215) 643-6385. U.S. and Canadian distribution by Kable News Inc., 11 West 42nd St., New York, NY 10036. International distribution by Worldwide Media Service Inc., 115 East 23rd St., New York, NY 10010, U.K. distribution by Comag, Tavistock Rd., West Drayton, Middlesex UB77QE, England.
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COME OUT WRITING

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BIG GEORGE AND LARRY

Why do we still see them fighting? Everyone looks at George Foreman and laughs as he sells the chicken and the mufflers and jokes around. Real funny, and besides, didn't he surprise us all when he kayoed Michael Moorer? Well, that was three years ago, and it was a fluke. (Foreman lost every minute of every round until scoring the knockout.) You saw the "difficulty" Jimmy Thunder had with Crawford Grimsley, who had just gone the distance with Foreman. And just how good was Lou Savarese anyway?

Larry Holmes got one more title shot than he deserved when he challenged Oliver McCall. He recently lost to a fighter, Brian Nielsen, who, in Holmes' prime, couldn't have shined Larry's shoes. But everybody loves to watch Holmes, right? Look at the ratings numbers he puts up when he fights on the USA Network.

Isn't it great Foreman and Holmes are still in the ring as they head to the half-century mark? Isn't it grand? Both of these men should be stopped from fighting again. They're time bombs that are ticking toward an accident that will arm the anti-boxing crowd with the ammo they crave.

I hate to impose limits, as fighters like Azumah Nelson and Daniel Zaragoza continue to defy Father Time at 39. But I've never seen a fighter over 45 who was doing anything but risking injury.

It's time to set a mandatory retirement age.

DAVID MURPHY
Champaign, IL

Photo by Frank Vitucci

Should a 48-year-old grandfather be soaking up punches like this? George Foreman guaranteed himself at least one more big fight by decisioning the previously unbeaten Lou Savarese in April in Atlantic City.

THE RING should apologize to Foreman. Big George proved he remains among the best heavyweights in the world by convincingly defeating a far younger opponent in Lou Savarese. Every time I pick up your magazine, I read someone taking a shot at Foreman. He gave his all in beating Savarese, and for that alone we should be thankful he's still fighting.

I'm not saying Foreman is still good enough to win a world title. But given the heavyweights who are out there, exactly who is it he's supposed to be afraid of?

JERRY McKINNON
Portland, OR

MORE ON DE LA HOYA-WHITAKER

Pound-for-pound? Hardly. The much-anticipated bout between De La Hoya and Whitaker turned out to be nothing more than an overhyped chess match, with neither man attaining a checkmate.

The bout lacked drama and excitement. For the most part, De La Hoya's quick flurries caught nothing but air or were blocked by Whitaker's gloves. Meanwhile, "Sweet Pea's" clowning and featherfisted punches did nothing to arouse any interest.

To achieve greatness, "The Golden Boy" must defeat young, hungry fighters like Felix Trinidad, Ike Quartey, and Kostya Tszyu. Fighting over-the-hill boxers like Whitaker, Julio Cesar Chavez, and Hector Camacho won't put him in the history books. De La Hoya seems to be taking the safety-first

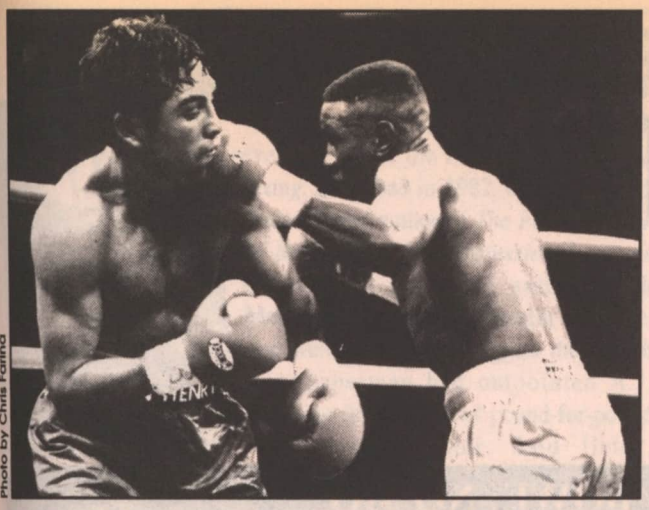


Photo by Chris Farina

Was Pernell Whitaker robbed against Oscar De La Hoya? Most readers thought it was a very close fight, but the majority of those who wrote us thought "Sweet Pea" deserved the nod.

route, which will earn him millions of dollars, but won't bring him ring immortality.

GARY HORNUNG JR.
Charleston, SC

Whitaker got ripped off. He clearly outpunched and outmaneuvered De La Hoya and deserved at least a draw. It seemed that in every round, De La Hoya would try to rally in the final seconds. I'll admit that he did throw a lot of powerpunches. The only problem is that none of them landed.

RAJ SINGH
San Diego, CA

I've been a fight fan since the era of Louis, Pep, and Robinson, and I recall back in the bad 'ol days Robinson wearing the label of uncrowned champion while in pursuit of Marty Servo's welter bauble.

However, pound-for-pound debating was always a fare reserved strictly for the candy store, poolroom, streetcorner fight expert clientele.

For what it's worth, my hypothetical vision of Oscar De La Hoya being in there with Kid Gavilan or Carmen Basilio would hold the same suspense as watching "The Golden Boy" being strapped into the hot seat at Sing Sing.

So please, stop with all this present-day pound-for-pound b.s. If it can't be decided face-to-face at center-stage, it isn't worthy of discussion.

GEORGE J. ELSASSER
Hamlin, PA

I just watched the third robbery of Whitaker's career. Everybody knows "Sweet Pea" did a number on the overrated "Golden Boy," but the judges refused to acknowledge the fact. Whitaker proved his toughness and heart and cemented his legend. The so-called boxing experts who picked De La Hoya to win by knockout should be forced to look for new jobs.

IRVIN KENTISH
Springfield, MA

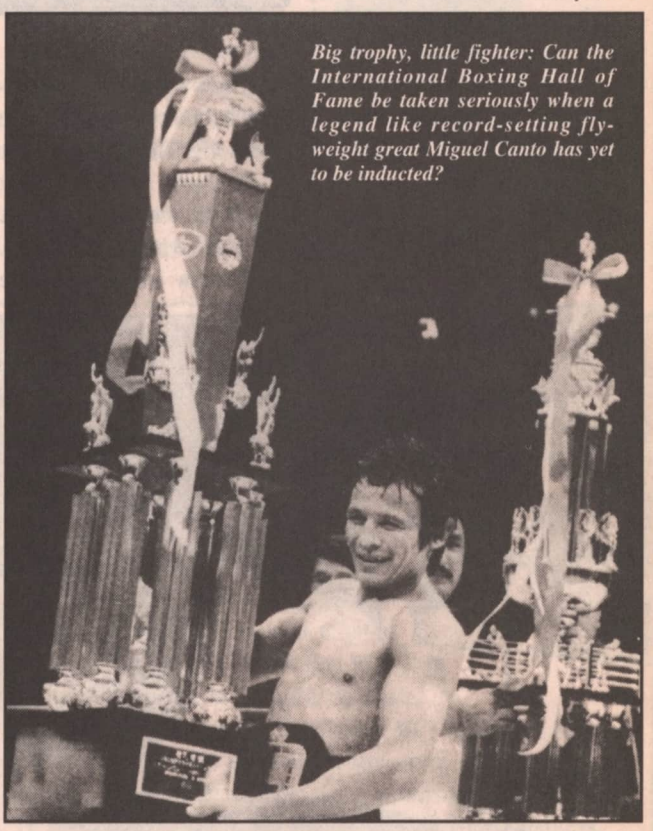
HALL OF FAME BIAS

I'm a bit bewildered that the so-called *International* Boxing Hall of Fame can elect Jose Torres and ignore such true legends as Miguel Canto, Antonio Cervantes, and Eusebio Pedroza.

No disrespect to Torres, but he made three defenses against no-names. Meanwhile, Canto successfully defended the flyweight belt 14 times, "Kid Pambele" retained the junior welter title 16 times (over two reigns), and Pedroza made 19 successful defenses of the featherweight title.

It seems obvious the moderate achievements of North American champions are recognized and rewarded ahead of the incredible accomplishments of international legends. I suggest the International Boxing Hall of Fame change its name to the Continental-Americas Boxing Hall of Fame.

FRANK RIZZO
Brooklyn, NY



Big trophy, little fighter: Can the International Boxing Hall of Fame be taken seriously when a legend like record-setting flyweight great Miguel Canto has yet to be inducted?

UNIFIED CHAMP

Doesn't anybody on your staff seem to care that there is only one unified champion in boxing? Virgil Hill holds the WBA and IBF light heavyweight titles, but he's the only one. Shouldn't there be some incentive (money, awards, media coverage) to unify some more of the titles?

Regarding Hill, with all that is said and written about Mike Tyson, Evander Holyfield, and Roy Jones these days, you owe it to your readers to spotlight an athlete who had the courage to attempt to unify the title, and in his opponent's backyard no less. (Hill defeated Henry Maske in Germany.) Moreover, Hill has been a great ambassador to the sport. He certainly deserves more coverage in THE RING.

JON HEGRE
Minot, ND ■

ROUND ONE

BOWE: NO MO

A few months ago, Riddick Bowe said he was going to join the Marines, but he spit the bit after only a couple of days in boot camp. Now he says he's *not* going to do something he's done all his life. The cynics are counting the days until "Big Daddy's" comeback.

On April 30, Bowe, 29, quietly announced his retirement from boxing, but not from HBO, which will employ him as a spokesman for "Reaching Beyond The Ring," the network's community service program. Bowe also said he may attend classes at Howard University.

"I know when I've had enough," Bowe told the New York *Daily News*. "Some guys never realize this.

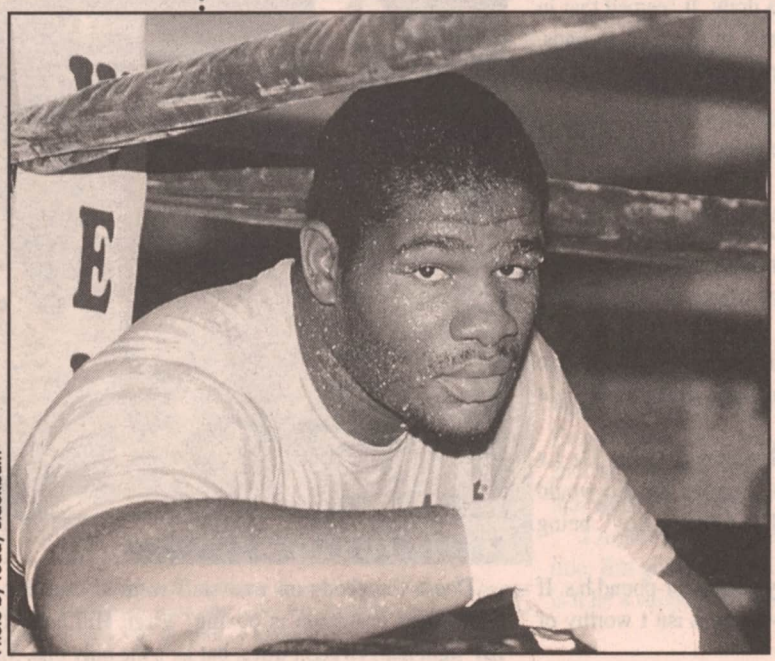


Photo by Teddy Blackburn

Bowe: "I know when I've had enough"

"When I see kids, I want to be able to speak with them and I want them to speak with me—not only speak with me, but I want them to understand me. If I continue to fight, I would be taking a big chance that wouldn't be the case."

Apparently, Bowe, recently given a clean bill of health, is now acknowledging that he's at least occasionally slurring his words. That was never more apparent than after his last bout, the second in a pair of punishing disqualification victories over Andrew Golota.

Bowe exits with a career mark of 40-1 (32) with 1 no-contest. In November 1992, he won the undisputed heavyweight title by outpointing Evander Holyfield. He defended against Michael Dokes and Jesse Ferguson before losing the crown back to Holyfield in November '93. In a November '95 rubber match, Bowe rose from the canvas to stop "The Real Deal" in the eighth round.

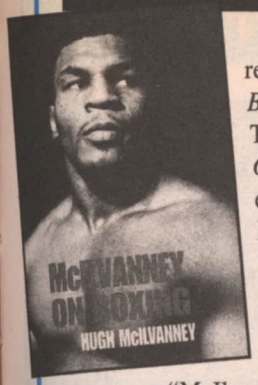
Rock Newman, who managed Bowe throughout the heavyweight's career, indicated he was also leaving boxing.

Bowe may have left boxing, but that doesn't mean he's done fighting. A few days after his retirement announcement, he filed charges with police, claiming his sister, Velma L. Melton, had assaulted him. One day later, Bowe reported that the dispute, during which it was reported both Bowe and Melton suffered split lips, had been resolved.

Look for more on Bowe's career and retirement in next month's issue.

–Steve Farhood

THE BOXING BOOKSHELF



A few years ago, I loaned my battered, revered copy of the first *McIlvanney On Boxing*, published in 1982, to W.C. Heinz. The esteemed author of *The Fireside Book Of Boxing* and *The Professional* was as enthused as me about author Hugh McIlvanney's wonderful insight and style, and went so far as to suggest the British newspaperman had outpointed A.J. Liebling for the title of pound-for-pound best boxing writer. Said Heinz, "McIlvanney has all of Liebling's erudition, but also an equal, though different, grace in expression and a far greater insight into fighters as more than entertainers, which is how Liebling saw them."

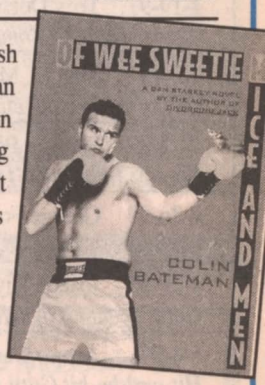
On the basis of a brand new, expanded *McIlvanney On Boxing* ($35, Mainstream Publishing Co.), I unequivocally declare him winner and still champion. This 320-page volume contains all the boxing pieces in the first one, which covered the Ali era and, in its second half, more recent stories about Tyson, Holyfield, Chavez, Bowe, and others. There simply isn't a bad piece, paragraph, or sentence in the book, and most of each are as breathtaking as a perfectly executed three-punch combination. Writes McIlvanney, "In all the wide realm of suckerdom, there is no gullibility more gluttonous than that of boxing fans, and those who complain about being short-changed over the Mike Tyson-Peter McNeeley fiasco in Las Vegas last weekend sound like someone bemoaning the lack of true love in a whorehouse."

McIlvanney's book belongs alongside the most exalted works on boxing, including the aforementioned Heinz treasures and Liebling's paeans to the Sweet Science. He is, as Heinz called him, "boxing's best friend." It's a friendship, however, that has given McIlvanney more than a few moments of exasperation and frustration, and the pieces in which he examines his devotion to a sport that has reduced some of its most gifted and glittering practitioners to not much more than roadkill are the most gripping and insightful in the book.

One comes away thinking that as long as boxing continues to merit the attention and fascination of a Hugh McIlvanney, there's hope.

McIlvanney On Boxing is distributed in the USA by Trafalgar Square, North Pomfret, VT 05053.

–Pete Ehrmann



Novelist Colin Bateman must've pounded his head on the floor last November when Evander Holyfield clobbered Mike Tyson, but he recovers nicely on page three of *Of Wee Sweetie Mice And Men* by having Tyson take the belt back in a rematch and then reunify the title—all in a single sentence! Having "Iron Mike" his old man-killing, nose-bone-driving self again is a necessity for the plot of this entertaining, comical novel, in which Tyson is scheduled to face Bobby "Fat Boy" McMaster, the Irish heavyweight champion, on St. Patrick's Day at Madison Square Garden.

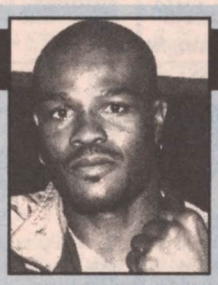
McMaster, of course, is a pugilistic zero. "In Ireland he'd be okay," writes Bateman, "the biggest fish in a tiny pond. In the world ocean of boxing, he was less than plankton." Which is immaterial to the bottom-feeding promoter, whose putrid fiendishness and flamboyance will likely get him into the International Boxing Hall of Fame someday.

Besotted Irish newspaper columnist Dan Starkey, the novel's main character, is hired to write a quickie book about the whole affair. He travels to America with the Fat Boy's entourage, where the plot is thickened when the Irish champion, who naturally turns out to be an educated, sensitive, and thoughtful man also turns out to have a flair for inciting various ethnic groups with his innocent sociological pronouncements. Then his wife is kidnapped by Irish terrorists, which sends Starkey and a cast of incendiary supporting characters off on various violent misadventures in an effort to rescue her and protect the Fat Boy from all the neer-do-wells who want to do him in.

As a boxing novel, *Of Wee Sweetie Mice And Men* (Arcade Publishing, $23.95) is wholly outrageous, laughable, predictable, unbelievable, cliched, and preposterous—and thus fairly realistic. "It's a funny old game, the fight business," Starkey's editor says to him. "Funny as a fire in an orphanage," he replies.

–Pete Ehrmann

MOVE OVER, ROY JONES

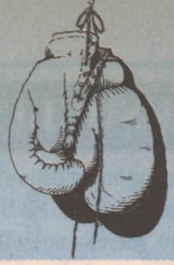


Norris: Soon to be a Blueberry?

You'd think WBC super welterweight champion Terry Norris would have Felix Trinidad on his mind. Instead, he's been thinking about fastballs and grand slams.

In May, Norris traveled to Hammonton, New Jersey, to meet with the Hammonton Blueberries, a semi-professional team in the Atlantic County Baseball League. Baseball has always been Norris' passion, and he's always expressed a desire to return to the diamond after his ring days are over. Now it looks as if he might not wait that long.

Norris, a centerfielder, was a baseball star in high school. He received scholarship offers to play college ball, but opted instead for a boxing career.



WATCHING TV

TV FIGHTS OF THE MONTH

Date	Winner/Loser	Network	Division	Significance	Matchup	Result
4-18-97	Junior Jones W 12 Marco A. Barrera	HBO	jf	A	A	A-
Rematch a lot more intriguing—and competitive—than original						
4-18-97	**Ike Quartey KO 5 Tiger Jones**	**HBO**	**WBA w**	**A**	**C**	**C-**
Quartey too strong for all but the best						
4-19-97	Michael Grant W Disq. 4 Lionel Butler	ABC	h	B-	B-	C-
Butler, 265, appears uninterested; we expect better from ABC						
4-19-97	Yvonne Trevino KO 1 Brenda Rouse	ABC	fl	C	B-	D
Competitive women's matches have been rare						
4-19-97	**Frankie Liles KO 5 Segundo Mercado**	**Show**	**WBA sm**	**A-**	**C-**	**D**
What was Mercado doing in world title fight?						
4-19-97	**Bernard Hopkins KO 7 J. D. Jackson**	**Show**	**IBF m**	**A**	**B**	**C**
Once-slick Jackson offers minimal resistance						
4-19-97	Troy Dorsey W 10 Rudy Zavala	Fox Sports	jl	C+	B+	A
Where were the CompuBox punch-counters when we needed them?						
4-21-97	Juan M. Marquez W 12 Agapito Sanchez	Prime	f	B-	B	B-
One of those competitive one-sided fights						
4-22-97	Samson Po'uha KO 4 Bert Cooper	USA	h	C+	B-	C+
No, this fight wasn't aired in slow motion						
4-26-97	George Foreman W 12 Lou Savarese	HBO	h	A-	A-	A-
Go figure: At age 48, Big George proves stronger down the stretch						
4-29-97	Joseph Kiwanuka W 12 Antoine Byrd	USA	NABF sm	B+	B	B+
Good matchup of styles; ultimately, Kiwanuka too strong						
5-4-97	Arturo Gatti KO 7 Calvin Grove	CBS	l	B+	B+	A
Hit-and-be-hit Gatti incapable of producing a stinker						
5-4-97	Zab Judah W 6 Troy Crain	CBS	jw	C	C	C-
Slick young boxer wins as he pleases						
5-4-97	Joel Casamayor KO 1 Raul Munoz	CBS	jl	C	B	D
Cuban scores three knockdowns in blowout						
5-6-97	Kennedy McKinney W 12 H. Acero-Sanchez	USA	USBA jf	B+	A-	B-
McKinney closes fast; close fight, but never a thriller						
5-9-97	Michael Nunn KO 7 Booker Word	Fox Sports	c	B-	C+	C-
Is Nunn, who scales 191½, trying to emulate James Toney?						
5-10-97	Frans Botha KO 10 James Stanton	Show	h	B	C	B
Good action early, two exhausted heavyweights late						
5-10-97	**William Joppy W 12 Peter Venancio**	**Show**	**WBA m**	**A-**	**A-**	**A-**
Solid fight all the way; knockdowns make the difference						

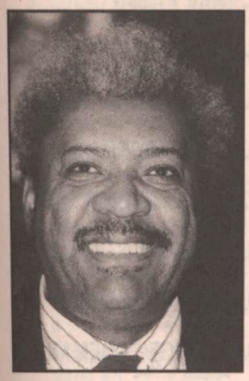
Category Explanation: "Significance"—The importance of the bout to the division and the fighters' futures; "Matchup"—The quality of the fighters and the prefight determination of how their styles will mesh; "Result"—How the bout turned out, from the viewer's perspective.

(World title fights in **bold** type)

Division key: h—heavyweight; c—cruiserweight; lh—light heavyweight; sm—super middleweight; m—middleweight; jm—junior middleweight; w—welterweight; jw—junior welterweight; l—lightweight; jl—junior lightweight; f—featherweight; jf—junior featherweight; b—bantamweight; jb—junior bantamweight; fl—flyweight; jfl—junior flyweight; s—strawweight

Network key: PPV—Pay-Per-View; Show—Showtime

THE 10 OTHER THINGS THAT MAKE DON KING "VERY HAPPY"



King: His best buddy is Uncle Sam

On April 15, Don King sent out a fax to inform his fellow taxpayers how happy he was to have written the Internal Revenue Service a check for $30-million. King called it "a distinct honor and privilege." With that in mind, here are King's other turn-ons.

10. Jumps for joy when his dentist schedules root-canal work.
9. Is filled with elation when one of his fighters signs with Bob Arum.
8. Can barely contain himself when he loses control of the heavyweight division.
7. Finds himself on cloud nine when Mike Tyson questions the distribution of his purse money.
6. Smiles wide when he's billed by his defense lawyers.
5. Feels like a million bucks when Jack Newfield's name comes up in conversation.
4. Releases a shriek of delight whenever reminded that Tim Witherspoon beat him for $1-million.
3. Walks on air when he loses a purse bid by a dollar.
2. Giggles uncontrollably when, caught in the rain, his hair flattens out.
1. Feels tingly all over when he has to pay his HBO bill.

OUTSIDE THE ROPES

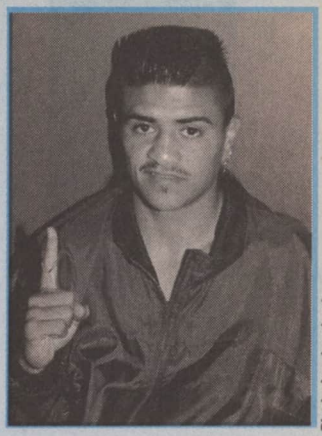


Photo by Jay Lash

Carbajal: Charged with aggravated assault

Australian heavyweight **Craig Petersen**, 26, was found dead in his home in Santa Teresa, New Mexico. Police said he apparently died of a drug overdose ... Former junior flyweight champion **Michael Carbajal** was charged with aggravated assault after he and his cousin allegedly attacked an off-duty police officer outside a gas station in Chandler, Arizona. According to a police spokesman, "[The off-duty officer] identified himself as a police officer, they grabbed him and threw him to the ground and pummeled his face." Police said Carbajal ran from the scene, but was cornered behind a shed by a police dog and an officer, where he surrendered ... According to published reports, **Mike Tyson** wed longtime girlfriend **Dr. Monica Turner** at a Muslim ceremony in Bethesda, Maryland. As we went to press, Turner, the mother of Tyson's daughter Rayna, was about to give birth to the couple's second child.

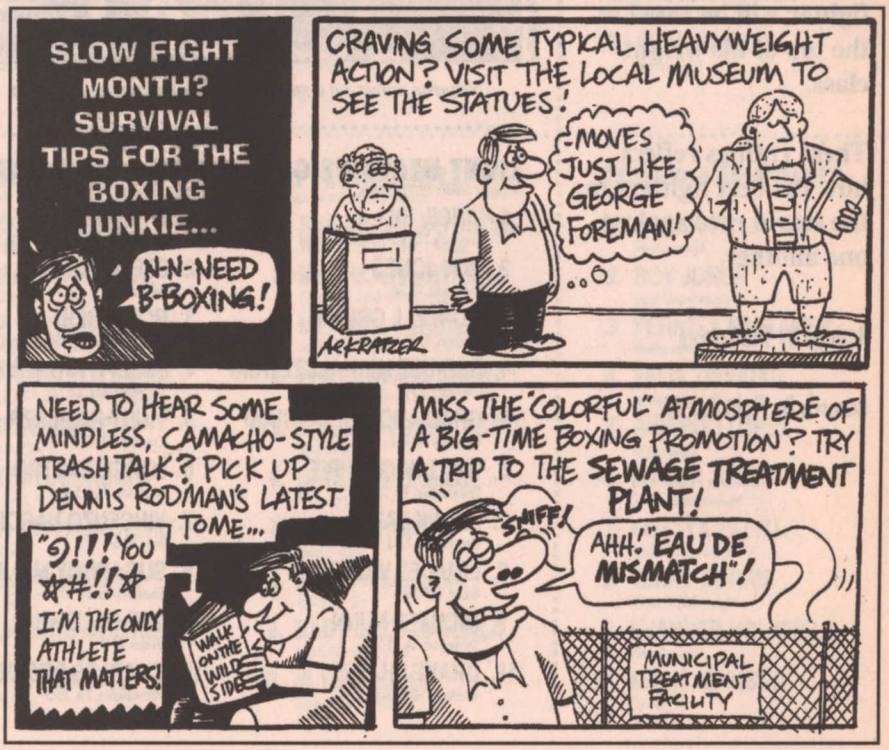
THE PUNCHLINES

Time to update those ratings, guys: According to the newsletter *Flash*, the widow of former European lightweight champion Racheed Lawal received a letter from the WBF asking her late husband to fight that organization's 135-pound champion, Juan Laszano. Lawal quit boxing in 1994, and was stabbed to death last November in Denmark.

"One thing about John I'm envious about: He's got a modeling career, and I don't look that good."

–IBF middleweight champion Bernard Hopkins after his seventh-round TKO of John David Jackson

AL KRATZER'S VIEW



THE RING RATINGS

For Period Ended May 15, 1997

How Our Ratings Are Compiled

In each division, fighters are ranked according to their abilities and accomplishments.

Being champion does not necessarily mean a fighter will be rated at the top of his weight class.

These ratings reflect how the best fighters in the world rate against one another.

Ratings By The Editors

Records By Fight Fax Inc.

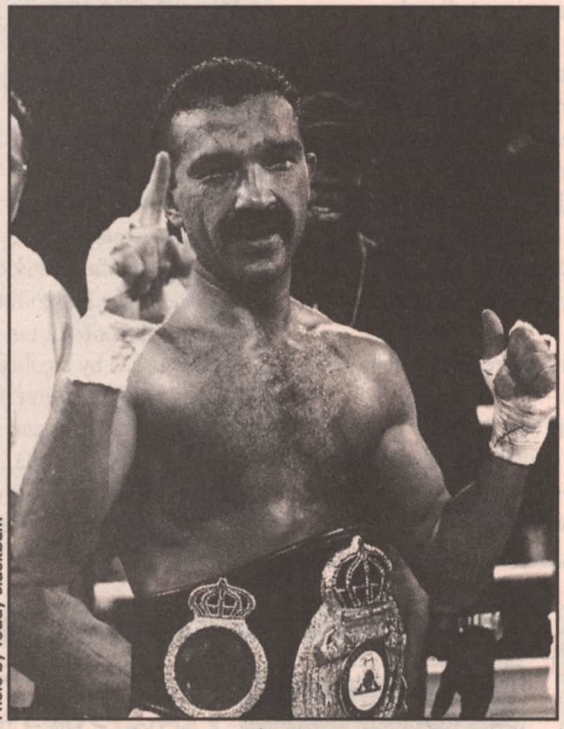


Photo by Teddy Blackburn

Nazarov moves up a spot by beating Leavander Johnson

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight Unlimited

1. **EVANDER HOLYFIELD** Fairburn, GA *33-3 (WBA Champ)*
2. **LENNOX LEWIS** England *30-1 (WBC Champ)*
3. **MIKE TYSON** Southington, OH *45-2*
4. **MICHAEL MOORER** Detroit, MI *38-1 (IBF Champ)*
5. **ANDREW GOLOTA** Chicago, IL *28-2*
6. **RAY MERCER** West Orange, NJ *24-4-1*
7. **HENRY AKINWANDE** England *31-0-1*
8. **DAVID TUA** Totowa, NJ *27-0*
9. **TIM WITHERSPOON** Philadelphia, PA *45-5*
10. **GEORGE FOREMAN** Marshall, TX *76-4*

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 190 pounds

1. **NATE MILLER** Philadelphia, PA *29-4 (WBA Champ)*
2. **ADOLPHO WASHINGTON** Lexington, KY *26-3-2 (IBF Champ)*
3. **MARCELO DOMINGUEZ** Argentina *21-1-1 (WBC Champ)*
4. **FABRICE TIOZZO** France *37-1*
5. **ROBERT DANIELS** Miami, FL *36-3-1*
6. **KENNY KEENE** Emmett, ID *37-2*
7. **JUAN CARLOS GOMEZ** Germany *17-0*
8. **DAVID IZEQWIRE** Washington, D.C. *19-1*
9. **TORSTEN MAY** Germany *16-1*
10. **YOSUKEZAN NISHIJIMA** Japan *17-1*

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 175 pounds

1. **VIRGIL HILL** Bismarck, ND *43-1 (WBA Champ)*
2. **ROY JONES** Pensacola, FL *34-1*
3. **MONTELL GRIFFIN** Chicago, IL *27-0 (WBC Champ)*
4. **DARIUSZ MICHALCZEWSKI** Germany *33-0*
5. **GRACIANO ROCCHIGIANI** Germany *39-4-1*
6. **WILLIAM GUTHRIE** Philadelphia, PA *23-0*
7. **FRANK TATE** Houston, TX *37-4*
8. **LOU DEL VALLE** Bronx, NY *24-1*
9. **MICHAEL NUNN** Davenport, IA *51-3*
10. **DRAKE THADZI** Brockton, MA *29-8-1*

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 168 pounds

1. **FRANKIE LILES** N. Hollywood, CA *30-1 (WBA Champ)*
2. **STEVE COLLINS** Ireland *35-3*
3. **ROBIN REID** England *23-0-1 (WBC Champ)*
4. **JOSEPH KIWANUKA** Las Vegas, NV *24-1-2*
5. **VINNY PAZIENZA** Cranston, RI *41-6*
6. **JORGE CASTRO** Argentina *101-5-2*
7. **VINCENZO NARDIELLO** Italy *30-6*
8. **SUGARBOY MALINGA** South Africa *41-10*
9. **JOE CALZAGHE** Wales *21-0*
10. **CHARLES BREWER** Philadelphia, PA *28-5*

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 160 pounds

1. **BERNARD HOPKINS** Philadelphia, PA *31-2-1 (IBF Champ)*
2. **KEITH HOLMES** Washington, D.C. *29-1 (WBC Champ)*
3. **WILLIAM JOPPY** Washington, D.C. *24-0-1 (WBA Champ)*
4. **LONNIE BRADLEY** New York, NY *25-0-1*
5. **DANA ROSENBLATT** Malden, MA *29-1*
6. **OTIS GRANT** Canada *28-1-1*
7. **ROBERT McCRACKEN** England *28-0*
8. **BRIAN BARBOSA** Providence, RI *22-3*
9. **HASSINE CHERIFI** France *24-1-1*
10. **PAUL VADEN** San Diego, CA *27-1*

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 154 pounds

1. **TERRY NORRIS**
   Mission Valley, CA *45-6 (WBC Champ)*
2. **LAURENT BOUDOUANI**
   France *35-2 (WBA Champ)*
3. **JULIO CESAR VASQUEZ**
   Argentina *56-3*
4. **WINKY WRIGHT**
   St. Petersburg, FL *37-1*
5. **RAUL MARQUEZ**
   Houston, TX *26-0 (IBF Champ)*
6. **BRONCO McKART**
   Monroe, MI *31-2*
7. **HECTOR CAMACHO**
   Orlando, FL *64-3*
8. **EMMETT LINTON**
   Tacoma, WA *23-2*
9. **CARL DANIELS**
   St. Louis, MO *37-3*
10. **GUILLERMO JONES**
    Panama *20-0*

WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 147 pounds

1. **OSCAR DE LA HOYA**
   Whittier, CA *24-0 (WBC Champ)*
2. **PERNELL WHITAKER**
   Norfolk, VA *40-2-1*
3. **FELIX TRINIDAD**
   Puerto Rico *31-0 (IBF Champ)*
4. **IKE QUARTEY**
   Ghana *34-0 (WBA Champ)*
5. **JOSE LUIS LOPEZ**
   Mexico *38-3-1*
6. **OBA CARR**
   Detroit, MI *37-2*
7. **PATRICK CHARPENTIER**
   France *24-4*
8. **WILFREDO RIVERA**
   Puerto Rico *24-2-1*
9. **YORI BOY CAMPAS**
   Mexico *66-2*
10. **ANDREI PESTRIAEV**
    Russia *20-1*

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 140 pounds

1. **KOSTYA TSZYU**
   Australia *18-0-1 (IBF Champ)*
2. **KHALID RAHILOU**
   France *29-2 (WBA Champ)*
3. **JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ**
   Mexico *97-2-1*
4. **MIGUEL ANGEL GONZALEZ**
   Mexico *41-1*
5. **RAY OLIVEIRA**
   New Bedford, MA *30-5*
6. **FRANKIE RANDALL**
   Warren, OH *53-5-1*
7. **RAFAEL RUELAS**
   Studio City, CA *48-3*
8. **CHARLES MURRAY**
   Rochester, NY *39-4*
9. **FRED PENDLETON**
   Miami, FL *42-21-4*
10. **SOREN SONDERGAARD**
    Denmark *30-1*

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 135 pounds

1. **PHILLIP HOLIDAY**
   South Africa *30-0 (IBF Champ)*
2. **ORZUBEK NAZAROV**
   Japan *24-0 (WBA Champ)*
3. **STEVE JOHNSTON**
   Denver, CO *21-0 (WBC Champ)*
4. **GEORGE SCOTT**
   Pembroke Pines, FL *31-1*
5. **SHANE MOSLEY**
   Pomona, CA *23-0*
6. **IVAN ROBINSON**
   Delran, NJ *23-1*
7. **AZUMAH NELSON**
   Ghana *39-4-2*
8. **JEAN-BAPTISTE MENDY**
   France *49-6-2*
9. **JOHN-JOHN MOLINA**
   Puerto Rico *41-4*
10. **ARTUR GRIGORJAN**
    Uzbekistan *22-0*

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 130 pounds

1. **GENARO HERNANDEZ**
   Los Angeles, CA *35-1-1 (WBC Champ)*
2. **ARTURO GATTI**
   Jersey City, NJ *25-1 (IBF Champ)*
3. **YONG SOO CHOI**
   South Korea *22-2 (WBA Champ)*
4. **ROBERT GARCIA**
   Oxnard, CA *27-0*
5. **JULIEN LORCY**
   France *34-0-1*
6. **TRACY PATTERSON**
   Highland, NY *57-5-1*
7. **GABE RUELAS**
   Arleta, CA *44-3*
8. **ANATOLY ALEXANDROV**
   Kazakhstan *30-3*
9. **ANGEL MANFREDY**
   Gary, IN *20-2-1*
10. **DJAMEL LIFA**
    France *23-1*

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 126 pounds

1. **NASEEM HAMED**
   England *26-0 (IBF Champ)*
2. **LUISITO ESPINOSA**
   Philippines *40-7 (WBC Champ)*
3. **TOM JOHNSON**
   Detroit, MI *45-3-1*
4. **WILFREDO VAZQUEZ**
   Puerto Rico *50-7-3 (WBA Champ)*
5. **KEVIN KELLEY**
   Flushing, NY *47-1-2*
6. **JUAN MANUEL MARQUEZ**
   Mexico *20-1*
7. **EVER BELENO**
   Colombia *36-2*
8. **WELCOME NCITA**
   South Africa *40-2*
9. **ANGEL VASQUEZ**
   Hartford, CT *14-0*
10. **DERRICK GAINER**
    Pensacola, FL *19-4*

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 122 pounds

1. **JUNIOR JONES**
   Brooklyn, NY *43-2*
2. **DANIEL ZARAGOZA**
   Mexico *55-7-3 (WBC Champ)*
3. **VUYANI BUNGU**
   South Africa *32-2 (IBF Champ)*
4. **MARCO ANTONIO BARRERA**
   Mexico *43-2*
5. **ANTONIO CERMENO**
   Venezuela *26-1 (WBA Champ)*
6. **WAYNE McCULLOUGH**
   Las Vegas, NV *20-1*
7. **KENNEDY McKINNEY**
   Memphis, TN *31-3-1*
8. **ERIK MORALES**
   Mexico *26-0*
9. **ENRIQUE SANCHEZ**
   Mexico *21-0*
10. **ANGEL CHACON**
    Puerto Rico *23-1*

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 118 pounds

1. **MBULELO BOTILE**
   South Africa *21-0 (IBF Champ)*
2. **JORGE ELIECER JULIO**
   Colombia *36-1*
3. **SIRIMONGKOL SINGMANASUK**
   Thailand *14-0 (WBC Champ)*
4. **DAORUNG C. SIRIWAT**
   Thailand *59-5-1 (WBA Champ)*
5. **PAULIE AYALA**
   Ft. Worth, TX *20-0*
6. **NANA KONADU**
   Ghana *36-3*
7. **VEERAPHOL SAHAPROM**
   Thailand *10-1*
8. **ROBBIE REGAN**
   Wales *17-2-3*
9. **PASTOR MAURIN**
   Argentina *34-0*
10. **ADAN VARGAS**
    Mexico *22-1*

JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 115 pounds

1. **JOHNNY TAPIA**
   Albuquerque, NM *39-0-2*
2. **DANNY ROMERO**
   Albuquerque, NM *30-1 (IBF Champ)*
3. **GERRY PENALOSA**
   Philippines *35-1-1 (WBC Champ)*
4. **HIROSHI KAWASHIMA**
   Japan *20-3-1*
5. **YOKTHAI SITHOAR**
   Thailand *13-0-1 (WBA Champ)*
6. **HYUNG CHUL LEE**
   South Korea *19-6*
7. **ALIMI GOITIA**
   Venezuela *15-1*
8. **HAROLD GREY**
   Colombia *21-2*
9. **LUIS BOLANO**
   Colombia *23-0*
10. **SATOSHI IIDA**
    Japan *22-1-1*

FLYWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 112 pounds

1. **MARK JOHNSON**
   Washington, D.C. *30-1 (IBF Champ)*
2. **YURI ARBACHAKOV**
   Japan *23-0 (WBC Champ)*
3. **JOSE BONILLA**
   Venezuela *22-3 (WBA Champ)*
4. **CHATCHAI ELITE-GYM**
   Thailand *25-1 (Interim WBC Champ)*
5. **CARLOS SALAZAR**
   Argentina *43-7-3*
6. **ARTHUR JOHNSON**
   East St. Louis, IL *14-3*
7. **SAEN SOR PLOENCHIT**
   Thailand *26-1*
8. **ALBERTO JIMENEZ**
   Mexico *32-4-3*
9. **ALEJANDRO MONTIEL**
   Mexico *33-3*
10. **JESPER JENSEN**
    Denmark *21-0*

JR. FLYWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 108 pounds

1. **SAMAN SORJATURONG**
   Thailand *34-2-1 (WBC Champ)*
2. **MAURICIO PASTRANA**
   Colombia *16-0 (IBF Champ)*
3. **MICHAEL CARBAJAL**
   Phoenix, AZ *44-3*
4. **PHICHITNOI C. SIRIWAT**
   Thailand *17-1 (WBA Champ)*
5. **MELCHOR COB CASTRO**
   Mexico *49-5-4*
6. **CARLOS MURILLO**
   Panama *31-3*
7. **JESUS CHONG**
   Mexico *30-7*
8. **KEIJI YAMAGUCHI**
   Japan *21-2*
9. **BABY JAKE MATLALA**
   South Africa *45-10-2*
10. **HI YONG CHOI**
    South Korea *19-2*

POUND-FOR-POUND

1. **OSCAR DE LA HOYA**
   Welterweight
2. **ROY JONES**
   Light Heavyweight
3. **PERNELL WHITAKER**
   Welterweight
4. **FELIX TRINIDAD**
   Welterweight
5. **RICARDO LOPEZ**
   Strawweight
6. **JUNIOR JONES**
   Junior Featherweight
7. **KOSTYA TSZYU**
   Junior Welterweight
8. **TERRY NORRIS**
   Junior Middleweight
9. **EVANDER HOLYFIELD**
   Heavyweight
10. **MARK JOHNSON**
    Flyweight

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Sept. 1983: Exclusive: Sugar Ray Leonard Talks About His Past, Present, And Future. Plus: Hagler-Duran, Jaime Garza, Panama Lewis, Spinks-Muhammad, Bobo Olson, Mustafa Hamsho, Muniz-Chandler, Hearns-Sutherland.

Oct. 1983: Special Hagler-Duran Program. Plus: Best fighter poll, Jose Sulaiman, Milton McCrory, Camacho-Limon, DeLeon-Gordon, Hamsho-Benitez, who's who, Bill McNeese.

Nov. 1983: Gerrie Coetzee: The New Heavyweight Champ Sets His Sights On Holmes. Plus: Alexis Arguello, Murray Sutherland, James J. Braddock, Muhammad Ali.

Feb. 1984: Don King Talks And Talks And Talks. Plus: Leonard's return, Eddie Mustafa Muhammad, 1983 quotes, Marvin Hagler, Johnny Bratton, Gerald Hayes, Hagler-Duran color.

April 1984: Sugar Ray Leonard: "I'm Gonna Be Better Than Ever!" Plus: Ratings of 8,000 fighters, Henry Armstrong, Don Lee, Koji Kobayashi, Mancini-Chacon (color).

June 1984: Bumphus, Lockridge, Duva: 'That Championship Year.' Plus: Ferdie Pacheco, Harry Arroyo, Holmes-Coetzee preview, Pipino Cuevas, Aaron Pryor, Battling Nelson-Joe Gans, Witherspoon-Page.

July 1984: Bazooka's Aim Is True: Gomez Shoots Down LaPorte In The Battle For San Juan. Plus: Michael Spinks, Vinny Pazienza, Tyrone Crawley, Leonard's comeback, Chandler-Sandoval, Hagler-Roldan.

Aug. 1984: Olympic Special: Mark Breland Leads A Strong Squad. Plus: Leonard-Howard, Davila-Sanchez, Bonecrusher-Bruno, Bramble-Mancini, Hatcher-Bumphus, Garza-Orozco.

Oct. 1984: The Beast From The East: John Mugabi Strikes Terror Into The Hearts Of Men. Plus: Olympics, Bill Costello, Davey Moore, Wilfred Benitez, King's heavyweights.

Dec. 1984: Hagler Hammers Hamsho. Plus: Barry McGuigan, boxing's best, James Broad, Julian Jackson, Pinklon Thomas.

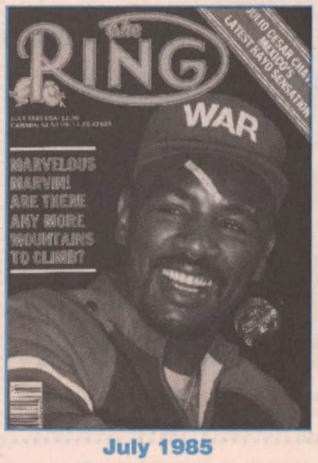
Jan. 1985: Holmes-Bonecrusher Color Action. Plus: Gerry Cooney, pro debuts (Breland, Hill, Taylor, Biggs, Whitaker, Holyfield), Santos-Medal, Meza-Garza.

Feb. 1985: Showdown: Page Clobbers Coetzee For WBA Title. Plus: Larry Holmes, lightweights, Cooney-Chaplin, McCallum-Minchillo.

April 1985: Special Hagler-Hearns Program. Plus: British fighters, Hector Camacho, Donald Curry, Sonny Liston.

May 1985: The Rematch In Reno: Bramble-Mancini Color Action. Plus: Donald Curry, Aaron Pryor, McGuigan-LaPorte.

June 1985: Holmes' Last Hurrah? Holmes-Bey Color Action. Plus: Holmes vs. all-time greats, Paul-Arroyo, 1901.



July 1985

July 1985: Marvelous Marvin! Are There Any More Mountains To Climb? Plus: Chavez, Tyson, Tubbs, Sullivan, great first rounds.

Aug. 1985: Seven Elected To The Ring Hall Of Fame (Jose Napoles, Jake LaMotta, Panama Al Brown, Manuel Ortiz, Young Stribling, Thomas Jackling, Lord Lonsdale). Plus: Spinks-Holmes preview, Barry McGuigan.

Sept. 1985: Barry McGuigan: Can He Be Boxing's Savior? Plus: Truth Williams, Tyrell Biggs, Greg Richardson, Julio Cesar Chavez, Paul-Blake, Witherspoon-Bonecrusher, Berbick-Bey, Pinklon Thomas.

Oct. 1985: The "Macho Man" Rides Again. Plus: Jeff Fenech, Berbick-Green, John E. Garcia, Dwight Muhammad Qawi, McCallum-Braxton.

Nov. 1985: Will Hagler Feast On The Beast? Plus: Hagler-Mugabi & Hearns-Shuler previews, Lonnie Smith, Pintor-Meza, Chuck Hull, Benitez-Moley.

Dec. 1985: Michael Spinks: Against All Odds. Plus: Curry-McCrory preview, McGuigan-Taylor, Alexis Arguello, Michael Olajide, Chavez-Pratchett.

Jan. 1986: In Search Of A Heavyweight Champion. Plus: Azumah Nelson, Arguello-Jefferson, Olympic update, Chicago boxing.

Feb. 1986: Mike Tyson: The Legacy Of Cus D'Amato. Plus: Rocky IV, Curry-McCrory, Teddy Mann, Kenny Lane.

March 1986 (Awards Issue): Co-Fighters Of The Year: Marvelous Marvin Hagler & Donald Curry. Plus: Ring's Annual Awards, Evander Holyfield, Williamson-Muhammad, Camacho-Roach, 1985 boxing diary.

April 1986: Witherspoon Tames Tubbs For WBA Title. Plus: Dream fights, Greg Haugen, Tyrell Biggs, Mark Breland, Paul Gonzales, HBO tourney, Witherspoon-Tubbs, Frank Warren, Gene Tunney.

May 1986: Marvelous Marvin Tames The Beast. Plus: Hearns-Shuler, Mike Tyson, Bramble-Crawley, Sandoval-Canizales, Marvin Johnson, McGuigan-Cabrera, Arguello-Costello, Weaver-Williams.

June 1986: Barry's Back In The USA: McGuigan Breathes A Breath Of Fresh Air Into American Fight Scene. Plus: Bobby Czyz, Robbie Sims, Qawi-Holyfield preview, Berbick-Thomas, Bruno-Coetzee.

July 1986: Spinks-Holmes II: Who Really Won? Plus: Frank Bruno, Richie Sandoval, Kevin Watts, Tyson-Tillis, Boza-Edwards-Alli, Johnson-Burns.

Aug. 1986: Is Sugar Ray Still Sweet? Plus: Lloyd Honeyghan, Tyson-Green, Cooney-Gregg, Hall of Fame (Eder Jofre, Benny Lynch, Bud Taylor, Sam McVey, Nat Langham, John Chambers), Bernardo Pinango.

Sept. 1986: Gerry Cooney vs. Mike Tyson: Who Would Win? Plus: Cruz-McGuigan, Hearns-Medal, Tyson-Gross, Sims-Duran.

Dec. 1986: The Weekend That Shook The Boxing World. Rosario-Bramble & Honeyghan-Curry. Plus: Butch Lewis interview, Buster Drayton, Hector Camacho, Jake LaMotta.

April 1987: Hagler-Leonard Souvenir Issue. Plus: Czyz, Orlando Canizales, Mugabi-Thomas, Biggs-Snipes, Chavez-LaPorte, Bonecrusher-Witherspoon II, Haugen-Paul.

May 1987: Mike Tyson: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Year-end awards, *The Ring* annual ratings, Louie Espinoza, Herol Graham.

June 1987: Vinny Paz: Phenom Or Phony? Plus: Tyson-Bonecrusher, Mark Breland, Brian Mitchell, Holyfield, Czyz-Edwards, Olajide-Lee, Curry-Montgomery.

July 1987: Spinks-Cooney: The Fight That Refused To Die. Plus: The new *Ring* ratings, Terry Marsh, George Foreman's return, Khaosai Galaxy, Hearns-Andries, Whitaker-Mayweather.

Aug. 1987: Sugar Ray: Still In Style. Plus: Leonard-Hagler, all-time heavyweight ratings, Czyz-MacDonald, Camacho-Davis.

Sept. 1987: Michael Olajide: The Look Of The Future? Plus: Tyson-Thomas, Jeff Fenech, middleweight muddle, Tsuyoshi Hamada, Juan Roldan, Harold Knight.

Nov. 1987: Tyson Wins Heavyweight Triple Crown. Plus: McCallum-Curry, Carlos Monzon interview, triple champions, Orlin & Terry Norris, Ramirez-Alli, Fenech-Richardson, Matthew Hilton.

Dec. 1987: Spinks & Lewis: Boxing's Beastie Boys. Plus: Starling-Breland, Ramzi Hassan, Honeyghan-Hatcher, Holyfield-Ocasio.

Jan. 1988: Darrin Van Horn-Million Dollar Baby? Plus: Evander Holyfield, Hill-Stewart, Juan Coggi, great hookers, AIDS.

Feb. 1988: Gold Outshines Glitter: Tate Tops Olajide. Plus: Tyson-Biggs, Kalambay-Barkley, Hearns-Roldan, fights we'd like to see.

March 1988: Thomas "Hit Man" Hearns: "Now I Own History." Plus: Rocky Lockridge & Roger Mayweather, Panama, Tony Burton, Chavez-Rosario, Gervacio-Espinoza, Vaca-Honeyghan.

April 1988: Evander Holyfield: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Special year-end awards, Holyfield-Qawi II, Foreman-Sekorski, Hill-Angulo.

May 1988: George Foreman: "I Can Beat Tyson." Plus: Tyson-Holmes, Jesse Benavides, Showtime, no-knockout artists.

Aug. 1988: Julio Cesar Chavez: The Kid From Culiacan. Plus: Holyfield, bad decisions, Lockridge-Knight, Starling-Breland II, Brown-Trice, Haugen-Santana.

Sept. 1988: Sugar Ray: Here He Comes Again. Plus: Andries-Czyz, Kid Chocolate, Don Dunphy, Don Lalonde.

Oct. 1988: Mike Tyson: What Price Glory? Plus: Tyson-Spinks, Hearns-Barkley, Davey Moore.

Nov. 1988: Donny Lalonde: "Sugar Ray Is Out Of His Mind!" Plus: Hall of Fame selections (Carlos Ortiz, Joe Brown, Billy Graham, Cus D'Amato, Jimmy Jacobs), Nunn-Tate, Molinares-Starling, Honeyghan-Chung, '88 Olympians.

Jan. 1989: Meldrick Taylor: Philly Phenom. Plus: Marvin Hagler, Alex Wallau, Taylor-McGirt, Olympic results.

Feb. 1989: Julio Cesar Chavez. Plus: Chavez-Ramirez, all-time lightweight ratings, Louie Espinoza, Simon Brown, Roger Mayweather.

March 1989: Hearns Next For Sugar Ray? Plus: Leonard-Lalonde, Prince Charles Williams, Hearns-Kinchen, Nunn-Roldan, Hines-Hilton.

May 1989: The Best Of '88. Plus: Year-end awards, Evander Holyfield, Pryor-Morales, Fenech-Navarro.

Jan. 1990: Boxing's Bible Reborn At Age 66. Plus: Carlos Monzon, Mike Tyson, Leonard-Duran, Daniel Zaragoza, Nunn-Barkley, Whitaker-Ramirez, George Foreman (color).

Feb. 1990: Mike Tyson: Riddick Bowe & Ray Mercer Take Aim. Plus: Bobby Czyz, Gerry Cooney, Chuck Wepner, Antonio Esparragoza, Roman-Laciar.

March 1990: The '80s—Great Fights, Great Fighters (color). Plus: Jeff Harding, Evander Holyfield, Pete Rademacher, Sharkey-McCoy.

April 1990: Pernell Whitaker: Fighter Of The Year (color). Plus: Tiger Flowers, Duran-Leonard, Chavez-Taylor preview, Jorge Paez, Ali-Cooper.

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May 1991: Ali-Frazier I: 20 Years Late, Still The Fight Of The Century (color). Plus: fighting at home, Mark McPherson, George Costner, Rolando Pascua, Tony Canzoneri.

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Aug. 1991: Foreman Gives Holyfield A Fight ... And The World A Thrill (color). Plus: Making weight, Harry Greb, Kevin Kelley, Louis-Conn I, Simon Brown-Blocker, Chavez-Duplessis, Sugar Ray Robinson.

Oct. 1991: A Hit Again-How Far Can Thomas Hearns Go? Plus: Battling Levinsky, Oba Carr, Dave McAuley, Muhammad Ali, Lou Ambers, Luther McCarty, ethnic matchups, computer light heavy tournament, Cerdan-Hagler, Rocky Marciano (color).

Nov. 1991: Mike Tyson's Fight For Greatness—Will November 8 Be His Moment? Plus: Edwin Rosario, Jeff Fenech, overrated/underrated, Giardello-Graham, Lennox Lewis, Marcel Cerdan, Leonard-Hearns I, heavyweight computer tournament, Ali portrait (color).

Dec. 1991: Evander Holyfield vs. Mike Tyson: Who Will Win And Why. Plus: Eddie Aliano, Jack Britton, Muhammad Ali, Pernell Whitaker, rating the 44 world champions, Marcel Cerdan, Henry Cooper, Ezzard Charles-Jersey Joe Walcott (color).

Jan. 1992: Our Exclusive Annual Report: The State Of The Game. Plus: Jerry Quarry, Julio Cesar Chavez, Mysterious Billy Smith, Joey Gamache, moving up in weight, Billy Conn-Michael Spinks, Joe Louis (color).

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July 1992: Does Larry Holmes Deserve A Title Shot? Plus: Nelson-Fenech II, Tracy Patterson, Kelley-Dorsey, fat fighters, Buchanan-Camacho, Holmes-Ali (color).

Aug. 1992: Holyfield-Holmes Prefight. Holmes: "I See Me Takin' Holyfield Outta There." Plus: Ron Barkley, Herbie Hide, George Foreman, Tex Cobb, Carnival of Champions, Harry Greb, Haugen-Mancini, Oscar De La Hoya, Gene Tunney (color).

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March 1994: Evander Holyfield's Formula For Success—Obsession + Guts = Fulfillment. Plus: Oscar De La Hoya, Michael Bentt, Kronk, boxing novels, All-Time Top 10: Wales, fight clubs (part II).

April 1994: Michael Carbajal: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Brown-Norris, Kevin Kelley, Ceferino Garcia, Oscar De La Hoya, Tunney Hunsaker, Spinks-Foster.

May 1994 (92-Page Special) Division-By-Division: The Greatest Fighters Of All-Time. Plus: Virgil Hill & Orlando Canizales, Kostya Tszyu, James Toney, What If ... Dempsey vs. Wills.

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July 1994: "I Wanna Be Like Sugar Ray": Oscar De La Hoya Becomes A Prime-Time Player. Plus: Nigel Benn, Gianfranco Rosi, Sullivan-McCaffrey, Donald-Williams, 10 likely upsets, All-Time Top 10: England.

Aug. 1994: Bowe's Back! Determined To Do It Again. Plus: Eric Griffin, Pernell Whitaker, Ray Mercer, Roger Donoghue, State of the Game (midterm report), All-Time Top 10: The Philippines.

Oct. 1994: Rating The Champs: Whitaker & Toney Lead The Field ... But Roy Jones Is Closing Fast. Plus: Oscar De La Hoya, Meldrick Taylor, Rafael Ruelas, Curtis Cokes.

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Dec. 1994: Fighting-Mad! James Toney Just Wants To Beat People Up. Plus: Duran & Robinson, Don King, Mike McCallum, Injuries (part II), Tom Molineaux.

Jan. 1995: A Puncher's Dream: Oliver McCall Upsets Boxing's Balance Of Power. Plus: Ruelas brothers, Quincy Taylor, "Unfinished Business," Dave Maier, All-Time Top 10: Canada.

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Dec. 1995: McNeeley Goes Too Soon—Mike Tyson: The Beast Is Yet To Come. Plus: Tommy Morrison, Naseem Hamed, Chiquita Gonzalez, Gaspar Ortega, best chins.

Winter 1995 (92-Page Special): Buster Mathis Jr.: "Mike Tyson, You Got A Fight Comin' On." Plus: Holyfield-Bowe III preview, Wayne McCullough, Jesse James Hughes, Norris-Vaden preview, *The Ring* Insiders' Poll, What If ... Moore-Ayala Jr.

Jan. 1996: Go East, Young Man: Oscar De La Hoya—Making All The Right Moves Plus: Julio Cesar Chavez, Bruno & Eubank, who's hot & who's not, Eddie Perkins.

Feb. 1996: Bowe's The Man (For Now), But Is He Man Enough For Tyson? Also: Lennox Lewis, Hamed-Barrera, Paul Banke, Vince Phillips, boxing on Madison Ave., What If ... Leonard-Pryor.

April 1996: Oscar De La Hoya—Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Mike Tyson, Gabe Ruelas, 1995 in review, All-Time Top 10: Africa.

May 1996: Exclusive Annual Report: The State Of The Game. Plus: Frankie Randall, Tim Witherspoon, Roy Jones, Bernard Hopkins.

June 1996 (92-Page Special): The Top 50 Fighters Of The Last 50 Years. Plus: Barrera-McKinney, Oscar De La Hoya, internet, Decade To Remember (1940s): Jimmy Bivins.

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Holiday 1996 (92-Page Special): Tyson-Holyfield. Finally! Plus: Ali, Paz-Rosenblatt, 100 greatest title fights of all-time, Stillman's gym.

Jan. 1997: Riddick Bowe's Promise. "This Time I'm Whipping Golota's Ass!" Plus: David Reid, Whitaker-Rivera II, meaningless records, Dick Tiger, Jess Willard.

Feb. 1997: Holyfield Of Dreams ... And Grim Reality For Iron Mike. Plus: Roy Jones, Ike Quartey, 10 fighters to watch, Joey Giambra, Washington-May, Fred Apostoli.

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April 1997: Evander Holyfield—Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Bowe-Golota II, Nigel Benn, David Reid, 1996 recap, Ray Actis, Joe Bugner.

May 1997: De La Hoya-Whitaker. Can "Sweet Pea" Stop Oscar's March To Greatness? Plus: Fitzsimmons-Corbett, Junior Jones, Phillip Holiday, Don King, Zaragoza-McCullough.

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RYAN OUT LOUD

By Jeff Ryan

DRAGGIN' THE LINE

Ideally, the heavyweight champion of the world should be more bully than belly, more interested in pitching killer right hands than mufflers, snack foods, and Caribbean cruises, and anxious to take on all comers, not just those who come at him in a straight line with their hands held low. Our champion should deke, not creak, and inspire fear that he's going to seriously hurt someone else, not himself.

That's why most of the print and television media has taken fighter George Foreman's claim that he is *the* heavyweight champion, boxing's B.M.O.C. (Big Man on Canvas), about as seriously as it takes broadcaster Foreman's attempts to evaluate the future of the junior lightweight division.

It's easy to understand that sentiment. The fortysomething Foreman who left twentysomething Michael Moorer glassy-eyed in November 1994 hasn't exactly added a glorious chapter to his history in the thirtysomething months since. Foreman cherished the WBA and IBF title belts so much that he refused to make the defenses required to keep them. And nothing is a bigger condemnation of the three opponents he has fought in the last three years than the simple fact that the super-cautious Foreman agreed to face them. Among the heavyweights, Big George has been primo, all right. As in Carnera.

But you know what, my friends? In spite of it all, Foreman is *the* heavyweight champeen of the world. (Stop wincing as though you've just absorbed Andrew Golota's idea of a bodypunch.) That combination of jab, gab, and flab is the straw that stirs the drink. And—fasten your seatbelt and extinguish all smoking materials in preparation for reading this one—had Lou Savarese defeated Foreman in their surprisingly entertaining shootout in April, I'd be singing "Louie, Louie" when reciting the list of rightful descendants to Dempsey, Marciano, Louis, Ali, and the rest.

Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

Forget the inactivity and the quality of opposition. Foreman's points win over the previously undefeated Lou Savarese served as a reminder that he's the linear heavyweight champion.

Hey, if you can't respect the linear crown, what title can you respect? In the multititle mumbo jumbo that calls

itself today's heavyweight division, lineage is still the best way to identify the true king. Sure, I recognize the weaknesses in that argument, every one of which has been exploited thoroughly and shamelessly by Big George. But you're not going to come up with anything else that's as simple, fair, and apolitical as "the man-who-beat-the-man-who-beat-the-man."

Ask most people who *the* heavyweight champion is, and they'll tell you Evander Holyfield, by virtue of his rendering Mike Tyson helpless last November. Sorry, I don't buy it. "The Real Deal" may be the best heavyweight in the world right now (if there even is such a thing as the best heavyweight), but he is not *the* champion because that would mean Tyson was previously *the* champion. And Tyson sure as heck didn't win that designation by following four years of inactivity with wins over Peter McNeeley, Buster Mathis Jr., Frank Bruno, and Bruce Seldon.

When Foreman kayoed Michael Moorer, way back in November 1994, he beat the man who beat the man (Evander Holyfield) who beat the man (Riddick Bowe) who beat the man (Holyfield) who beat the man (Buster Douglas) who beat the man (Mike Tyson) who beat the man (Larry Holmes), etc.

Holyfield captured only the WBA belt against Tyson (the one "Iron Mike" lifted from a petrified Seldon). And yet, even such a guardian of boxing history as THE RING considers the Georgian a three-time heavyweight titlist, same as Ali. In my mind, Holyfield is a two-time heavyweight king because only two of his victories, the knockout of Buster Douglas and rematch decision over Riddick Bowe, came against "the man who beat the man." Ali, on the other hand, won all three crowns from men who had beaten the man (Sonny Liston, Foreman, and Leon Spinks). Still with me, man?

Might it be best to make the case that there is no true heavyweight champion right now? No way. Too drastic a step to take when you consider that title lineage has survived without a permanent break for the past 41 years, or since Marciano retired and Floyd Patterson won the vacant crown by stopping Archie Moore.

At times in the past four decades, it appeared we'd reached the end of the line. After Ali was stripped of the belt in 1967, Joe Frazier gained universal recognition as *the* champion by demolishing Jimmy Ellis in 1970. But Frazier did get to beat Ali in '71 to reestablish the lineage. When "The Greatest" retired in '78, the lineage was broken again, but Larry Holmes reestablished it by halting the comebacking Ali in '80. And though everyone considered a Tyson who was collecting alphabet belts like they were business cards in '86 and '87 to be the best big man in the world, it wasn't until he blew out Michael Spinks (the man who had beaten Holmes) that we purest of purists considered Tyson to be *the* heavyweight ruler.

It troubles me that Foreman has selfishly and shrewdly frozen *the* crown, defending it against Axel Schulz, Crawford Grimsley, and Savarese, and taking off for what seems like an eon between fights. Following the Savarese bout, Foreman said, "Tonight, I had to box. I don't like to box. I want knockouts." What he really meant was that he doesn't like it when anyone hits him back and actually makes one of his outings anything but the sparring session he expected it to be.

Regardless, it's not the job of a magazine, newspaper, all-sports radio station, or TV network to strip Foreman or anyone else of the title. (All those in favor of a stripping, by the way, should tell me how the vacant title would be filled to everyone's satisfaction.) Besides, fears that Big George will simply retire with *the* title one day aren't justified. He was expected to lose to Savarese, and now his surprisingly good showing will undoubtedly keep him around until he does falter and lose *the* crown in the ring. While that's not good news for Foreman's brain cells, it does mean that the lineage is likely to continue.

Logic tells us the shortest distance between two points—in this case the point where we sort through the mess the ruling bodies have made, and the point where we can convince ourselves that the heavyweight title still means something—is a straight line.

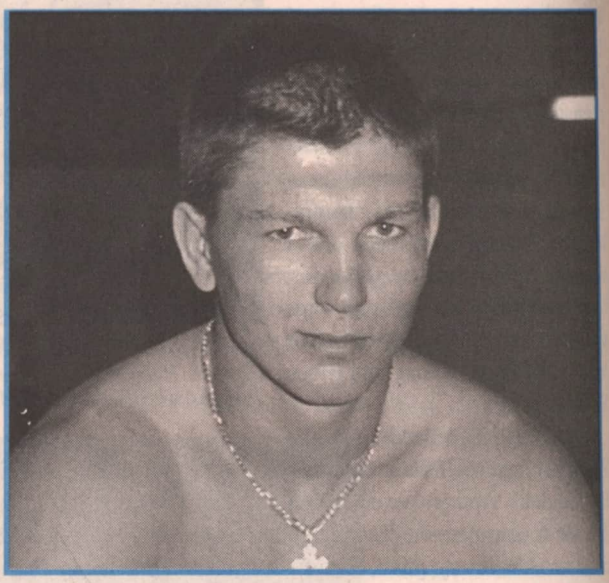
And at a time in heavyweight history when a 48-year-old fat guy who enters the ring to the strains of "Amazing Grace" can rally and outhustle his 31-year-old opponent in the late rounds, keep alive the possibility of a $20-million payday, and leave the oddsmakers as red-faced as Savarese was after eating all those jabs, we ought to appreciate whatever logic we can get. ■

NEW FACES

VASSILIY JIROV

Cruiserweight

By Phil Woolever



If it's true that potential can be a burden, 23-year-old southpaw Vassiliy Jirov may be in for tribulations more complex than just leather upside the head. Given his credentials, Jirov *demands* further triumphs. He compiled an amateur record of 207-10, and was distinguished as an "Honored Master Of Sports" in his homeland of Kazakhstan, the equivalent of a running shoe endorsement in this part of the world. Moreover, not only did Jirov snag a gold medal at the 1996 Olympics in Atlanta, but he earned the Val Barker trophy as outstanding boxer of the Games.

Even considering the talent profiled monthly in this space, the percentage of prospects who actually achieve their fistic aspirations is a lot smaller than the percentage of guys who sprain their necks when a round-card girl slinks through the strands. Jirov could be one of the rare superb cruiserweights, like Evander Holyfield, or he could be exposed by his next journeyman opponent. That's why they fight the fights.

Endless speculation can sting a rookie worse than a seasoned jab or dump him flatter than a blindside haymaker. That seems one of the few pitfalls that could await Jirov, who remains so unruffled, you get the feeling a poker face like his belongs in some casino cardroom, and not center stage of the Las Vegas duke-out scene.

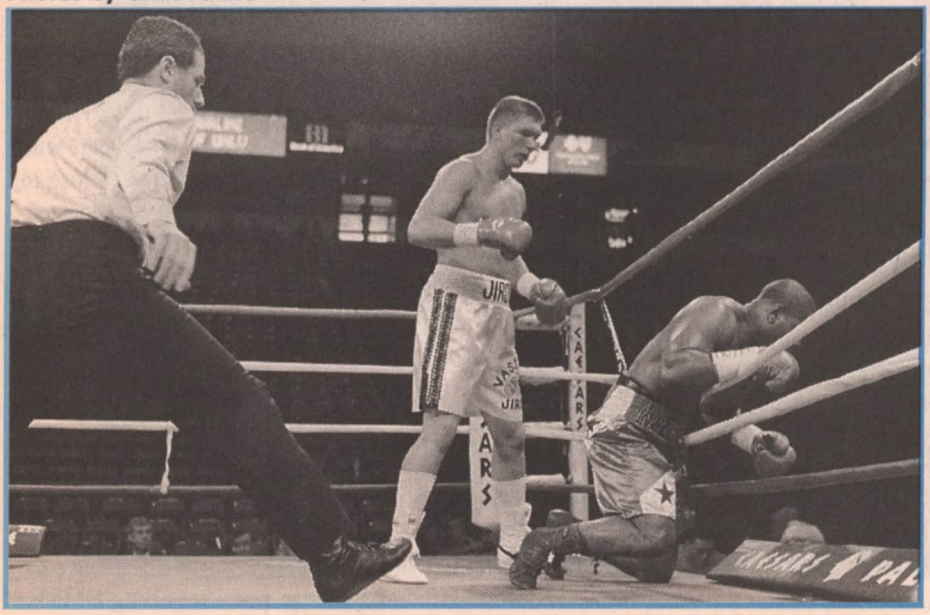
(Continued on page 64)

PRO RECORD

1997		
Jan. 18	Vincent Brown, Las Vegas	KO 2
Jan. 28	Exum Speight, Tempe, AZ	KO 3
Feb. 12	Chuck Miller, New York City	KO 4
March 8	Aljenon DeBose, Albuquerque	KO 3
March 30	Calvin Smith, Uncasville, CT	KO 1
April 12	Tyrone Armstead, Las Vegas	KO 4

FIGHTS	WON	LOST	DREW	KOs
6	6	0	0	6

Photos by Chris Farina



In his pro debut, Jirov overwhelmed Vincent Brown

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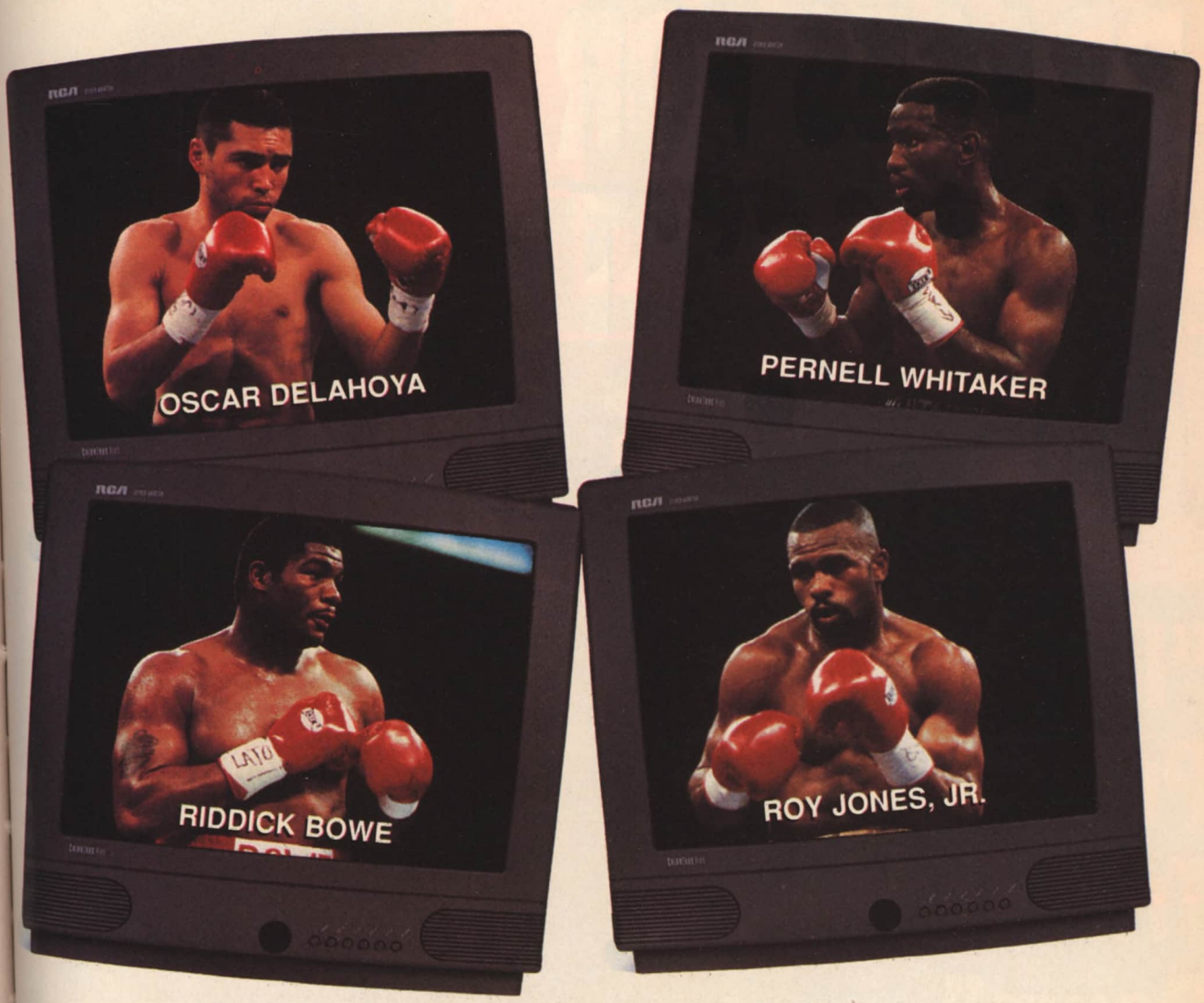

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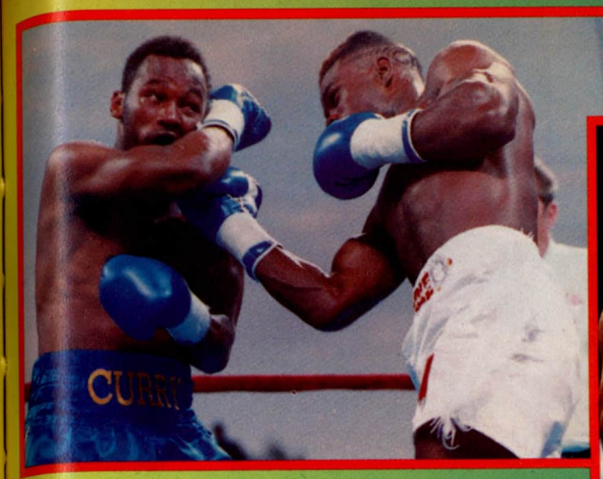
TERRY NORRIS BRACES FOR HIS BIGGEST CHALLENGE

"I Plan On Putting Trinidad Down"



Norris has beaten a slew of pound-for-pound types, including a faded Donald Curry (above) and a ready-for-retirement Sugar Ray Leonard (right). A victory over Trinidad, who is in his prime, would force historians to view "Terrible Terry" in a different light.

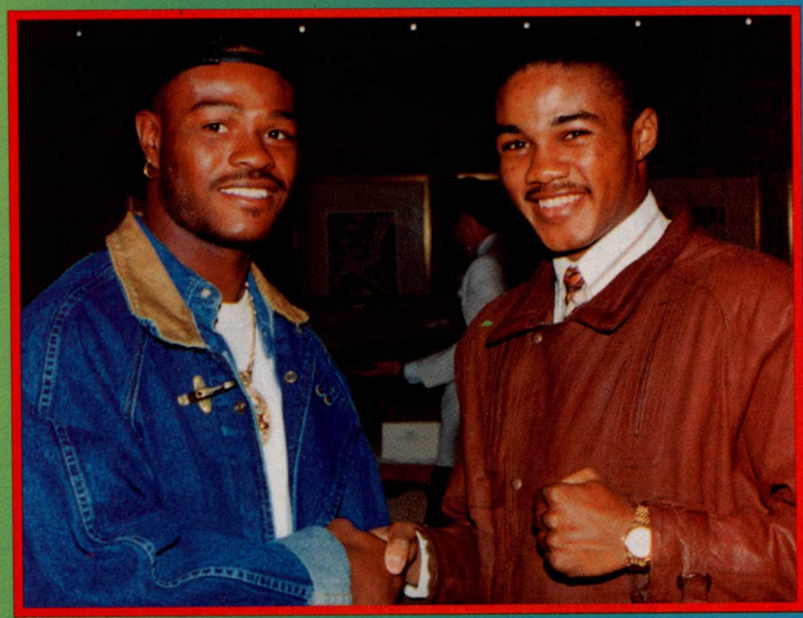


Photo by Jay Lash

Norris and Trinidad were all smiles when they crossed paths in October 1993. Even then they knew there was a strong possibility they'd someday swap punches in a high-profile bout.

By Nigel Collins

Dressed to kill in a pinstriped gangsta suit and black hat, Terry Norris walked on stage at THE RING's 75th Anniversary Awards Banquet to warm applause. When he leaned into the microphone and spoke, his voice was soft and distant, little more than a whisper.

"The nominees in the category of best pound-for-pound are ... "

Appropriately enough, as one of today's top pound-for-pound fighters, the WBC super welterweight champion was on hand to present the prize for best fighter of the last 75 years. It was no surprise when the honor went to Sugar Ray Robinson. As Carmen Basilio accepted the award for his old rival, you couldn't help wondering what thoughts were passing through Norris' mind.

There was a time, in the early-'90s, when some were reckless enough to mention Norris in the same breath as the incomparable Robinson. But that sort of talk faded after Norris lost to Simon Brown, and was no longer heard at all following "Terrible Terry's" strange three-bout series with Luis Santana. Nonetheless, thanks to his upcoming showdown with IBF welterweight champion Felix Trinidad, Norris has a chance to further distance himself from those calamities and enhance his ultimate standing in boxing history.

Still, there are some things that are not easily shed.

"I don't think people will ever forget that," Norris said of his two DQ losses to Santana, chuckling at the memory. "It's gonna stick to me for life, but hopefully beating Trinidad will overshadow it. I want to be known as one of the best fighters in the world, and beating Trinidad will have a big impact on my pound-for-pound standing. I'm already rated sixth [actually eighth in THE RING's pound-for-pound], and he's fourth. Knocking him off has got to move me up a couple more notches."

Norris believes some of the fighters rated higher than him on most pound-for-pound lists are there more because of hype than anything they've achieved inside the

(Continued on page 65)

JUNIOR JONES' HIT-LIST

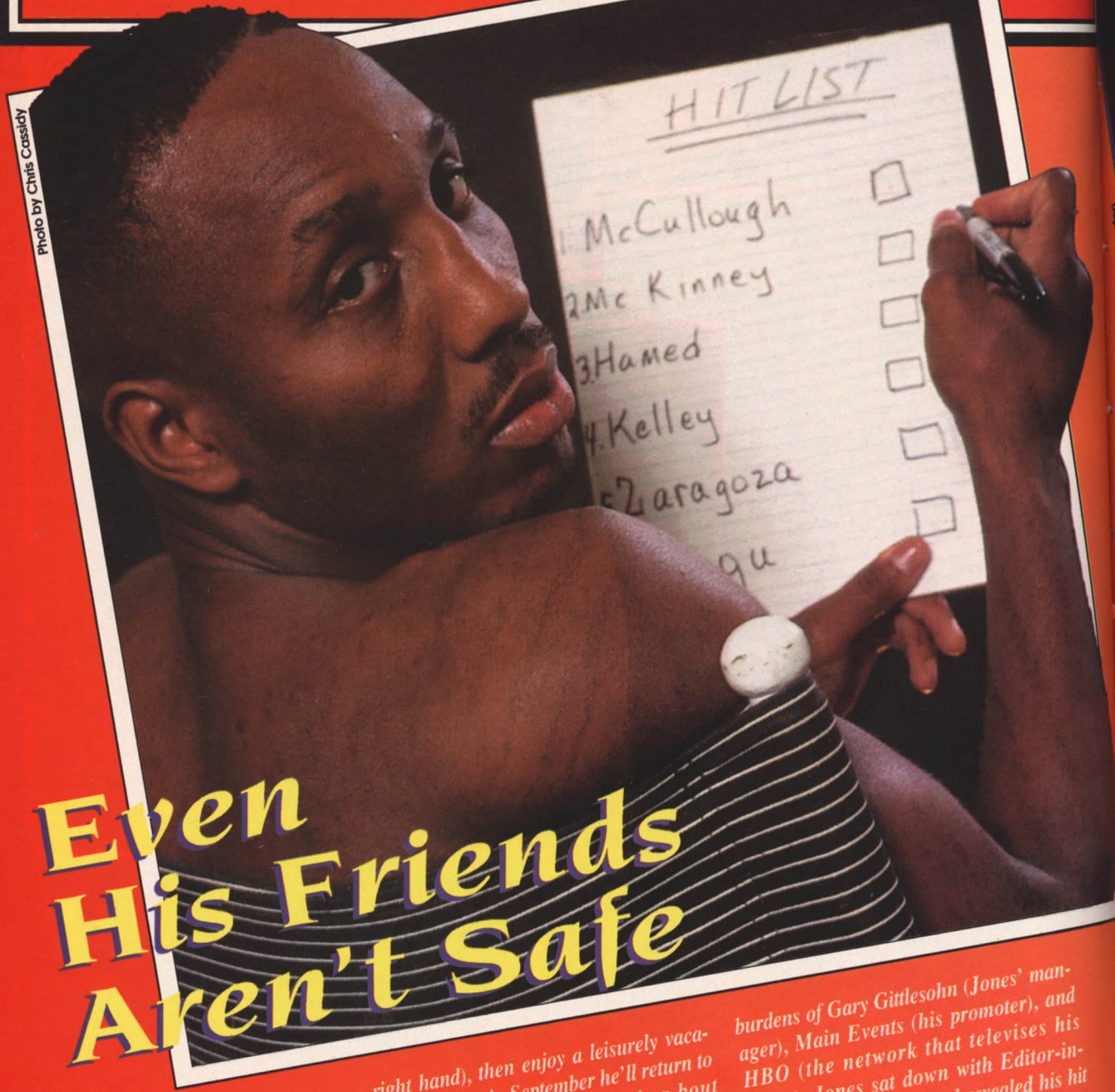


Photo by Chris Cassidy

Even His Friends Aren't Safe

After consecutive wins over Marco Antonio Barrera, including an inspired and hard-earned victory in April (see fight report on page 58), junior featherweight Junior Jones says it's time to chill out. He plans to summon his friendly neighborhood surgeon to take care of some nagging business (nose, right hand), then enjoy a leisurely vacation. Perhaps in September he'll return to the ring for what he hopes is a bout against a second-level opponent.

Trouble is, Jones likes the kind of paydays that only first-level opponents bring. (The Barrera rematch was good for a division-record $575,000.) As a result, he knows he has to continue to take on the division's best. In an effort to ease the burdens of Gary Gittlesohn (Jones' manager), Main Events (his promoter), and HBO (the network that televises his bouts), Jones sat down with Editor-in-Chief Steve Farhood and revealed his hit list. There are six proposed opponents, listed in order of preference. "Bring 'em on, one at a time," says Jones. "And bring the money with 'em."

Here, then, are the fighters Jones would most like to face, and his analysis of each.

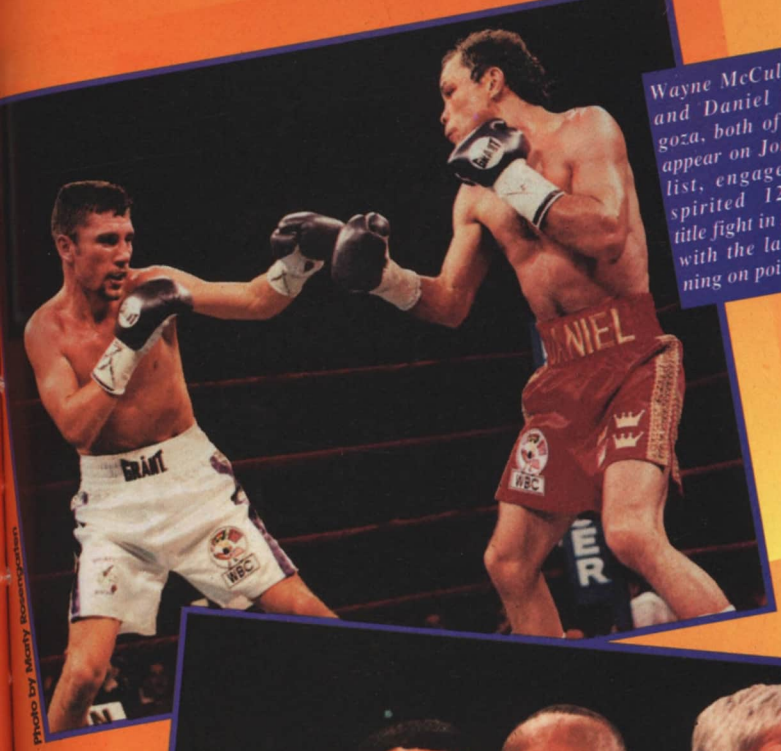


Photo by Mary Bosworth

Wayne McCullough and Daniel Zaragoza, both of whom appear on Jones' hit list, engaged in a spirited 12-round title fight in January, with the latter winning on points.

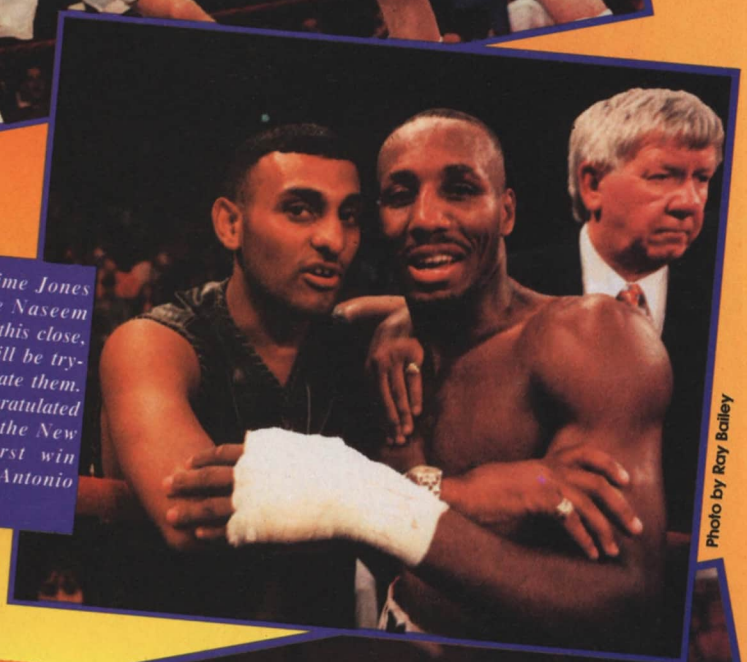


Photo by Ray Bailey

The next time Jones and Prince Naseem Hamed are this close, a referee will be trying to separate them. Hamed congratulated Jones after the New Yorker's first win over Marco Antonio Barrera.

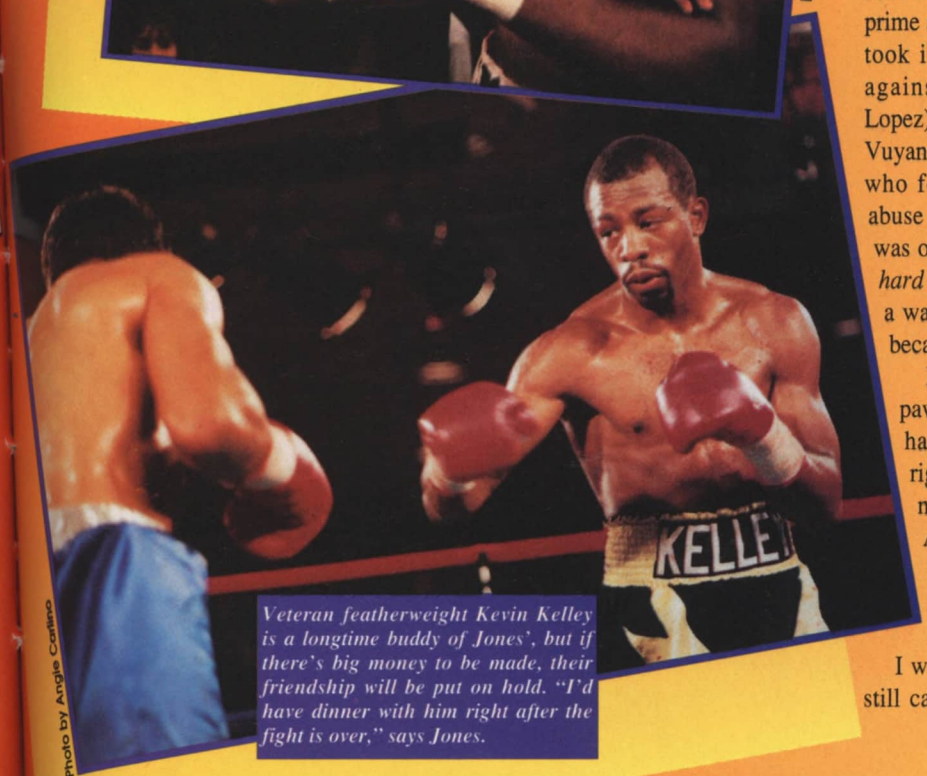


Photo by Angie Cortino

Veteran featherweight Kevin Kelley is a longtime buddy of Jones', but if there's big money to be made, their friendship will be put on hold. "I'd have dinner with him right after the fight is over," says Jones.

1. Wayne McCullough: McCullough is number one because it's a good money fight. He wouldn't be the easiest, and he wouldn't be the hardest. I'm at the point now where you can't put me in tuneups or confidence-builders. I'm not gonna be 26 forever. I want to retire by the time I'm 29, 30, and my last three years should be the time to make as much money as possible.

McCullough is a typical tough, face-first guy. He's a good fighter, but he's not strong enough to beat me. He's too slow, he doesn't move enough, and he has too much heart for his own good. Against Daniel Zaragoza, he didn't fight smart. He's not a good thinker who can adjust. But he *is* tough. He can take a lickin' and keep on tickin'. He'll be there.

McCullough is aggressive, and I'd rather have a guy who comes to me. When I have to chase a guy, that can be difficult. Force on force, I feel I'm the strongest fighter in the world at this weight.

Wayne has a real good chin, and I'd have to beat on him and wear him down. It might be 12 rounds of beating him to death. I could beat him with just my jab, but I'd control him with jabs and hooks. And I'll tell you this: Anybody I hit clean with my right hand will go.

2. Kennedy McKinney: McKinney—that's an easy fight. He's far past his prime and it shows. His fight with Barrera took it out of him. His next fight was against an ordinary fighter (Nestor Lopez), and I thought he lost. And against Vuyani Bungu, he wasn't the same fighter who fought Bungu the first time. The abuse he put his body through when he was on drugs ... You're not 30, you're a *hard* 30. (Actually, McKinney is 31.) In a way, I don't want the fight to happen because he could get seriously hurt.

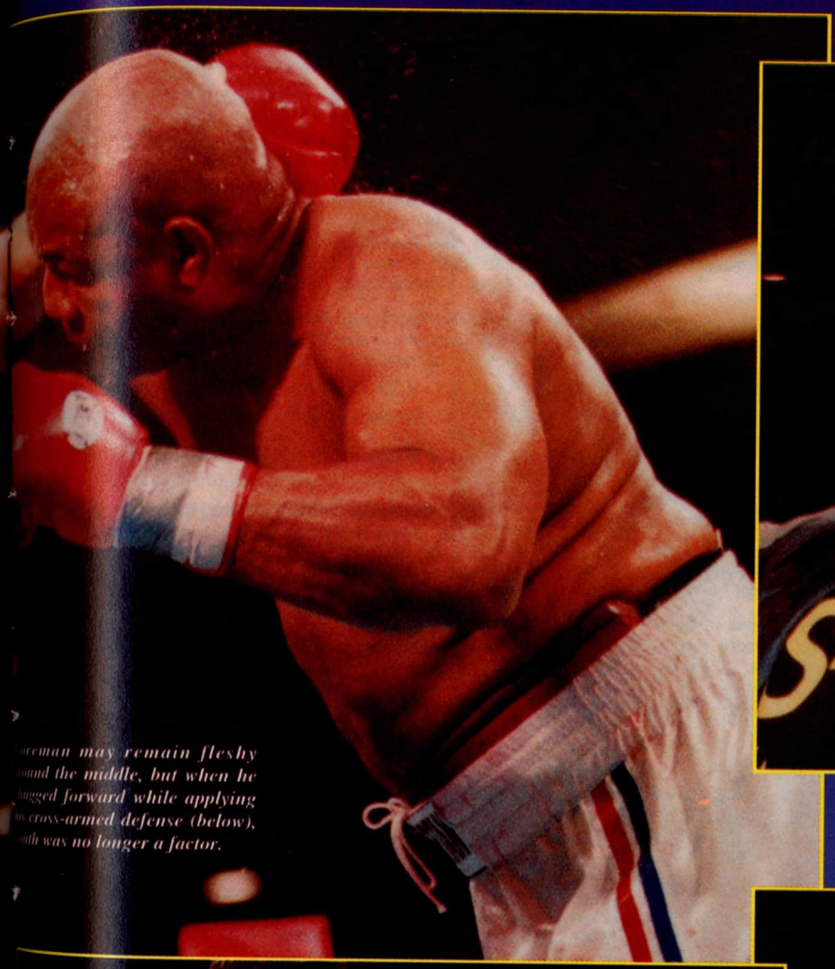
McKinney's jab sucks. He just pawed with it against Bungu. His right hand is fairly good, but it's not the right hand from a few years ago. It's not a right hand to worry about. Against him, I might take one to give one. Kennedy was very competitive at his best, but that's not the case anymore.

I wouldn't say McKinney's shot. He's still capable of doing lots of things, but

(Continued on page 66)

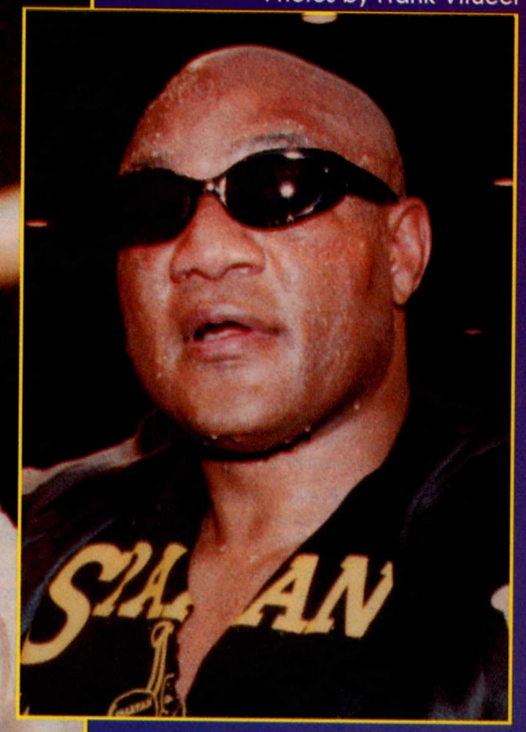
GEORGE 2000

A Fighter For The Millennium



Foreman may remain fleshy around the middle, but when he chugged forward while applying his cross-armed defense (below), youth was no longer a factor.

Photos by Frank Vitucci



Big George wasn't badly banged up after the Savarese fight, but stars wear shades, so what the hell (above). Savarese, on the other hand, looked like he had been in a cat-fight (below).

By John Scheinman

"The man who is a pessimist before 48 knows too much; if he is an optimist after it, he knows too little."

–Mark Twain

In the casino at Bally's Park Place after the fight, it wouldn't have at all been surprising to hear over the public address system, "Ponce de Leon, paging George Foreman. Ponce de Leon, paging George Foreman ... "

Indeed, when the lineal heavyweight champion came out for the 12th round of his April 26 bout with Lou Savarese at the Atlantic City Convention Center, it seemed for sure that the Fountain of Youth had finally been found. Forty-five minutes into a non-stop action fight, there was Foreman, up on his toes, chugging forward, winging shots, doing the things fighters half his age couldn't begin to do.

Quite simply, he's a marvel. A 48-year-old man weighing 253 pounds ought to be looking for a place to lay down and nap against a big, raw, undefeated bruiser like Savarese. But Foreman rarely even clinched. He forced the pace. He landed the big, head-snapping punches. He came to the postfight press conference looking dapper in a pressed shirt and tie. He was astonishing. He *is* astonishing. Still.

For some reason, there is a tendency inside the boxing community to make light of Foreman. He is accorded no championship recognition, except from those who most literally interpret his historical legitimacy. Even the hapless WBU chose not to sanction its own heavyweight champion's bout with Savarese.

Never mind that Foreman, 76-4 (68), hasn't been defeated since his stunning, come-from-behind, one-punch knockout of world champion Michael Moorer in 1994. Whine that Axel Schulz got ripped off in 1995. Laugh at Foreman's bout last November against the obscure Crawford Grimsley in Japan. Grumble that Savarese deserved the decision. (He didn't.) But don't say that Foreman has been beaten

(Continued on page 67)

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CRUISERWEIGHT Ch: Vacant 1-Nate Miller 2-Marcelo Dominquez 3-Adolfo Washington 4-Chris Eubank 5-Robert Daniels 6-Ralf Rocchigiani 7-Torsten May 8-Kenny Keene 9-Terry Ray 10-Fabrice Tiozzo

LT. HEAVYWEIGHT Ch: Vacant 1-Virgil Hill 2-Montell Griffin Jr. 3-Dariusz Michalczewski 4-Roy Jones Jr. 5-Fredrik Alvarez 6-Graciano Rocchigiani 7-James Toney 8-Drake Thazdi 9-Rocky Gannon 10-Ivan Camacho

SP.MIDDLEWEIGHT Ch: Vacant 1-Mads Larsen 2-Steve Collins 3-Robin Reid 4-Frank Liles 5-Joseph Kiwanuka 6-Shannon Landberg 7-Charles Brewer 8-Vinny Pazienza 9-Henry Wharton 10. Anwar Oshana

MIDDLEWEIGHT Ch: Vacant 1- Keith Holmes 2-William Joppy 3-Bernard Hopkins 4-Dana Rosenblatt 5-Lonnie Bradley 6-Quincy Taylor 7-Robert McCraken 8-Silvio Branco 9-Otis Grant 10-Jorge Castro

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHT Ch: Manny Sobral 1-Terry Norris 2-Hector Camacho 3-Paul Vaden 4-Laurent Boudaouani 5-Raul Marquez 6-Winky Wright 7-Crisanto Espana 8-Bronco McKart 9-Tony Badea 10-Yori Boy Campas

WELTERWEIGHT Ch: Kevin Lueshing 1-Felix Trinidad 2-Oscar De La Hoya 3-Ike Quartey 4-Jose Luis Lopez 5-Pernell Whitaker 6-Gary Murray 7-Patrick Charpentier 8-Frank Olsen 9-Wayne Budroe 10-Jose Rivera

JR. WELTERWEIGHT Ch: Johar Lashin 1-Kosta Tszyu 2-Miguel Angel Gonzalez 3-Soren Sondergaard 4-Khalid Rahilou 5-David Kamau 6-Julio Cesar Chavez 7-Frankie Randell 8-Giovanni Parisi 9-Pat Thorne 10-Scott DePompe

LIGHTWEIGHT Ch: Tony Pep 1-Orzubek Nazarov 2-Phillip Holiday 3-Steve Johnston 4-Shane Mosley 5-George Scott 6-Lamar Murphy 7-Jean Baptist Mendy 8-John John Molina 9-Johnny Montantez 10-Isreal Cardona

JR. LIGHTWEIGHT Ch: Troy Dorsey 1-Arturo Gatti 2-Regilio Tuur 3-Genaro Hernandez 4-Azumah Nelson 5-Yong Soo Choi 6-Anatoli Alexandrov 7-Saul Duran 8-Joel Casamayor 9-Dennis Holbaek 10-Singhnum Yamaki Gym

FEATHERWEIGHT Ch: Vacant 1-Naseem Hamed 2-Luisito Espinosa 3-Wilfredo Vasquez 4-Tom Johnson 5-Franciso Segura 6-Kevin Kelly 7-Eloy Rojas 8-David Toledo 9-Welcome Ncita 10-Richard DeJesus

JR. FEATHERWEIGHT Ch: Sergei Devakov 1-Junior Jones 2-Daniel Zaragoza 3-Antonio Cermino 4-Vuyani Bungu 5-Marco Antonio Barrera 6-Wayne McCullough 7-Dejpow Paointr 8-Kong Sor Kitti 9-Rico Siodora 10-Frankie Toledo

BANTAMWEIGHT Ch: Johnny Bredahl 1-Mbulelo Botile 2-Robbie Regan 3-Daorung Chuvatana 4-Nana Konadu 5-Veeraphol Sahaprom 6-Paulie Ayala 7-Sirimon Singmanassuk 8-Ancee Gedeon 9-Jorge Julio 10-Jess Maca

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MINI-FLYWEIGHT Ch: Vacant 1-Ricardo Lopez 2-Ratanapol Sow Voraphin 3-Alex Sanchez 4-Rosendo Alvarez 5-Juan Herrera 6-Kermin Guardia 7-Song Porpaoin 8-Chana Porpaoin 9-Rolando Tuyugon 10-Wonwin Jaw Chareon

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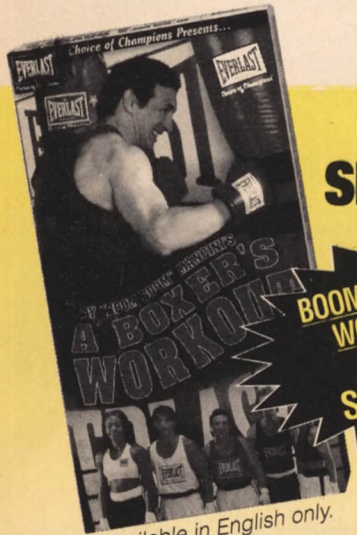

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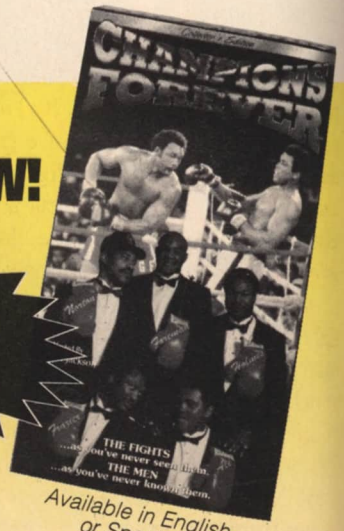

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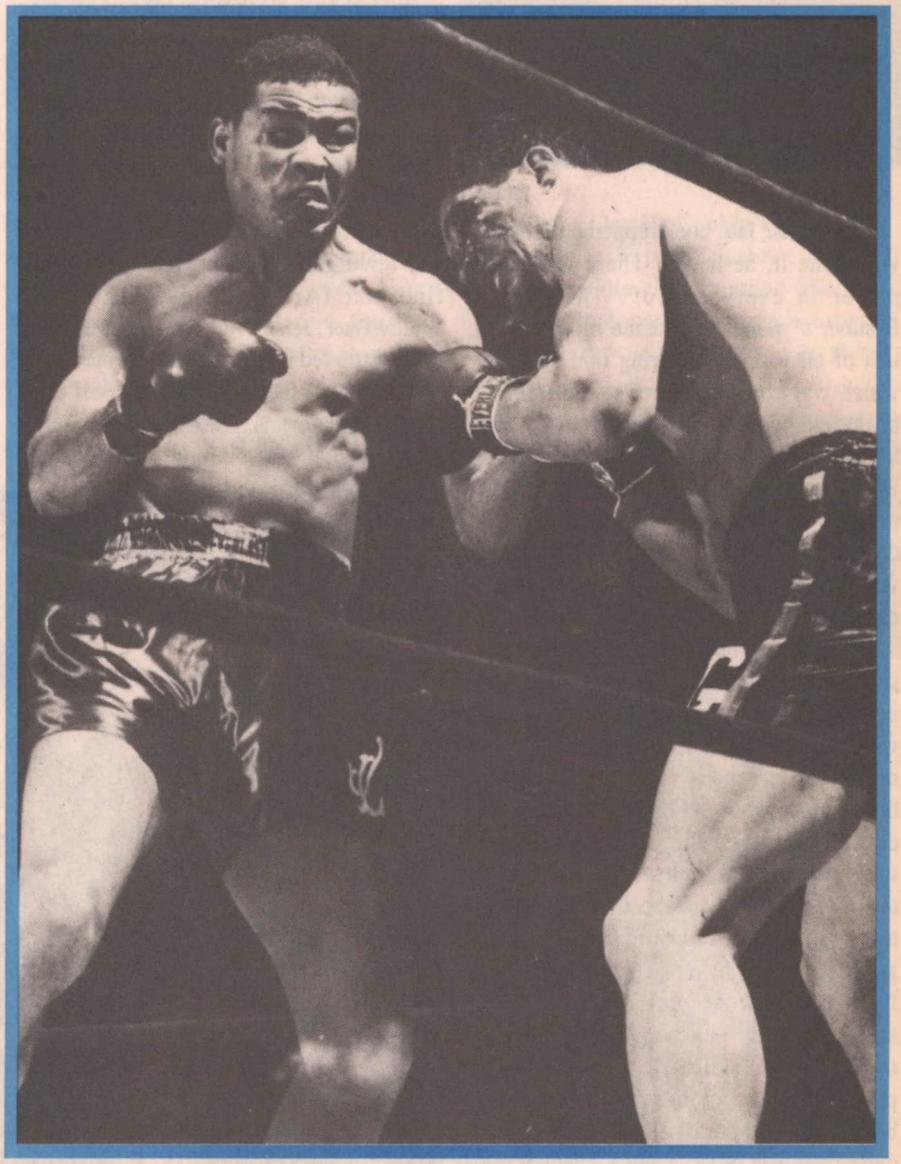
THE 10 GREATEST PUNCHERS OF ALL-TIME

By Mike Silver



Boxing without the possibility of a knockout is bullfighting without a sword. Among a professional prize fighter's most valuable weapons is the kayo power he can generate with his glove-encased fists. But brute power is not what boxing is all about. The sport is not a strongman contest. Instead, it is a complex physical and mental challenge. A powerful punch, even an awesome one, is but one of several tools in a boxer's arsenal.

What good is that tool—or any tool—if a fighter cannot or will not utilize it to its fullest potential? The finest, sharpest sword in the hands of a bullfighter with poor aim is of limited value. The same is true of the terrific puncher who, because of some flaw or weakness, is prevented from using his power to achieve the desired result.

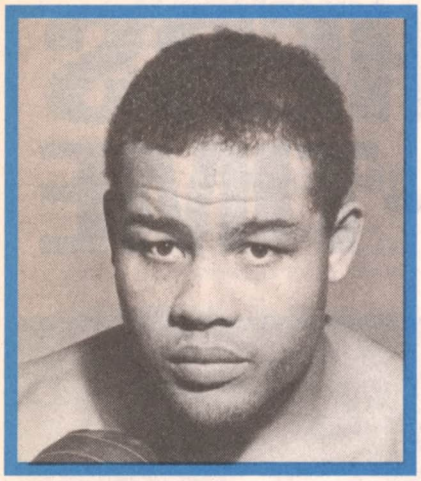
What, then, are the criteria in rating the 10 best punchers in history? Fighter A, who is capable of scoring knockouts against quality opposition, rates higher than Fighter B, who hits harder but cannot match Fighter A's success. The effective puncher must be able to carry his knockout power into the late rounds of a grueling battle. The ability to end a fight quickly and efficiently once an opponent is hurt is also a consideration, as is the ability to score kayos against heavier opposition.

Moreover, it is important to analyze a fighter's kayos for their true meaning. For example, Young Stribling, with 126 career knockouts, cannot be considered a great puncher because the majority of his kayos were scored against second-rate fighters. In other words, if a machine were to test every fighter's best punch, the results would still not answer the question of who is the best puncher. What counts most is proper and effective use of power resulting in knockouts against quality opposition in a consistent manner.

With that in mind, here are the 10 best punchers of all-time. (Be prepared for some surprises.)

1. JOE LOUIS

HEAVYWEIGHT



Career: 1934-1951; Record: 69-3 (54)

Weapons: Jab, hook, uppercut, cross—you name it, he had it. There was kayo power in every one of "The Brown Bomber's" punches, but the most important of all was his battering ram of a jab, which was equal in power to an ordinary heavyweight's best right cross. His jab, the lead weapon in Louis' spectacular arsenal, was always used to correctly set up the rest of his powerpunches. His double jab-right cross combination, one of his favorites, was a thing of beauty, as was everything else about this truly remarkable athlete.

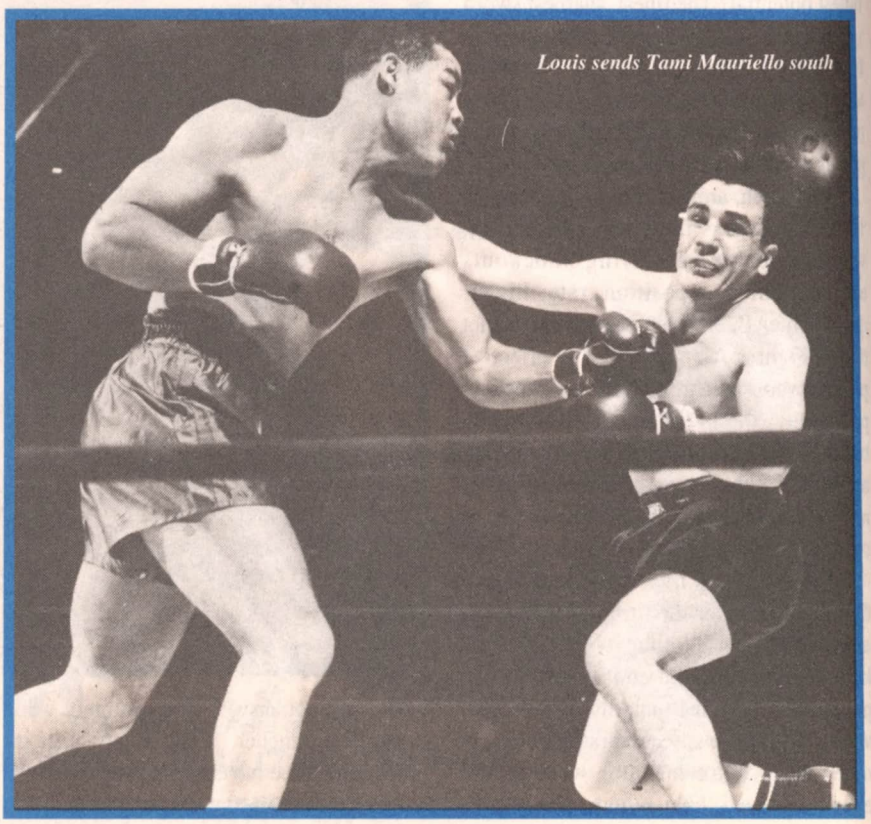
Where The Power Came From: Let's start with Louis' build: at 6'1½" and 200 pounds, he was perfectly proportioned, with powerful back, shoulder, arm, and leg muscles. Greek gods would've envied his body. Louis was also blessed with superb coordination and the ability to put his weight behind each blow. But his natural talent was greatly enhanced by the expert tutelage of Jack Blackburn, his trainer and a great lightweight of a generation earlier. It was Blackburn who perfected Louis' balance, footwork, punching technique, and overall boxing skills. He taught Louis to pivot and follow through. The classic combinations, a staple of Blackburn's attack during the turn of the century, were drilled into Louis through countless hours of tedious gym work. Add rhythm and timing to the mix, throw in a deadpan expression and unruffled attitude, and you've got a programmed fighting machine capable of paralyzing an opponent with fear even before he steps into the ring.

If You Don't Believe It ... Louis never fought a preliminary fight. From the very beginning, his bouts were against main-event fighters. Within months of turning pro, he was knocking out ranked contenders. From 1934 to '42, he kayoed 49 of 57 opponents. Included among his victims were five heavyweight champions, Primo Carnera, Max Baer, Max Schmeling, Jack Sharkey, and Jimmy Braddock. Louis was particularly devastating in return matches. The few fighters who proved stubborn the first time (Arturo Godoy, Abe Simon, Buddy Baer, Jersey Joe Walcott) were brutally destroyed the second time around.

Even a washed-up 37-year-old Louis, minus the youth and reflexes, and with only a tired club-like jab working for him, made it close for seven rounds with a young Rocky Marciano before being knocked out. What do you think would've happened had Louis been 10 years younger? If you're still not convinced, watch a tape of Louis' second fight with Max Schmeling. If that doesn't convince you, nothing will.

Victim List: During his prime (1937-'42), Louis defended the world title 23 times, with only two men managing to last the distance. Seventeen of those kayo victims were counted out! Louis knocked out men other formidable punchers couldn't come closing to stopping or even knocking down, such as Paolino Uzcudun, Max Baer, Braddock, Godoy, and Billy Conn.

The One Guy He Couldn't Take Out: Tommy Farr, the courageous, indestructible Welshman, gave Louis one of his toughest fights. But, hell, no one else could take Farr out either.



Louis sends Tami Mauriello south

2. STANLEY KETCHEL

MIDDLEWEIGHT

Career: 1903-1910; Record: 53-4-5 (54)

Weapons: Ketchel may well have been the hardest-punching middleweight ever, yet the punch he used to flatten even heavyweights was not his most important weapon. The nuclear fuel for everything "The Michigan Assassin" accomplished in the ring was something all punchers must have in order to reach their full potential: extraordinary killer instinct.

Consider the fighting fury of Jack Dempsey and Roberto Duran combined into one fighter, and only then can you imagine Ketchel's almost maniacal all-out, take-no-prisoners assault. His strategy was simple and direct: Hit the opponent as hard and fast as you can with as many punches as possible, and from every conceivable angle.

Possessing decent but only rudimentary boxing skills, Ketchel was a pure puncher. He fired awesome lefts and rights that often started near his hips. It was the vicious intensity of his relentless attack that eventually wore down and overwhelmed his toughest opponents. His punches awed both spectators and opponents alike. He varied his attack to the head and body, as did most of the fighters of his generation. But he was more effective at long range than close quarters because he needed to get momentum into his hardest shots.

Ketchel's favorite punch was a type of right cross that was thrown in a similar motion to that of a baseball pitcher hurling a fastball—including the follow-through. This murderous weapon sprang out at an opponent like an industrial-strength jack-in-the-box. It was the punch he used to drop heavyweight champion Jack Johnson.

Where The Power Came From: Newspapers at the time often described Ketchel's "slashing attack." He was somehow able to transform his entire body into a deadly 160-pound missile, with the warhead being his gloved fist. He seemed to leap at opponents, and the momentum of his forward thrust would often turn his around so that after throwing his right, his feet would end up parallel to one another. But he was rarely off-balance, and the position he found himself in after throwing his haymakers seldom halted his attack.

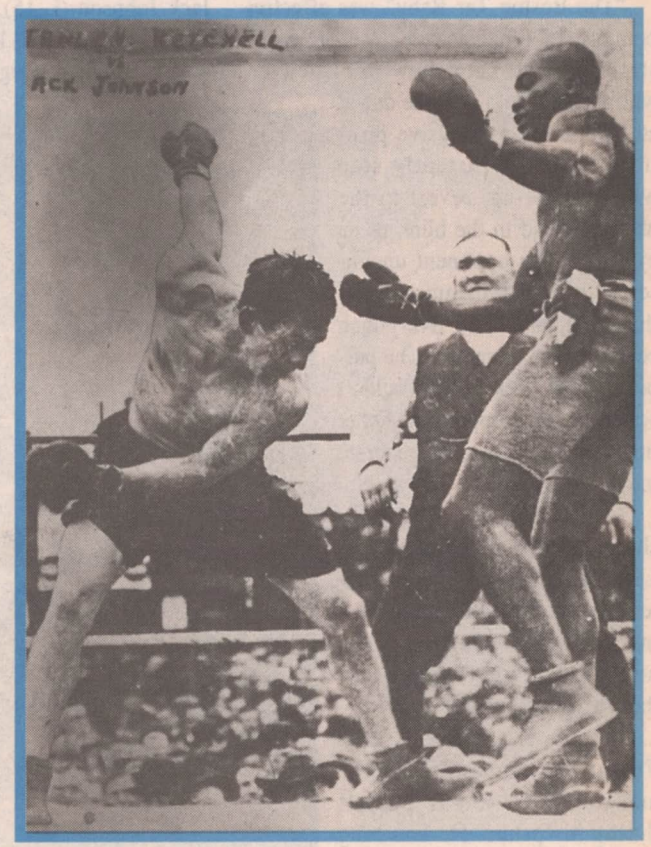
If Ketchel ever feared an opponent, he never showed it. His steely-eyed, confident manner had an unnerving effect on many of his opponents.

Ketchel was able to maintain his knockout power in the late rounds. Many of his fights were scheduled for 25 to 45 three-minute rounds. A few were fights to the finish. On six occasions he kayoed opponents after the 15th round.

If You Don't Believe It ... Ketchel is the only fighter to have knocked out Philadelphia Jack O'Brien during the light heavyweight's prime. And in victories of brute force over style and experience, he did it twice. Ketchel is also the only man to have knocked out the iron-jawed Billy Papke. No one else even came close to knocking Papke down. Finally, Ketchel dropped Johnson, who outweighed him by some 50 pounds.

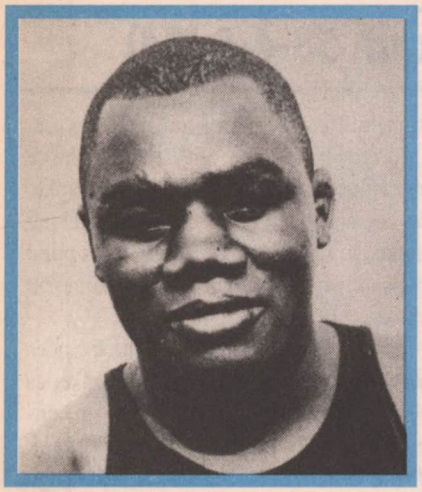
Victim List: Ketchel's resume includes the aforementioned O'Brien and Papke, as well as a group of long-forgotten contenders, including Joe Thomas, Jack (Twin) Sullivan, Willie Lewis, and Hugo Kelly.

The One Guy He Couldn't Take Out: Very early in Ketchel's career, an outstanding middleweight named Maurice Thompson took advantage of his experience and went the full distance on three different occasions.



Ketchel punches for the payoff vs. Jack Johnson

3. SAM LANGFORD — LIGHTWEIGHT *through* HEAVYWEIGHT



Career: 1903-1923; Record: 136-23-31 (99) with 59 no-decisions and 2 no-contests

Weapons: Quite possibly the greatest fighter who ever lived, Langford mastered every punch. His short hook on the inside and his right cross and uppercut were particularly deadly. His punishing jab was also one of the best.

"The Boston Tar Baby" was effective both at long range and in close. He was a strategist who knew how to maneuver, with the ability to explode out of an offensive or defensive position. He could instantly stop when retreating, revert to the offensive, and in the blink of an eye render an opponent unconscious with trip-hammer blows thrown in four- and five-punch combinations. Sometimes he purposely held back so he wouldn't scare off future opponents. Other times his intent was to generate interest in a rematch.

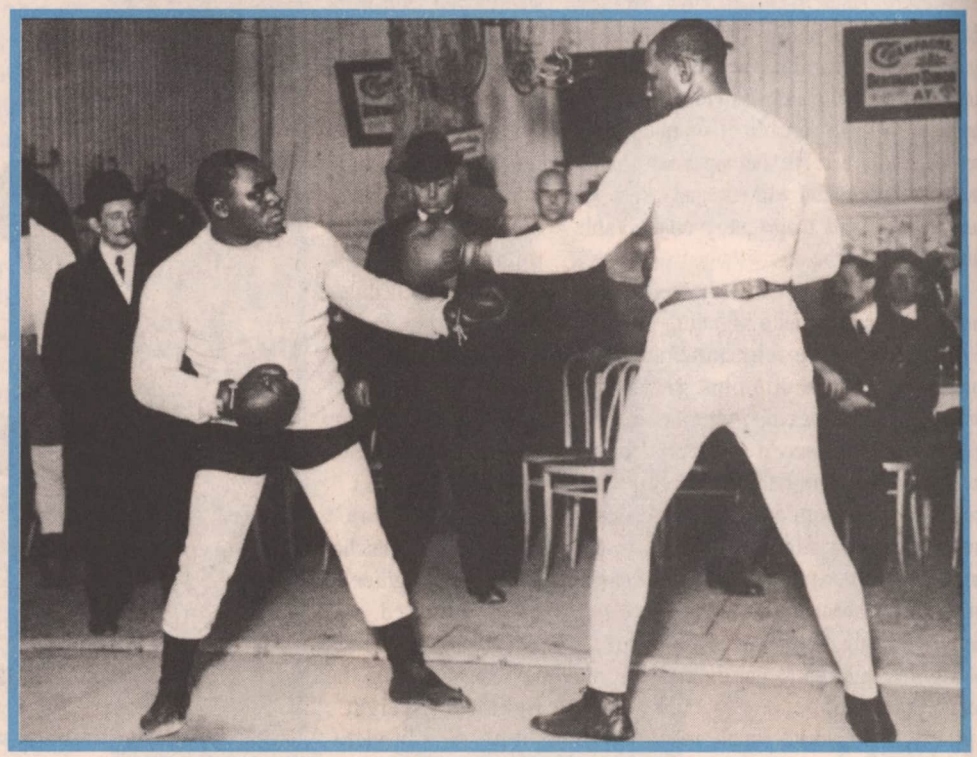
Unlike Stanley Ketchel's shotgun approach to punching, Langford's every move embodied the studied technique of a master boxer. During his prime, he was rarely outfought, outthought, or outpunched.

Where The Power Came From: Langford stood 5'6½" and weighed 145-170 pounds during his prime. He had long arms (a 73-inch reach) and was an incredibly powerful man, with a deep 44-inch chest (47 inches expanded), huge shoulders, and a broad, muscular back. He understood very well the physics of dynamic punching: timing and distance, speed, balance, leverage, and weight distribution. His knowledge was absolutely necessary because he was often outweighed by 20 to 50 pounds.

If You Don't Believe It ... To give you an idea of the type of competition Langford had to contend with, he fought four men considered among the greatest of all-time in their respective divisions: lightweight Joe Gans (W 15); welterweight Joe Walcott (D 15); middleweight Stanley Ketchel (No-Decision 6); and heavyweight Jack Johnson (L 15). By 1906, Langford was having trouble lining up fights with boxers his own weight, so he decided to campaign among the heavyweights. Within two years he knocked out contenders Jim Flynn, Jim Barry, and Tony Ross. Despite what would often have been a huge weight advantage, many heavyweights simply refused to meet him.

Victim List: Langford scored knockouts over fighters in four divisions. His victims included Dixie Kid, Young Peter Jackson, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Sam McVey, Gunboat Smith, Harry Wills (whom he fought 22 times), Joe Jeannette (11 bouts), and Kid Norfolk.

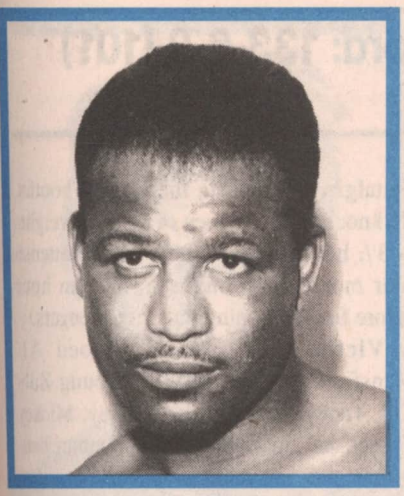
The One Guy He Couldn't Take Out: Langford had the power to kayo anyone his own weight. The one man he couldn't hope to beat outweighed him by more than 30 pounds. With that advantage, the great Jack Johnson was too much even for The Boston Tar Baby.



Langford spars with 6'6" heavyweight Bill Tate

4. SUGAR RAY ROBINSON

LIGHTWEIGHT *through* MIDDLEWEIGHT



Career: 1940-1965; Record: 175-19-6 (109) with 2 no-contests

Weapons: The hook that kayoed granite-chinned Gene Fullmer in 1957 is often described as the perfect punch. Consider that Robinson was three days shy of his 37th birthday when he flattened Fullmer. What must be understood is that from 1941 to '49 (his prime), Robinson threw thousands of perfect punches. His boxing vocabulary was unmatched. He knew every punch in existence and perfected a few of his own.

Robinson's bolo was not just a colorful, meaningless swing, but an accurate blow capable of doing real damage. A properly executed uppercut is a difficult punch to master. Robinson threw uppercuts that looked like ballet movements. He was among the hardest-punching welterweights, with his effectiveness as a knockout artist multiplied because he often put his killer blows together in six- to 10-punch combinations. He remains to this day the only fighter who could kayo an opponent while moving backward. Moreover, he was a great bodypuncher, with many of his spectacular combinations beginning with such blows.

Robinson's boxing brain was razor-sharp. An opponent could not afford to make a single mistake or run the risk of being knocked out. No puncher ever performed with such grace, flair, and class.

Where The Power Came From: The source of genius remains a mystery. Where did Beethoven's inspiration come from? Who can fathom the source of the gifts bestowed by Providence on an Einstein, a Michelangelo, or a Michael Jordan? We can say that Robinson's power came from a magnificent dancer's body and his flawless balance, timing, leverage, and coordination. But do we really know for sure? When asked to explain his success, Robinson said he was always able to "outrhythm" an opponent. He certainly did make beautiful music.

If You Don't Believe It ... During his prime, Robinson fought 100 bouts. His weight varied between 142 and 150 pounds, but he was so good, he often challenged middleweights who outweighed him by five to 15 pounds. Of the 76 welterweights he faced, he knocked out 50 (34 in four rounds or less). Of the 24 middleweights, he kayoed 11.

Victim List: With the exception of Carmen Basilio, Robinson stopped every middleweight champion of the '50s (Jake LaMotta, Randy Turpin, Bobo Olson, and Fullmer).

The One Guy He Couldn't Take Out: Lightweight champion Sammy Angott, a tough, defensive-minded veteran, went the distance with Robinson on three occasions.

Robinson bolos against bolo master Kid Gavilan

5. JIMMY WILDE

FLYWEIGHT

Career: 1910-1923; Record: 133-6-2 (101) with 13 no-decisions

Weapons: No fighter in these rankings was able to do more with less than the fabulous "Mighty Atom." The stats alone tell the story: Standing 5'2½" and tipping the beam at a paltry 108 pounds or less, this freakish fighter knocked out 101 men.

Wilde's appearance was immensely deceiving. With his pale complexion, rail-thin body, pipe-stem arms, and narrow, 33-inch chest, the poor bloke looked like he was suffering from malnutrition. When he first came to America as world flyweight champion, promoters thought he was ill. This impression lasted only until Wilde began fighting.

"The Ghost With A Hammer" (Wilde inspired a slew of nicknames) was a holy terror in the ring. He moved aggressively into range, his hands held low to draw leads. He had the knack of weaving under punches, making his opponent miss by inches, and then countering with vicious, well-timed blows to the head or body. If his opponent wouldn't lead, he would feature his educated jab. When an opening appeared, he would hammer home a cross that contained all of the strength his 108 pounds could muster.

Wilde's was a style born in the legendary fairground boxing booths of Britain. As a 75-pound teenager, he took on all comers, often knocking out men who outweighed him by as much as 70 pounds. It was in the booths that he developed his cunning and punching technique. By the time he turned professional, Wilde estimated he had engaged in close to 500 bouts as a booth fighter.

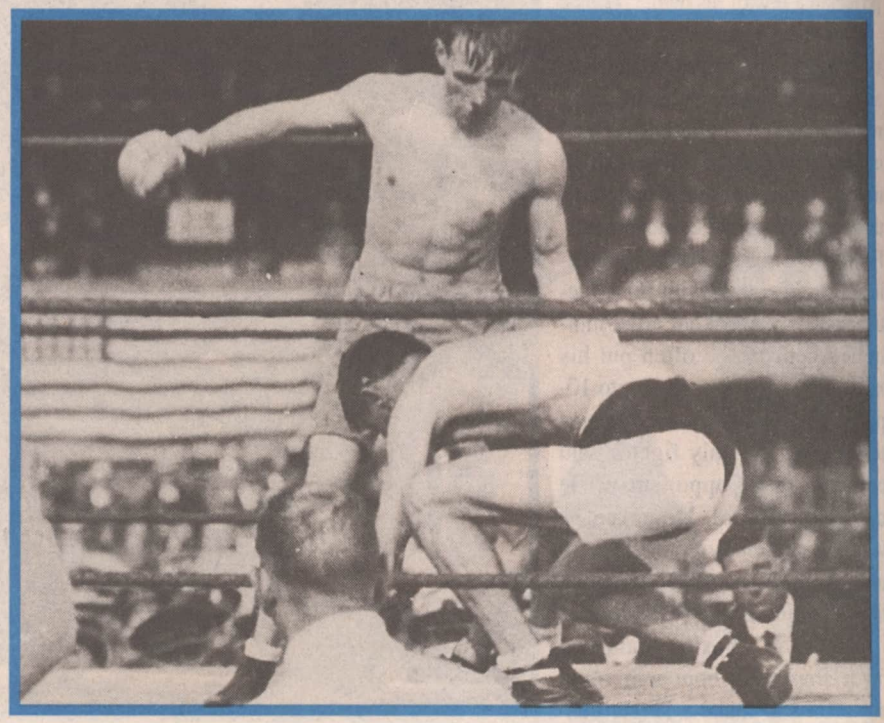
Where The Power Came From: At first glance, Wilde looked like a scrawny runt. But upon closer inspection, one could see that his shoulders were muscular and large, at least in relation to the rest of his body. And his arms, though thin, were as strong as steel cables. Wilde developed those muscles working from age 12 as a pit boy in the Welsh coal mines.

Wilde's technique was designed to get all of his weight into every punch. Speed, timing, and leverage were fully utilized. He was a tireless warrior who always entered the ring in top condition.

If You Don't Believe It ... After winning the world flyweight title in 1916 (by kayo, of course), Wilde, perhaps feeling nostalgic, returned to the boxing booths. He knocked out 19 men of various weights in 3½ hours, rested briefly, then flattened four more local toughs in half an hour before finally running out of challengers.

Victim List: Wilde kayoed Alf Mansfield, Johnny Rosner, Young Zulu Kid, Tancy Lee, Battling Murray, Mickey Russel, and many other outstanding bantamweights and featherweights. He had to constantly face opponents who outweighed him, making his kayo percentage even more amazing.

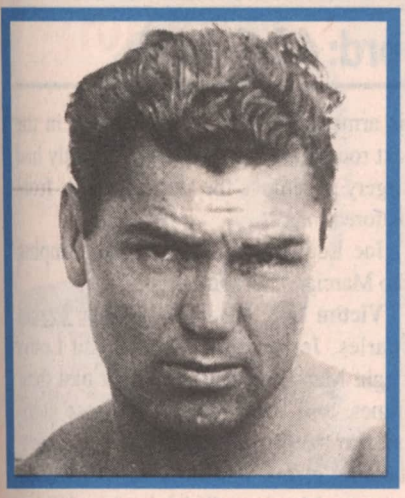
The One Guy He Couldn't Take Out: Former bantamweight champion Pete Herman outweighed Wilde by as much as 15 pounds. (There was no official weigh-in.) Herman caught Wilde when The Atom was beginning to fade and stopped the brave but beaten Welshman in the 17th round.



Wilde finished the much bigger Joe Conn

6. JACK DEMPSEY

HEAVYWEIGHT



Career: 1914-1927; Record: 62-6-8 (49) with 5 no-decisions

Weapons: Though Dempsey was a devastating puncher with either hand, it was his left hook that accounted for most of his 49 recorded knockouts. The punch was delivered out of a bob-and-weave, and that style, when correctly executed, is difficult to defend against.

Dempsey's bob-and-weave was augmented by speed, and in his prime (1918-'23), he had the hand and foot speed of a welterweight. Perpetually moving forward, weaving and rolling under punches, "The Manassa Mauler" could quickly slip inside an opponent's guard. Once in close, he would dig short, brutal punches into various parts of the anatomy. One of his favorite maneuvers was to weave inside a jab, launch a thunderous cross to the heart, and, quick as a flash, follow up with a mule-kick hook to the head.

Dempsey could generate tremendous power with punches that traveled no more than four or five inches. He swarmed all over big, slow-moving heavyweights. They were his favorite meat.

Pictures of the Mauler in action show him bearing his teeth and snarling at opponents. For sustained punching ferocity, he has no equal among heavyweights. He was everything Mike Tyson wanted to be, but never could be.

Where The Power Came From: Dempsey's 6'1", 187-pound body was well-proportioned and rock-hard, the result of years of manual labor, training, and the rugged hand-to-mouth life of a hobo. Particularly impressive were his muscular, but by no means musclebound, back, shoulders, and forearms. His legs were strong, too. (He could run a 100-yard dash in 10 seconds.) He was a bundle of nervous energy, his body a coiled spring under tension until its release in the ring.

Dempsey did whatever was necessary to win. He fought often in the hobo jungles, barrooms, and mining camps of the West in bare-knuckle brawls against men who outweighed him by anywhere from 10 to 100 pounds. He learned to strike hard and fast, and as quickly as possible.

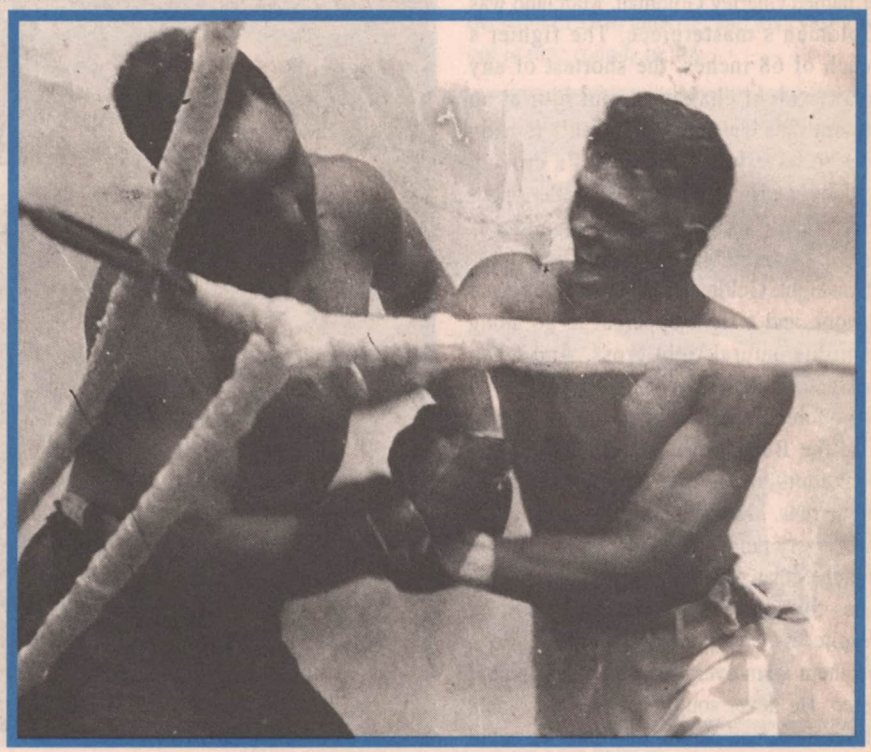
Dempsey knew real hunger. In the ring, his survival instincts took over and he often fought as if his life depended on the outcome.

Interestingly, despite the force of his blows, Dempsey's hands were never broken or as much as injured.

If You Don't Believe It ... His utter destruction of 250-pound Jess Willard and 220-pound Luis Firpo is proof of the damage he could inflict with his fists. During the five years of his prime, he fought 32 times, winning 28 by knockout, including 17 in the first round.

Victim List: In addition to Willard and Firpo, Dempsey kayoed Bill Brennan (twice), Fred Fulton, Gunboat Smith, Battling Levinsky, Billy Miske, and Carl Morris.

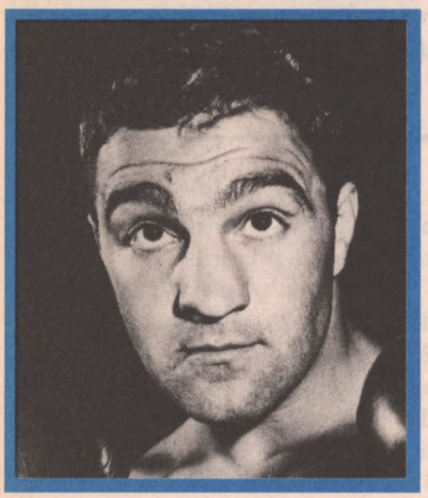
The One Guy He Couldn't Take Out: Coming off a two-year layoff, Dempsey wasn't sharp enough to catch the elusive and defensive-minded Tommy Gibbons. Then heavyweight champion, Dempsey settled for a 15-round decision victory.



Dempsey enjoyed his destruction of Jess Willard

7. ROCKY MARCIANO

HEAVYWEIGHT



Career: 1947-1955; Record: 49-0-(43)

Weapons: Aside from an awesome right, the Rock possessed two other outstanding attributes without which that punch could not have carried him as far as it did. The first was an indomitable will to win. The second was a superbly conditioned, seemingly indestructible body.

It is also fortunate that Marciano fell into the hands of a Yoda-like master trainer named Charley Goldman. Marciano was Goldman's masterpiece. The fighter's reach of 68 inches, the shortest of any heavyweight champion, put him at an instant disadvantage. Goldman's remedy was to have him fight out of a crouch, making it easier to get under a taller opponent's jab. Using knowledge acquired during his own career as a top-flight bantamweight, Goldman also taught Marciano a hook and a right uppercut to go along with his natural right cross. And when Marciano's balance was improved, even more force was added to his deadly blows.

Like Babe Ruth, who had the most strikeouts of his era, but also the most home runs, Marciano aimed for a knockout with every punch. He missed a lot, but the punches that did connect made up for the ones that didn't. Opponents received no respite, with vicious blows raining down on them from every direction and without letup. He never sought refuge in a clinch, never tired, and couldn't be hurt. He could take what appeared to be an inhuman amount of punishment and come right back with rib-crunching, skull-thumping, arm-busting shots of his own. He was an unstoppable force, breaking bodies and spirits. It was a hellish experience to fight him.

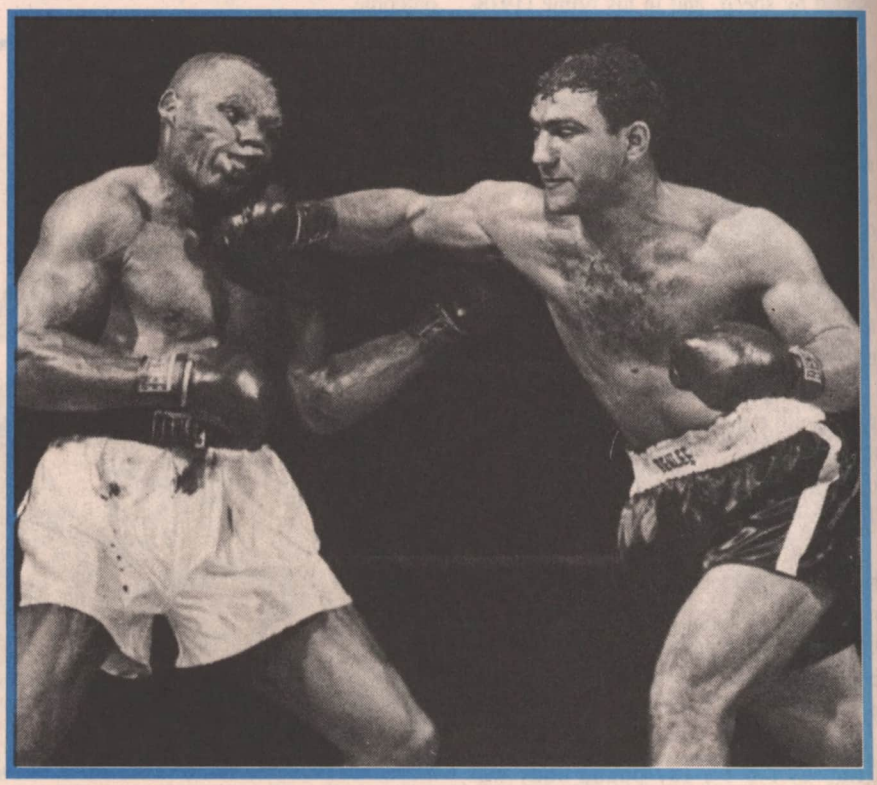
Where The Power Came From: This compact, 5'10¼" block of granite generated tremendous power with his cross. A lot of energy came up through his heavy, muscular legs. He also had a rare talent for a heavyweight: Like Dempsey and Louis, he was able to get his whole body into a punch.

During his 1953 title fight with Roland LaStarza, Marciano was troubled by the challenger's tight guard. Goldman told him to start punching LaStarza's arms in order to bring them down. Within a few rounds, huge hematomas began appearing on LaStarza's forearms, and he was in terrible pain. By the 10th round he could barely lift his arms. Marciano belted him out in the next round, and LaStarza subsequently had surgery to remove the hardened clots from his forearms.

Joe Louis once said that just bumping into Marciano hurt him.

Victim List: It's true that when Ezzard Charles, Jersey Joe Walcott, and Louis fought Marciano, they were just past their primes. Still, each heavyweight rose gloriously to the occasion and put forth an outstanding effort. All three went into their bouts vs. Marciano disdaining his abilities. After fighting him, however, they called The Rock a great fighter and puncher.

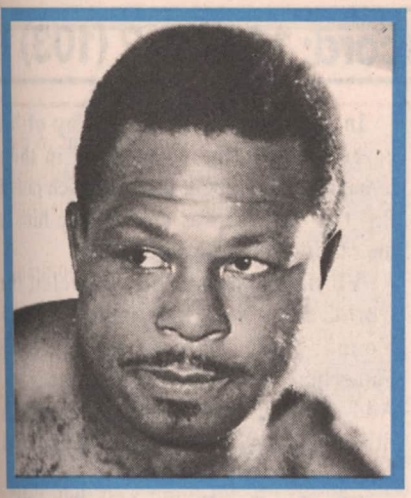
The One Guy He Couldn't Take Out: Early in his career (1949 and '50), Marciano had two chances to take out rugged and clever journeyman Ted Lowry. Using his 100-plus bouts of experience, Lowry managed to survive 10 rounds both times.



Marciano-Walcott I: Didn't you just know we'd pick this photo?

8. ARCHIE MOORE

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT *through* HEAVYWEIGHT



Career: 1935-1963; Record: 199-26-8 (145) with 1 no-contests

Weapons: Moore's weapons were those of the master craftsman. His toolbox contained a vast array of punches and strategies from which to choose. The key to his success as a kayo king was in his understanding of when and where to apply his weapons to achieve the most telling results.

Moore was not a smashing, storm-the-barricades type of puncher like Stanley Ketchel or Jack Dempsey, but a patient, workmanlike professional who created his own opportunities with finesse and dispatch.

Moore used his weapons strategically. His hard jab kept opponents off-balance and probed for weaknesses. It set up combinations and created openings. The right cross was his payoff punch, although he could also level opponents with a left hook to the body or jaw. He would shuffle forward, arms continuously in motion, upper body weaving and shifting, feinting his foes into deadly counterpunching opportunites. Utilizing his unique cross-armed defense and his ability to duck and parry blows, he was extremely difficult to hit.

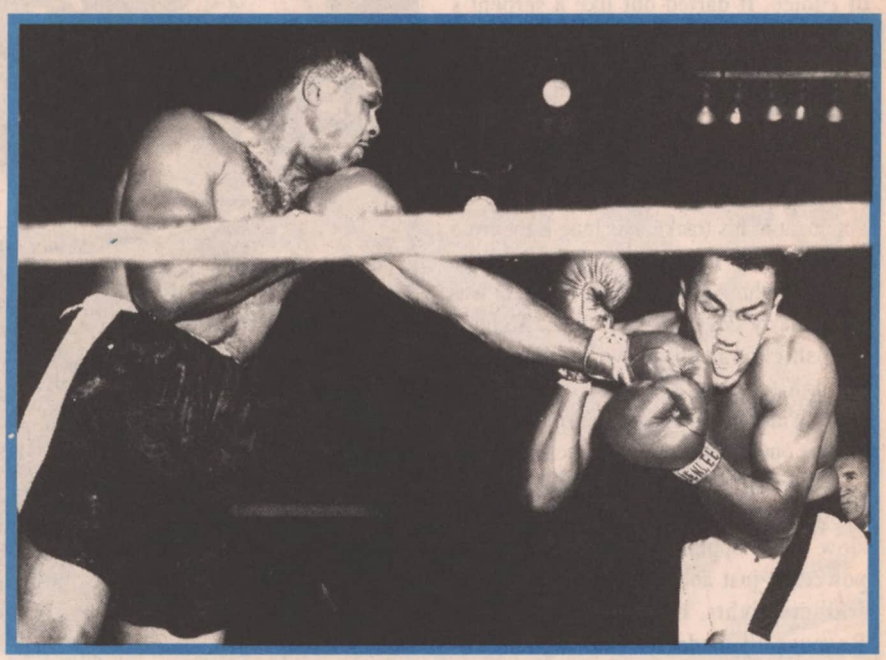
"The Ol' Mongoose" was always dangerous, but was rarely a one-punch kayo artist. He could achieve the same result, however, by taking an opponent apart piece by piece with damaging punches to specific vulnerable targets: liver, kidneys, point of chin, solar plexus, temple. And if appropriate, his cagey strategy could include a sophisticated brand of psychological warfare both before and during a fight.

Where The Power Came From: The 5'10", 160-192-pound Moore was blessed with a strong body and unusually long arms. As a young man, he developed his punching muscles by shadowboxing for hours with heavy flat-irons in each hand. His legs were sturdy, but not built for speed. His entire torso, especially his huge shoulders, upper arms, back, and forearms, bespoke power. Holder of a Ph.D. in professional boxing, this Methuselah of the prize ring completely understood the physics of dynamic punching.

If You Don't Believe It ... If the mere fact that he knocked out more opponents (145) than anyone else doesn't convince you, check out the victim list coming up. When he dropped Marciano with a thunderous right to the jaw in the second round of their title fight, he had The Rock dazed and wobbly. As late as 1962, nearing 50, Moore was a ranked heavyweight contender still feared and respected by his peers.

Victim List: The following, most of whom were genuinely great, were avoided by the champions of the day because they were too damned tough and dangerous: Holman Williams, Jimmy Bivins, Lloyd Marshall, Cocoa Kid, Jack Chase, and Ron Richards. Some were outstanding defensive fighters who were rarely knocked out by anyone.

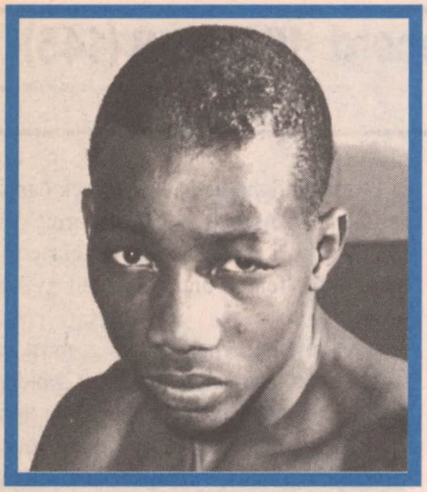
The One Guy He Couldn't Take Out: Of the handful of top fighters Moore couldn't take out during his prime, the best was Ezzard Charles. At his peak at the time, Charles was just too fast and too good. This was one Cobra the Mongoose couldn't snare. Charles beat Moore by decision in 1946 and '47, and knocked him out in nine rounds in '48.



Moore's pinpoint punching catches Tony Anthony

9. SANDY SADDLER

FEATHERWEIGHT



Career: 1944-1957; Record: 144-16-2 (103)

Weapons: Saddler shook up many opponents over the course of his 12-year career. In October 1948, he shook up the entire boxing world. In an astonishing upset, he knocked out the great featherweight champion Willie Pep in the fourth round and walked away with the world title. It was Pep's second defeat in 136 fights, and the first time he was counted out. What Pep ran into that night was a 5'8½", 124-pound piece of steel.

Saddler's left jab was his main weapon of choice. It darted out like a serpent's tongue, and its power could stun, cut, and bruise. On more than one occasion, Saddler dropped an opponent solely with his jab.

Saddler also favored a half-hook, half-uppercut to the liver that could stop an opponent in his tracks. His long right cross to the body or head carried the power of a welterweight. An inside right uppercut was particularly devastating to those fighters foolish enough to allow Saddler close enough to use it. Saddler could move quickly and nimbly about the ring. He was also an outstanding counterpuncher.

Bodypunching was an important part of Saddler's strategy; he invariably had to slow down opponents who ran from his power. In just about all of his fights vs. featherweights, he was the aggressor. Because of Saddler's strength, 126-pounders with average builds were at a severe disadvantage.

Saddler often used his strength to bully opponents, especially at close quarters. He was often fouled in return. He did not really have to resort to such tactics. His ring savvy, punching prowess, and strength were more than enough to clean up the competition.

Where The Power Came From: Saddler was all arms and legs. His reach of 70 inches was two inches longer than that of Rocky Marciano. The muscles of his arms, back, chest, and legs were so well-defined, he could have posed for an anatomy chart.

If You Don't Believe It ... By the time Pep had reluctantly agreed to fight him, Saddler had won 56 of 93 bouts by kayo. He hadn't met a bunch of second-raters either. When featherweights ducked him, he took on full-fledged lightweights.

In the most brilliant display of his career, Pep defeated Saddler in their rematch. But the bout took so much out of Pep that Saddler was able to stop him in their third and fourth meetings.

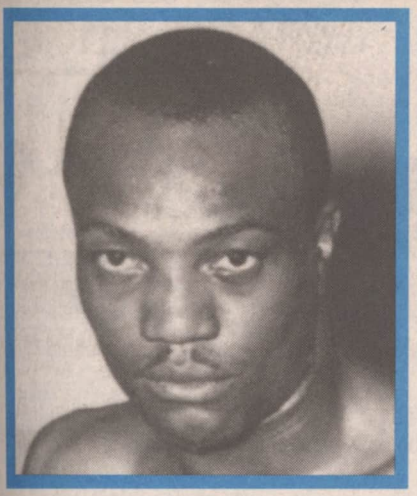
Victim List: Saddler traveled the world, and his victims included Terry Young, Lulu Perez, France's Ray Famechon, and Cuba's Miguel Acevedo. Add to the list three future lightweight titlists, Paddy DeMarco, Joe Brown, and Lauro Salas.

The One Guy He Couldn't Take Out: Nobody knocks out everyone, but even those brave souls who lasted 10 rounds with Saddler wanted no part of him in a rematch. The exception was Harry LeSane, an experienced and fearless featherweight who took on Saddler three times and, although he lost, was still standing at the bell ending each bout.

Saddler catches Davey Gallardo with a mouth-opening shot

10. BOB FOSTER

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT



Career: 1961-1978; Record: 56-8-1 (46)

Weapons: For most fighters, a properly executed left hook is a difficult punch to master. It calls for an exacting degree of coordination, precision, and timing. When delivered with the entire weight of the body behind it, the hook has the capacity to generate tremendous power.

Foster did not only possess a great hook, but he knew how to set up the punch. He could hook off a jab, feint for an opening, or use it as a counterpunch. His repertoire of combinations, all of which almost always ended with a hook, was impressive for a light heavyweight. His jab was fast and strong, and used both offensively and defensively. His right hand was adequate, but not nearly as powerful as his left.

At 6'3", Foster's chin was a difficult target to reach. His boxing skills, footwork, and long jab kept him out of trouble as he eyed his opponents, always on the lookout to land his bomb.

Foster had the confidence of knowing he could end a fight with one well-placed punch, which he did often. Yet despite his superior firepower, he never waded in, winging his left like an out-of-control wrecking ball. Foster used the punch prudently, throwing it only when he saw an opening, content to bide his time and box while waiting for the right moment to strike. When he did strike, the results could be devastating.

Where The Power Came From: Like Sandy Saddler, Thomas Hearns, and Bob Fitzsimmons, Foster belonged to that group of thin and lanky boxers who were also world-class punchers. But what was the source of their power? Without getting into specific scientific principles, let's just say that with their stretched frames, long arms, and sinewy muscularity, they were somehow able to utilize leverage, coordination, and timing to get extraordinary power into their best punches.

Most of these elongated punchers needed lots of room to land their most damaging shots. When opponents tried to get close to Foster, they were usually stymied by his fine jab.

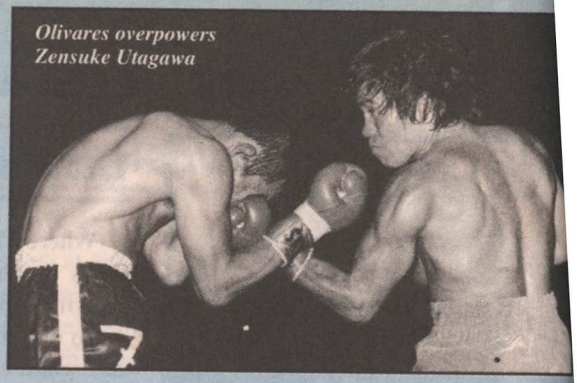
If You Don't Believe It ... During his prime (1967-'72), Foster knocked out 20 of the 21 light heavyweights he fought. In defense of the world title during that stretch, he flattened 10 of 11 challengers. Only Ray Anderson managed to last the 15-round distance, and he did so by running for his life. Foster was so superior to the competition, he often fought heavyweights, with mixed results. Part of his problem was that he always had trouble adding extra weight beyond his natural 175 pounds.

Victim List: Foster knocked out two men who it was thought impossible to stop: Dick Tiger and Henry Hank. Tiger was kayoed by a single hook, and Hank was stopped by bodypunches. In addition, Mike Quarry had one of the best chins in boxing. (It ran in the family.) Foster knocked him completely unconscious with one hook. It was one of the most impressive—and frightening—one-punch kayos of the decade.

The One Guy He Couldn't Take Out: Quality heavyweights were Foster's bugaboo. Doug Jones, Zora Folley, Ernie Terrell, and Muhammad Ali defeated him, and Joe Frazier nearly decapitated him. But at light heavyweight, only one fighter managed to go the distance with Foster more than once. In 1973, Pierre Fourie, a tough South African who was never stopped, lasted the full 15 rounds twice.

Foster came close to beheading Dick Tiger

THE SECOND TEN


Olivares overpowers Zensuke Utagawa

The competition was hot for a spot in the top 10. The following fighters just missed.

Ruben Olivares: Perhaps the hardest-hitting bantamweight ever, with 77 wins by kayo. Brutalized opponents with legendary left hook to liver.

Henry Armstrong: From 1937 to '38, "Hammerin' Hank" was a virtual knockout machine, scoring 37 kayos in 42 bouts. Over the next 29 months, he defended the welter crown against quality opposition, knocking out 15 of 19 challengers.

Bob Fitzsimmons: Old-timers swore Fitz was the greatest hitter of 'em all. Boxing's first triple-crown champion was built similar to Bob Foster, but was more rugged. Originator of the famous solar plexus punch.

Terry McGovern: Ferocious turn-of-the-century featherweight is the closest facsimile to Jack Dempsey you'll find among fighters at any weight. A fighter could live for years off the boast that he lasted more than three rounds with "Terrible Terry."

Roberto Duran: As a lightweight, "Hands Of Stone" convincingly knocked out his challengers. Less effective at welter and middle, but always a punishing and dangerous foe. A genuine throwback to the Golden Age.

Ezzard Charles: It's about time this truly great fighter received his due. Fighting outstanding competition at middleweight and light heavy, he knocked out 36 of 62 opponents. And as a 185-pounder, he flattened contenders who outweighed him by as much as 40 pounds. Very few can match his record.

Aaron Pryor: This windmill with gloves destroyed two modern-day legends, Antonio Cervantes and Alexis Arguello. Who knows to what additional heights he might have climbed had he not succumbed to his personal devils.

Sonny Liston: No heavyweight since Joe Louis cut such a destructive swath through the ranks of legitimate contenders. The baleful stare, that sledgehammer jab, the murderous punches—what a brute!

Thomas Hearns: As long as he had room to punch, "The Hit Man" retained his knockout power from welterweight to light heavy. Has to be considered just off his demolitions of Duran and Pipino Cuevas.

Max Baer: Take out the Joe Louis fight and the Jimmy Braddock fiasco and what you've got is one very dangerous fighter. It says here that Mike Tyson and George Foreman at their best would've crumpled beneath Maxie's mighty right-hand wallop.

WHY YOU CAN'T FIND THE FOLLOWING FOUR

Mike Tyson: Tyson has been nurtured, and his reputation based, on knockouts over a bunch of tomato cans, a few second-raters, and one scared stiff Michael Spinks. When taken past the third or fourth round, he becomes frustrated and sloppy, and welcomes the respite of a clinch. (Remember his fights vs. Mitch Green, Tony Tucker, and Bonecrusher Smith?)

Tyson has the physical makeup and terrific punch of a great fighter, but the character of a schoolyard bully. What might have been doesn't count. He does not belong in the company of immortals.

George Foreman: In his prime as a puncher (1969-'77), Big George possessed frightening power in both fists. If you had the mobility of a tree trunk, he would blast you out. However, if taken past the fourth round (see his fights vs. Muhammad Ali and Jimmy Young), Foreman would air-condition entire arenas with his missed swings. His heavily muscled arms became fatigued, and his poise and power dissipated as the bout wore on, exposing his amateur tendencies.

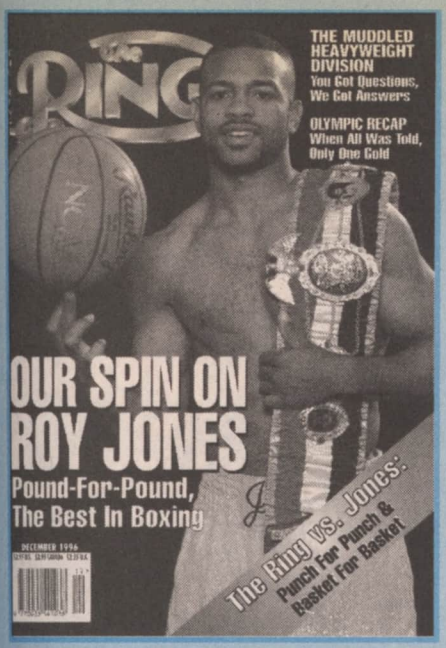
This is not meant to dismiss his impressive kayos of Joe Frazier and Ken Norton (a heavyweight who fell before every big puncher he ever faced), but those victories alone are not enough to validate his greatness as a puncher.

Earnie Shavers: His knockout loss at the hands of Tex Cobb cannot be forgiven. Shavers totally exhausted himself teeing off on Cobb's cement head. By the eighth round he could no longer lift his arms, and Cobb, hitting him at will, didn't even have the firepower to knock him down.

Shavers was a second-rate fighter with a great right hand. He had a serious stamina problem and was knocked out by every puncher he ever fought, including Jerry Quarry, Ron Lyle, Bernardo Mercado, and even Ron Stander. Nuff said.

Rocky Graziano: Made his early rep belting out smaller welterweights like Freddie Cochrane, Marty Servo, and Bummy Davis. Tony Zale, 33 years old and over the hill, flattened him two out of three.

Interestingly, Graziano became a better fighter *after* he lost the middleweight title back to Zale. His right-hand bomb demolished some good fighters. Graziano had the raw power and killer instinct, but what is missing from his record are bouts against the top middleweight contenders of his era. ■



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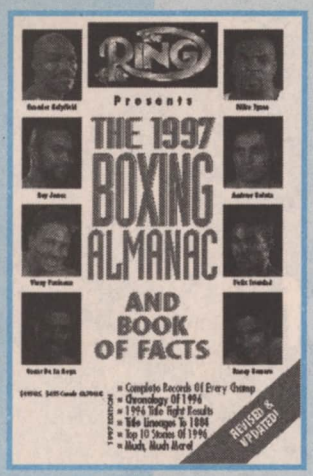

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Heavyweight Tim "Doc" Anderson tried his best to duck blows from the seedy side of a blood sport. But in the end it didn't matter. He was swallowed up anyway by ...

LIARS, CHEATS, & WHORES

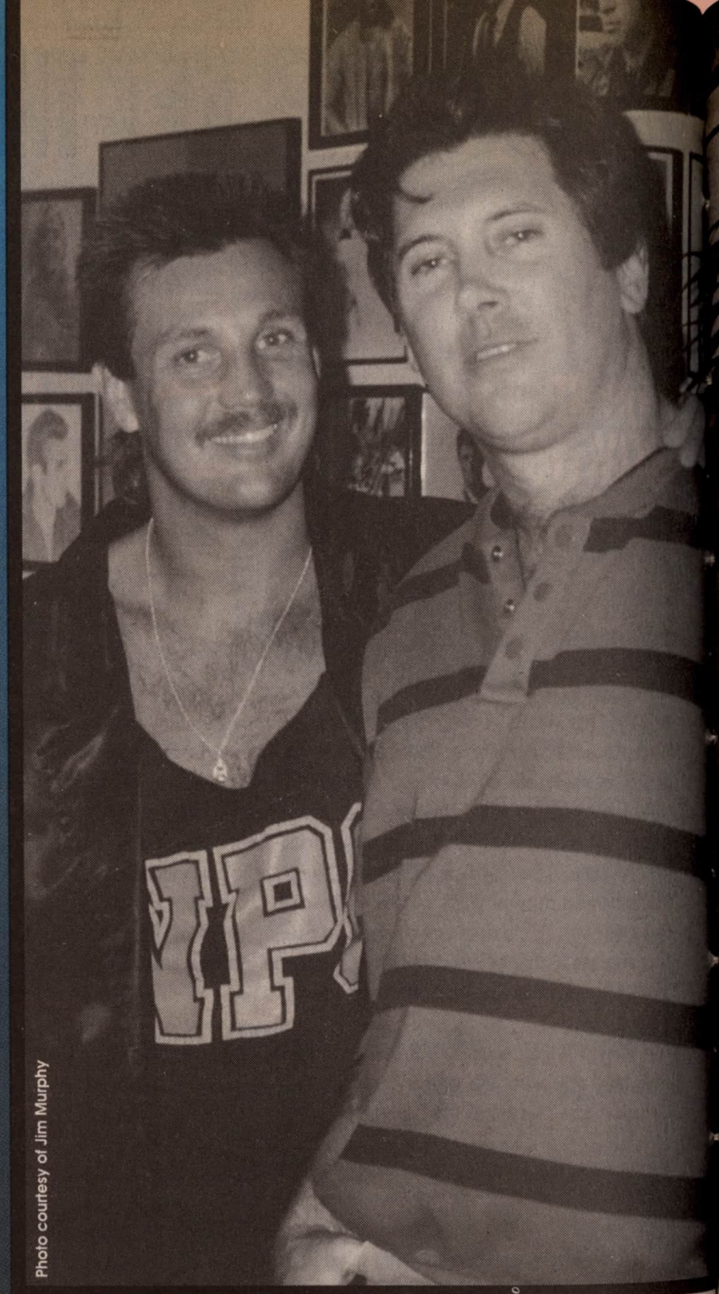
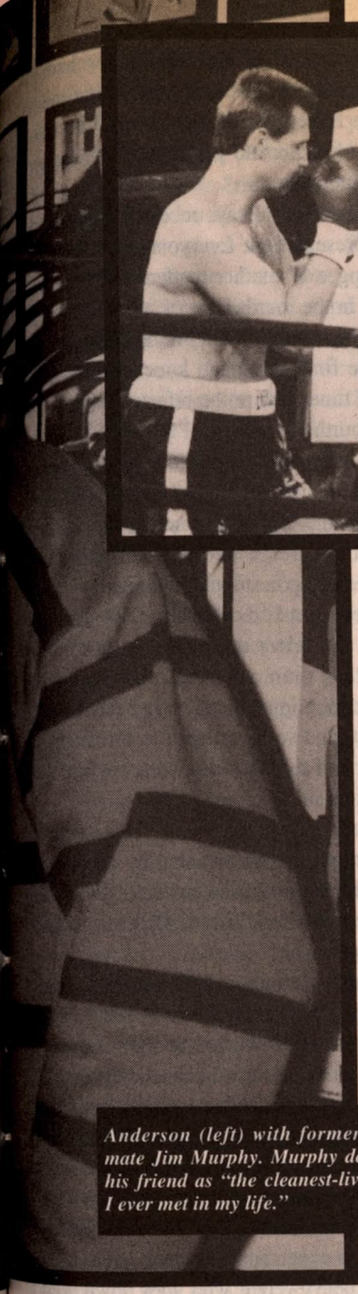
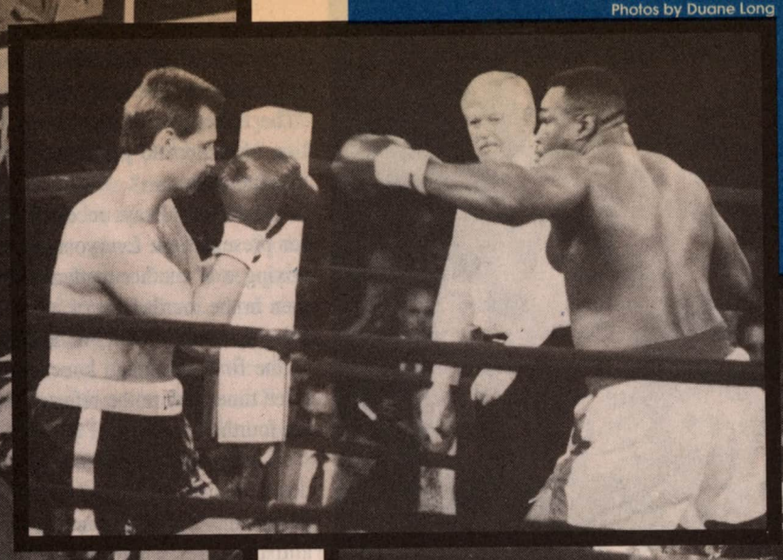


Photo courtesy of Jim Murphy

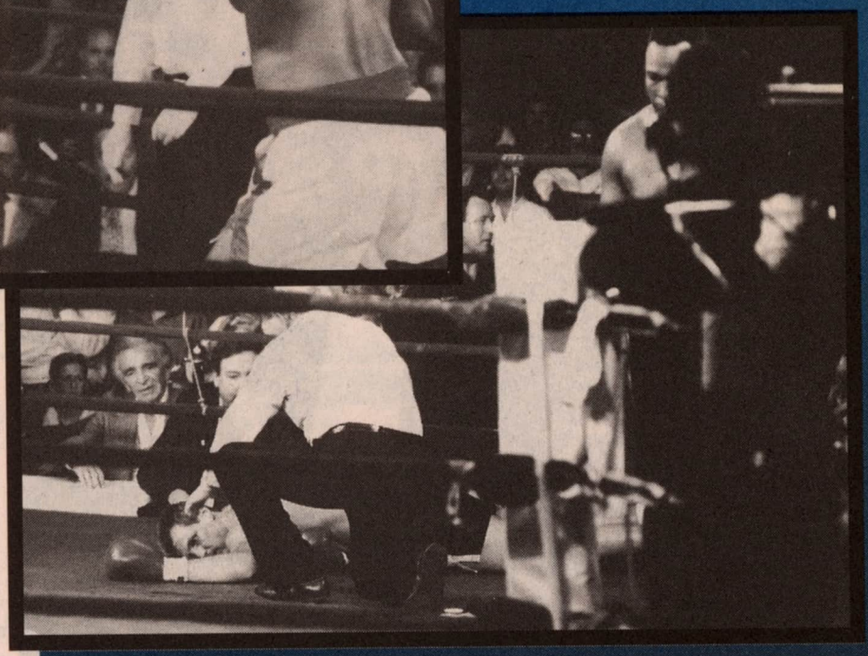


Anderson (left) with former roommate Jim Murphy. Murphy described his friend as "the cleanest-living guy I ever met in my life."

Photos by Duane Long



Anderson took on comebacking former heavyweight champion Larry Holmes in April 1991 (left), suffering a face-first first-round knockout (below)—and broken ribs. It was Holmes' first bout in three years.



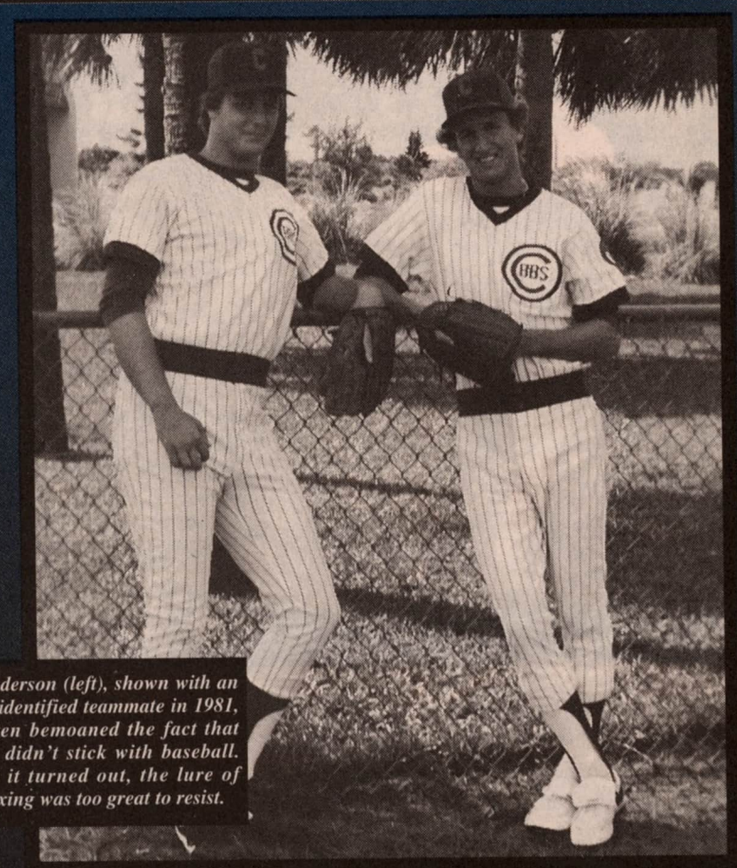


Photo courtesy of Jim Murphy

Anderson (left), shown with an unidentified teammate in 1981, often bemoaned the fact that he didn't stick with baseball. As it turned out, the lure of boxing was too great to resist.

By Dave Hyde

Editor's Note: This story first ran in Sunshine, the magazine of South Florida. It is reprinted with permission.

The gun was still warm when Tim Anderson stuck it in his mouth. This was one final surprise. The gun felt good. It felt alive.

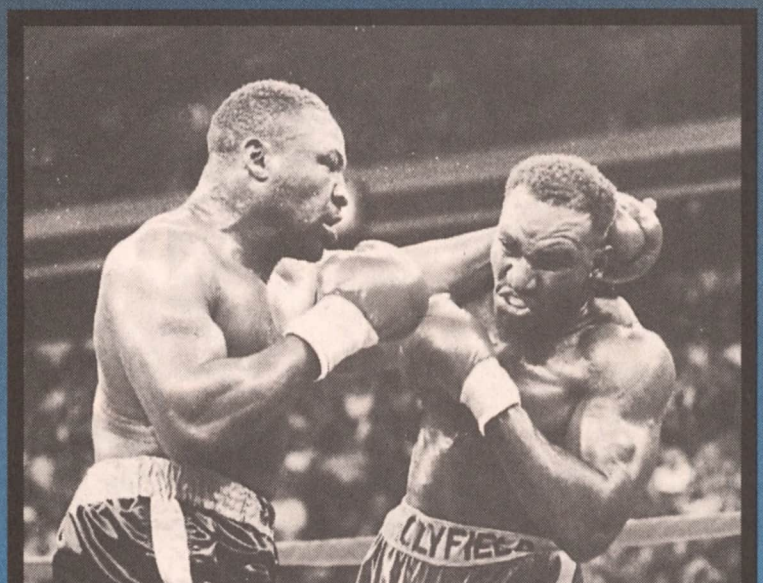
His lips closed around it and his finger held the trigger, but his eyes never left the body of his boxing promoter on the hotel room floor, the moaning now stopped, the bleeding all done, the nine bullets finally ending what their years apart never could.

Now it was his turn to go. Anderson already had written goodbye letters and tucked them in his Bible. Now he sat on the bed, gun in mouth, finger on trigger, the tension the kind that's in the air before a big fight, and for one ambiguous moment he thought that it shouldn't have come to this, just as he had been thinking for years.

His life could just as easily have turned out right, he knew. Had he chosen baseball instead of boxing, had he listened to his friends instead of his promoter, had he just stayed down when George Foreman

Photo by Scott Romer

Rick "Elvis" Parker and two companions. Parker, who couldn't play a lick, took his electric piano everywhere he went. The promoter was a pure hustler, and boxing has always welcomed his kind.



When Bert Cooper, who was promoted by Parker, went toe-to-toe with defending world champion Evander Holyfield in November 1991, Elvis came within a punch or two of controlling the heavyweight title.

kept hitting him—why couldn't he have stayed down like everybody else?—then maybe his path wouldn't have become so tangled and his life so lost.

Just five miles from this Orlando, Florida, hotel room, the Foreman fight had taken place in a chilly metal barn called the Eddie Graham Sports Complex, which doesn't stand anymore.

There, in November 1987, Anderson had entered the ring for the scheduled 12-round fight in typical style. Purple leotards. Black cape. Hair spiked and bleached. He even was escorted for the first time by "The Beverly Hills Knockouts," a collection of centerfold playmates who became his entourage.

Anderson always received high marks for presentation. Everyone says that. But boxing was another matter, and Foreman, then in the fourth fight of his still-successful comeback, closed Anderson's left eye in the first round and knocked him down three times before the referee stopped it in the fourth.

Each time Anderson was knocked down, though, he popped back up. It got to where fans began applauding his courage, and the referee actually congratulated Anderson upon stopping the fight.

Few people receive a peek at their destiny, and fewer appreciate its form when it's less than dreamed. But Anderson understood immediately what this reaction meant, and so he referred to this night for better and subsequently worse as "the turning point in my career."

Suddenly, he was in demand. Overnight, he was wanted by any heavyweight making a comeback, delighting himself and Rick "Elvis" Parker, his ambitious promoter.

Larry Holmes called. Gerrie Coetzee. Jimmy Young. Anyone who wanted to be someone again wanted to fight Anderson. Even later, because of the Foreman fight, Anderson was needed to fight former pro football star Mark Gastineau, which is where everything soured and the sewer swallowed him.

But for a few years Anderson became the most expendable currency in boxing—a white heavyweight who goes down with a fight—much to the pleasure of an opponent building a record, a promoter banking the money, and perhaps the crowds most of all. The fight crowds loved to see Foreman close Anderson's eye, Holmes break his ribs, or Coetzee bloody his broken nose—and still to see Anderson keep struggling to his feet for more.

Such bravado came with a price. Following the Foreman bout, for instance, Anderson's swollen eye became infected and it spread to his sinuses. Everything drained into his throat, where polyps developed. His voice was converted forever into such a desert-dry rasp that a bit speaking role in a B movie *(No More Dirty Deals)*

had to be dubbed with a voice-over, and jurors at his trial could be seen leaning forward, one by one, as if lured by every chilling word of his "weak, punch-drunk" testimony, as *The Orlando Sentinel* described it.

Boxing took his voice, but Anderson kept his heart. And so when Parker demanded his fighter fix a bout against Gastineau, Anderson refused. And when Parker helped drug him before a rematch against Gastineau, Anderson never recovered, spiraling forever down until two years of fury and frustration welled up one spring night in 1995 in that hotel-room meeting and the dam broke.

He stood over his longtime promoter, .38-caliber gun in hand, and rasped, "I want you to suffer like I suffered. He emptied the gun, reloaded, and kept firing—until there were two bullets left.

Now he sat on the bed, the gun in his mouth, his finger on the trigger, his thinking all done.

"Forgive me, Lord," he said.

He pulled the trigger.

***

Boxing operates on the fringe of darkness, and Parker operated on the fringe of boxing. Rob Russen, his one-time partner, called Parker "a monster." Don Hazelton, the former executive director of the athletic commission that regulates professional boxing in Florida, says Parker was "everything bad about boxing come to life."

"You look up scum in the dictionary, and there Rick is," says Steve Benson, who co-promoted a fight at War Memorial Auditorium in Fort Lauderdale with Parker in September 1992 that catalogs Parker's handiwork. Threats. Drugs. Scams. Fight-fixing. It was all there. Benson, for instance, says he was never paid by Parker. When he began telling others this, trouble began.

"Parker'd call two, three, four nights a week, late at night when I was in bed, saying, 'Your life is over. We're going to get your wife. You better be looking over your shoulder,'" Benson remembers. "Hey, I was scared. This was a guy who was unbalanced."

Hazelton was threatened by Parker after this night at War Memorial, too—"legally, physically, every way he could think of," he says. Hazelton considered a fight to be fixed that night between two Parker clients, Tex Cobb and Sonny Barch. Cobb had backed out of fighting Anderson at the last minute, and fought Barch instead.

"Tex saw what shape Anderson was in and got scared," Barch says of the fight that lasted 70 seconds, in which time he fell down three times. "I was never hit. Hazelton knew something smelled right away."

He wasn't alone. The sellout crowd booed as the fight ended, and the ring announcer said, "Well, after that, I think we have to cleanse ourselves."

However, it was Gastineau, then the headline act in Parker's stable, around whom a continuing pattern of suspicious fights had drawn attention. Hazelton alerted authorities, the FBI began its "Dirty Gloves Investigation" (agent Andy Thompson declined to comment), and Parker felt his golden-goose vision for Gastineau had been threatened.

It wasn't even his vision, as Parker readily told everyone. It was the brainchild of Don King, boxing's mega-promoter. In fact, Parker loved telling how he had sat next to King on an airplane flight in 1985,

(Continued on page 69)

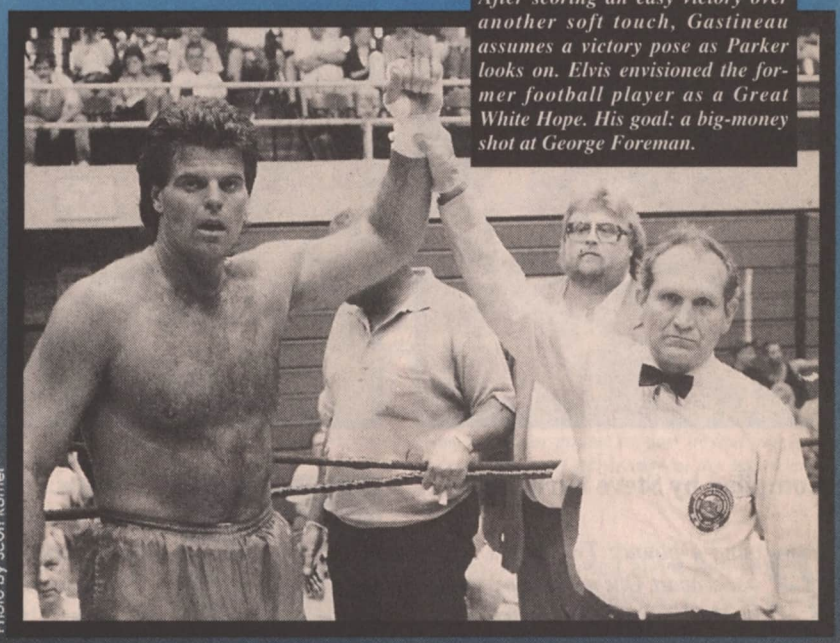
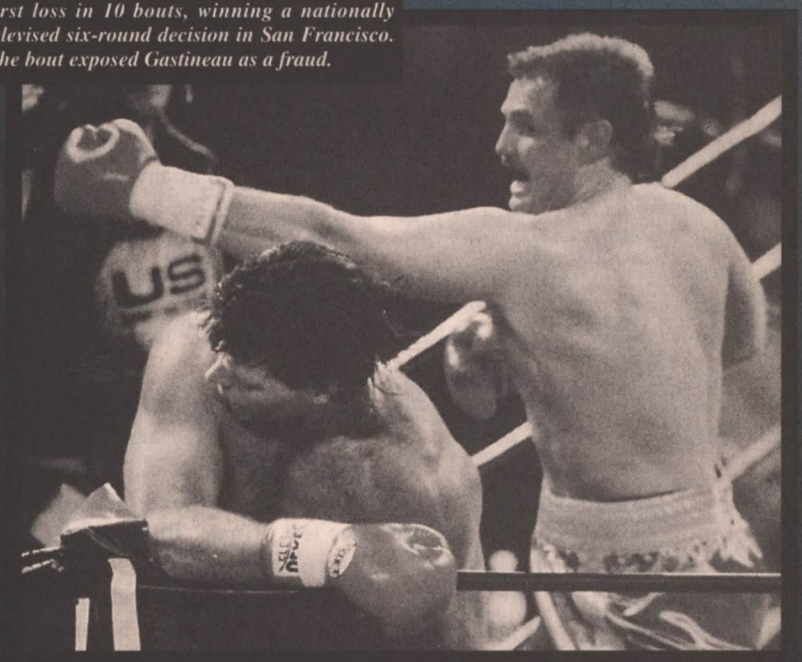


Photo by Scott Romer

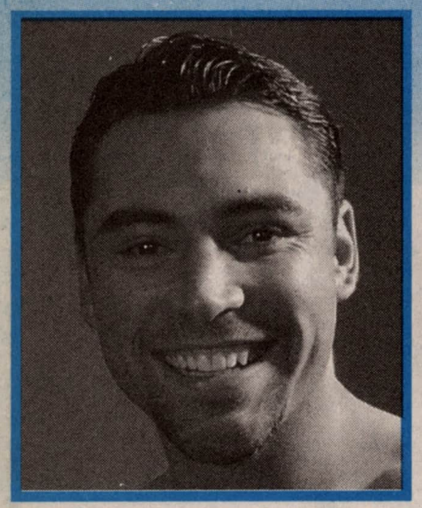
After scoring an easy victory over another soft touch, Gastineau assumes a victory pose as Parker looks on. Elvis envisioned the former football player as a Great White Hope. His goal: a big-money shot at George Foreman.

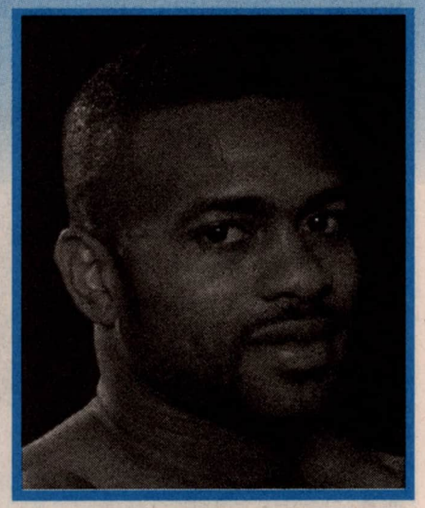


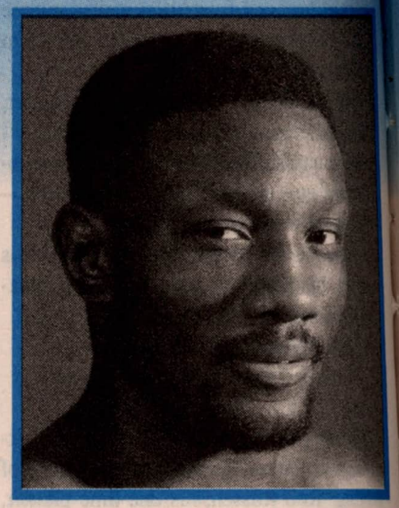
In June 1992, Anderson dealt Gastineau his first loss in 10 bouts, winning a nationally televised six-round decision in San Francisco. The bout exposed Gastineau as a fraud.

WHO'S THE BEST?

The Experts Make Their Pound-For-Pound Choice







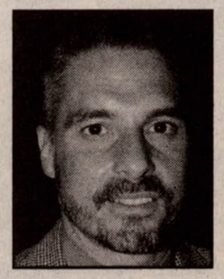
Compiled by Steve Farhood

Pound-4-pound: Two fights. Three weeks apart. One messed up picture.

In March, Roy Jones defended not only the WBC light heavyweight belt, but also THE RING'S *pound-for-pound title, in his fight against Montell Griffin. It was a closely contested fight, and when Jones, rallying late, was disqualified for hitting the challenger while Griffin was already down, experts were forced to reconsider the suddenly former champion's place.*

Everything would have turned out okay if, in April, the WBC welterweight title fight between Pernell Whitaker and Oscar De La Hoya had produced a conclusive winner. In a careful, largely defensive struggle, De La Hoya won on points. One problem: At least half the ringsiders and media thought "Sweet Pea" deserved the nod.

So who deserves the top spot? Jones? De La Hoya? Whitaker? Butterbean? We polled a handful of experts. While their answers won't satisfy your appetite, they've at least provided food for thought.



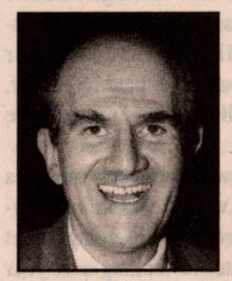
Wally Matthews, columnist, *New York Post:* "The issue is more up in the air than ever. Roy Jones is the most talented, but not the best fighter. De La Hoya has the most potential to be the best, but he has a lot to learn, especially about getting frustrated in the ring. Whitaker still knows as much as anybody about what to do in the ring. The best would be a blend of the three.

"I don't know, maybe the best fighter is a guy we haven't thought that much about, like Ike Quartey or Junior Jones."

Teddy Atlas, trainer: "The second group of guys may be better at this point than a guy I'd name, but there are other qualifications. It takes time. You gotta pass the test of time. Jones and De La Hoya haven't done that yet.

"There are fighters who might be technically and physically better than Pernell Whitaker, but it's having shown consistency and character over a period of years. Of course, you can't have shown those things if you haven't had a long career.

"I guess I have to go with Whitaker. He's done it for 12 years against the best guys."

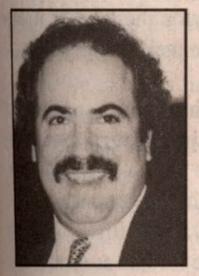


Harold Lederman, judge and member of HBO's broadcasting team: "After watching De La Hoya-Whitaker, as well as Evander Holyfield, Ricardo Lopez, Terry Norris, Felix Trinidad, and anyone else over the past six months, the answer is definitely Roy Jones. Speed, power, and natural ability make him the best. Even in his loss, he was well on his way to knocking Griffin out. I don't think he should be penalized for the Griffin fight, and I don't see anyone at 168 or 175 pounds who can beat him."

"Even if the De La Hoya-Whitaker fight had produced a conclusive winner, I wouldn't have changed my mind. Whitaker is obviously on the down side. He's ready to be taken, and taken decisively. De La Hoya has flaws; he had a terrible time fighting the southpaw [Whitaker]. No matter what you are—lefty, righty, a fighter with three arms—Jones has the ability to beat you."

Russell Peltz, promoter: "Oh, boy! The pound-for-pound title has to be vacant. You can't give it to De La Hoya after that performance [vs. Whitaker]. I felt that fight was a draw, so the title should be vacant.

"There's no doubt the pound-for-pound leader has been Whitaker ever since he beat Julio Cesar Chavez. [Actually, the bout was declared a controversial draw, with everyone but the judges scoring for Whitaker.] But you can't give it to him now. Jones may have been on his way to winning against Griffin, but he was looking mediocre doing it. I guess if you have to give it to anyone, it would be Evander Holyfield."



Mike Acri, promoter and matchmaker: "I would revert back to Evander Holyfield. He beat the man who beat the man ... Jones? De La Hoya? Whitaker? Definitely not now, not after having watched them [in their most recent bouts]. De La Hoya-Whitaker was not Leonard-Duran. De La Hoya hasn't yet fought a definitive fight; Chavez wasn't it. You can't pick Whitaker based on his last two fights, against De La Hoya and Diobelys Hurtado. And you can't pick Jones, because he lost. If I had to pick among those three, I guess I'd go back to Jones."

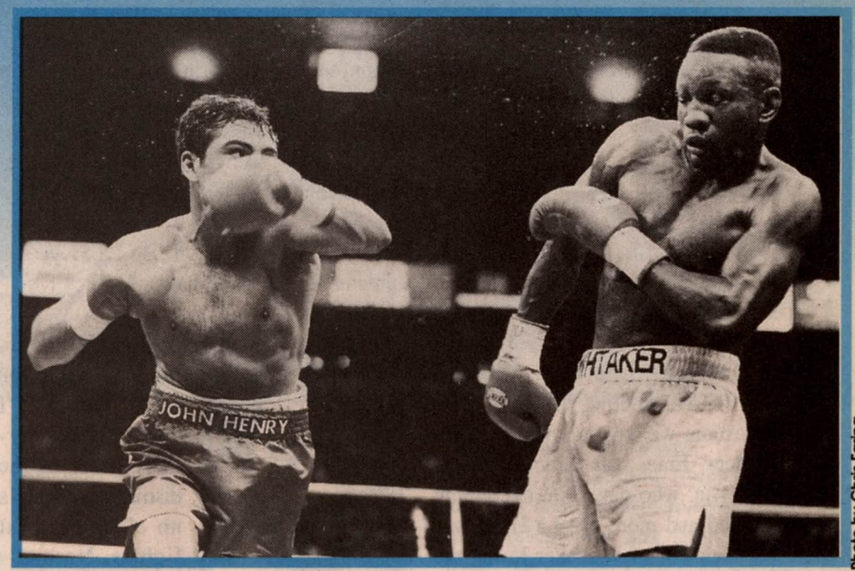


Photo by Chris Farina

De La Hoya outpointed Whitaker, but lost much of the pound-for-pound support he had previously secured. Wins over David Kamau, Hector Camacho, and Patrick Charpentier in the future aren't likely to bring the experts back to the De La Hoya bandwagon.

Jeff Ryan, columnist for THE RING: "The best fighter, pound-for-pound, is Ricardo Lopez. The only things Lopez can't do—gain 42 pounds and land an HBO contract—aren't his fault. He can box and punch, and he's made 19 defenses.

"Jones has had two consecutive mortal outings. De La Hoya lost to Whitaker. And sorry, Sweet Pea, but anyone who can't punch isn't better than Ricardo Lopez."

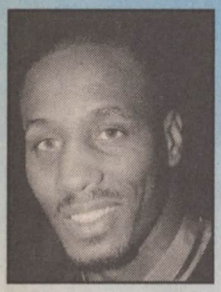
Alex Wallau, analyst for ABC: "It's really tough. Of the three, all have claims and all have negatives.

"Jones made his reputation in a fight with a James Toney who showed about five percent of what he was capable of. He was dead at the weight and did nothing, and it wasn't even a good sparring session for Jones. Jones was totally untested and remains so. He didn't totally dominate Griffin; it wasn't the kind of performance you expect from the number-one fighter in the world. The DQ counts; he didn't get beat, he didn't get kayoed, but he didn't win either.

"Whitaker's performance against De La Hoya lifts him, but it doesn't negate his other [recent] performances. He's looked ordinary at times against inferior opposition. He peaked for a big fight [vs. De La Hoya], and I thought he won. I went into that fight thinking the winner would be the pound-for-pound leader, and I came out confused.

"De La Hoya has to slip after the Whitaker fight. Whitaker has gone up and De La Hoya and Jones have gone down. If you held a gun to my head and asked me who I thought the best fighter in the world was, I'd have to say Jones, at least based

on potential. But who has *earned* the title? On my scorecards, Whitaker hasn't been beaten in 13 years. And at the end of the day, and over time, it'll probably be De La Hoya because he'll be in bigger fights than Jones."



Junior Jones, junior featherweight and pound-for-pound entrant: "Roy Jones. He's cleaned out all the competition at 168 pounds, and, with the exception of Virgil Hill, at 175, too. What happened with Montell Griffin was a good acting job. With Roy, it's not a matter of a lack of competition. He's just that good."

Dan Goossen, promoter, America Presents: "In considering the pound-for-pound question, we have to look at recent performances. Jones was heavily favored against Griffin, who gave him everything Jones wanted and more. De La Hoya was more the recipient of Whitaker losing the fight than him winning it.

"Being the best, pound-for-pound, means you control every round, every opponent. You may be a great fighter or a superstar, but that doesn't necessarily translate to the pound-for-pound title. I would have to declare the title vacant, with an open field vying for the title in the next six to 12 months."

Nigel Collins, Managing Editor of THE RING: "To me, pound-for-pound is a magical division where boxers of all sizes compete on equal physical footing. Therefore, the question is, who would win if De La Hoya and Jones were the same size? I think 'The Golden Boy's' positive approach would overcome Jones' razzle-dazzle routine. After all, it's doubtful that Jones would be any more slippery than Pernell Whitaker, whom De La Hoya has already beaten, albeit narrowly."

Jon Saraceno, boxing writer for *USA Today*: "I don't think anybody deserves the distinction. There's no clear-cut best fighter. No one's stepped to the fore with his performances.

"Jones is a great talent, but I question his desire to fight. Against Mike McCallum, it wasn't a question of Jones not being able to take him out. He didn't even try. Maybe he needs a great opponent to let it all hang out. Maybe he can then be the guy.

"De La Hoya has great potential. He has very good talent, but he still needs to prove he's the best. I know Whitaker's a tough guy to fight, but still, he exposed De La Hoya.

"You can argue that Whitaker hasn't lost in 13 years, and if anybody deserves the pound-for-pound designation, it's him. But would he fight Ike Quartey tomorrow? And what would happen if he did? I don't think he can still hang with the best 147-pounders. The performances of all these guys have been very uneven."

Mickey Duff, manager and promoter: "I would pick De La Hoya as the best pound-for-pound. I don't think we've seen the best of him, and he's going to get better.

"To me, Whitaker is a technician. He doesn't have the color to go with the Sugar Ray Robinsons and Sugar Ray Leonards. In their primes, those kind of fighters had more than ability; they had a little pizzazz. There's an old English saying that applies to Whitaker: He's like watching paint dry.

"Jones is certainly a good fighter, but I don't think he's that colorful either. He gets results, but not necessarily in an enjoyable manner to watch. He won't change his style for anybody.

"Ali, Robinson, they could turn it on when they had to. De La Hoya's the kind of fighter who can make things happen."

Rich Marotta, analyst for the Prime Sports Network: "Before De La Hoya-Whitaker, I thought very strongly that De La Hoya was first. I still cast my vote for him as number one, but it's a lot shakier vote. I thought he won the fight by two points, but he didn't fight to his capabilities.

"I still put Jones second. I don't see him getting any better.

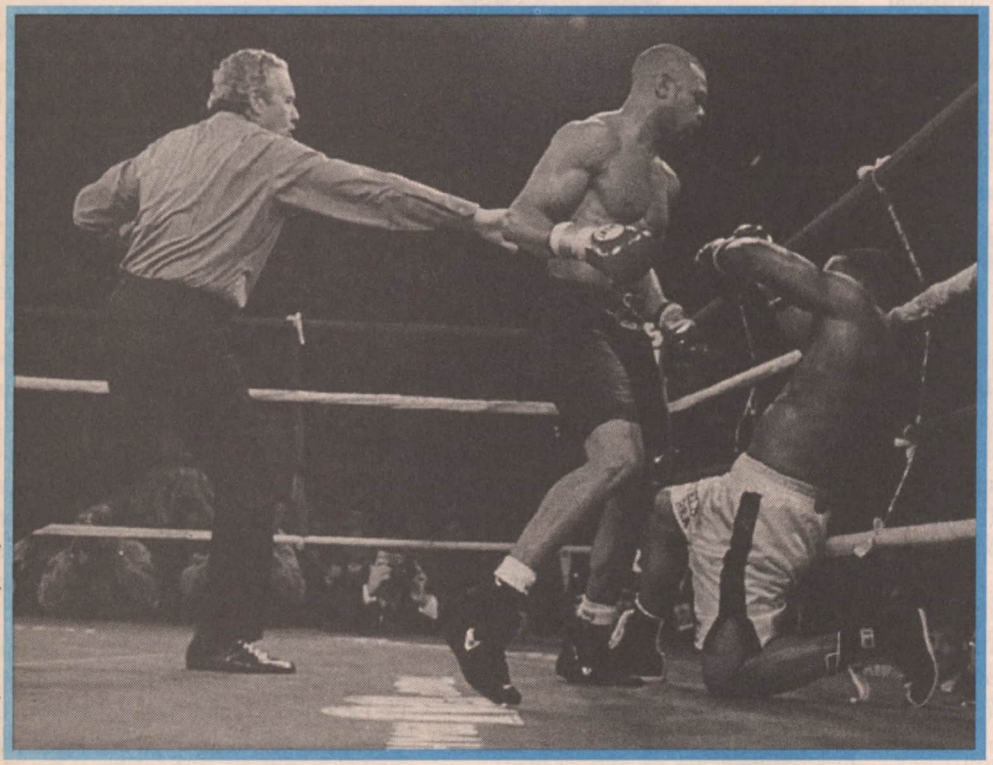
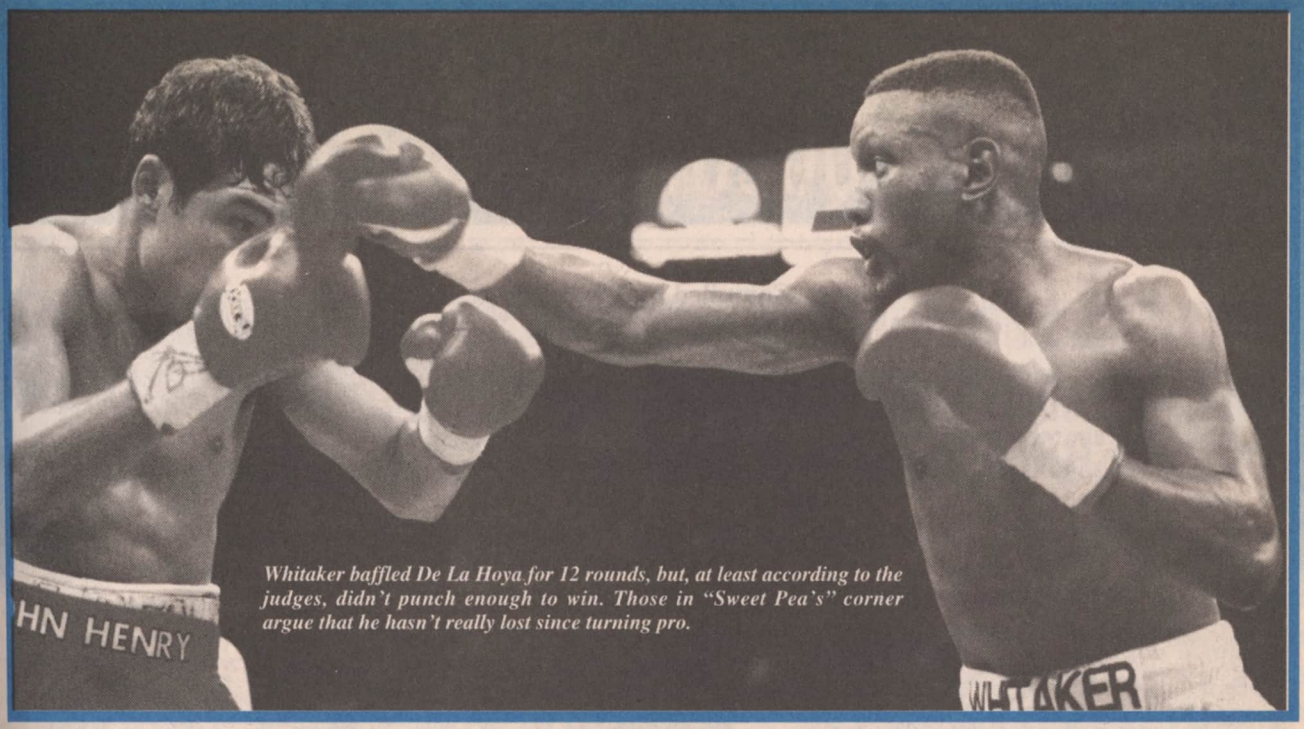


Photo by Chris Cassidy/Allsport

If only this had been a legal knockout! Jones clobbered Montell Griffin after the challenger had taken a knee, prompting an immediate DQ. Should the circumstances of the defeat be considered in deciding Jones' pound-for-pound status?



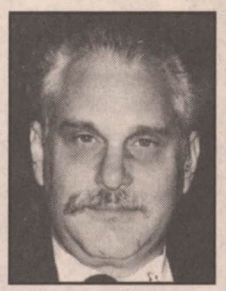
Whitaker baffled De La Hoya for 12 rounds, but, at least according to the judges, didn't punch enough to win. Those in "Sweet Pea's" corner argue that he hasn't really lost since turning pro.

Two years ago he was streaking, and I thought he was from another universe. But I think he's plateaued. He hasn't been impressive against Eric Lucas, Mike McCallum, and Montell Griffin, and that's a lot of fights to say that about. On the other hand, I expect De La Hoya to go back to showing massive improvement."

Tony Curtis, matchmaker for Forum Boxing: "Jones still deserves it. His last fight with Montell Griffin, he just made a mental mistake. He was getting ready to destroy the guy. He didn't get beat, he got disqualified when he was on his way to winning.

"Whitaker—I don't see him as a fighter who comes to win a fight. He comes to embarrass his opponent. I can't remember a fight where he did something outstanding, even the Chavez fight. I thought he won the De La Hoya fight, but neither guy was impressive. I've never ranked Whitaker with the pound-for-pound. He's downright boring.

"De La Hoya—he's been moved well. When he was 130 pounds, he was fighting 126-pounders, and when he was 135, he was fighting 130-pounders. There hasn't been a fight where I thought he looked really great. If he beats a Felix Trinidad, an Ike Quartey, then maybe I'd be impressed. Good fighters beat good fighters who are in their primes. The only guy like that De La Hoya has beaten is Miguel Angel Gonzalez, and would you call Gonzalez a great fighter?"

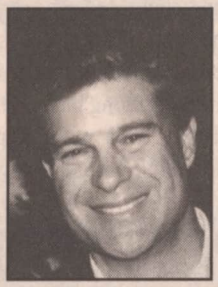


Al Bernstein, analyst for ESPN: "It's a difficult question because people keep falling by the wayside. I can't say De La Hoya after the Whitaker fight, which I thought Whitaker won. Whitaker gave a great performance, or at least a real good one, but he's only about 70 percent of the old Whitaker.

"The most unbeatable is probably Jones, but I'd hate to make him number one pound-for-pound because there are a lot of skills missing, which was evident in the Montell Griffin fight. He doesn't use his jab; he's always looking for one shot to knock you out; and when he backs up, he does nothing. I wouldn't vote for anyone right now."

Gil Clancy, analyst for CBS: "Pound-for-pound right now is probably De La Hoya. I thought he fought Whitaker completely wrong the whole fight and still won. He was moving to his right the whole time, and at times he looked so lost, if Whitaker would've thrown some more punches instead of clowning, he could've done some serious damage.

"De La Hoya and Jones are clearly numbers one and two. Jones probably has more talent than any fighter who ever lived, but he hasn't put it all together. He looks like what he wants to do most is move away from punches. He's really analyzed what's happened to Ali and those guys and it weighs heavy on his mind."



Jim Lampley, blow-by-blow announcer for HBO: "Pound-for-pound has always been a borderline-specious designation. Different styles serve different fighters well in different divisions. There's a wide range of effective ways of boxing, and it's difficult to say one is the most effective. Also, you have to take into consideration politics and opportunity. Look at the opponents De La Hoya has to look forward to.

"Four or five years ago, Whitaker was so clearly more effective than anyone else, fight in and fight out. A year ago, Jones was consistently spectacular in what he did. But he was exposed in the Montell Griffin fight, and Whitaker didn't get the win against De La Hoya. Pound-for-pound is an open question at this time." ■

THE RING'S QUESTIONS OF THE MONTH

Compiled by Thad Moore

Q: IS DAVID TUA THE REAL THING OR IS HE OVERRATED?

Gil Clancy, analyst for CBS: "Tua is a good young fighter. He has tremendous power, and he can take a good punch. The power that he has you can't teach. Tua can get you out of there with any punch he throws. He uses his size to his advantage when he fights.

"His best punch is his left hook. He counters well with hooks. I think he fights more in the mold of a Marciano than a Tyson. You can't relax when fighting Tua because of his power. At any time in a fight he can get you out of there. He has great stamina, which you've seen in his last two fights [kayo wins against David Izonritei and Oleg Maskaev].

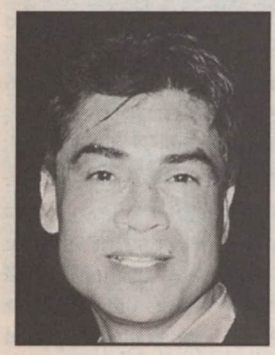
"Tua doesn't use his jab as much as he should. And against Maskaev, he didn't react well when hit. He can punch to the body, but could do it more often. He throws a vicious left hook to the body.

"Because of their styles, a fight with Mike Tyson is a natural. The winner may end up being the better catcher instead of the better pitcher. Tua is an easy guy to train, and he's enthusiastic, which is important in this sport. He's built for the long haul. He has a different mentality than Tyson. He is more prepared to handle adversity. I think he'll be around for a while."

Photo by Marty Rosengarten

Tua's left hook has become one of the most feared weapons in boxing. The unbeaten heavyweight was flat for most of his bout vs. Oleg Maskaev, but his power saved him in the 11th round. The Samoan slugger is 27-0 (23).

Q: IF THERE IS ONE THING IN BOXING THAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE CHANGED, WHAT WOULD IT BE?



Carlos Palomino, boxing commissioner and former welterweight champion: "The one major issue is that boxing is the only sport that has not created a pension fund. All other sports have a pension. After several years in the sport, you receive your money. In boxing, it's time for someone to step up and do something.

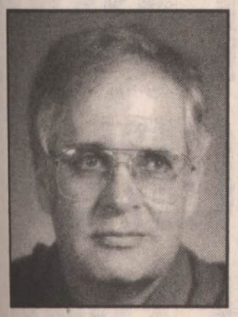
"There are just a few fighters out there who make the big money. Most fighters are struggling to earn a living. Successful fighters who win championships make the money, and all the other fighters end up with nothing.

"In California, we have created a trust fund. Unfortunately, most fighters aren't aware of it. I don't know if we'll ever get a national pension fund for fighters. Until we get a national governing body, I don't think it will happen. In baseball, basketball, and football, players stepped up and spoke about getting their rights. When other sports move forward, boxing does not.

"Great fighters have to live on the street when their careers are over. There are a lot of sad cases out there."

What do boxing's insiders think of the hot issues? Each month, we'll come up with four questions, then grill the experts. If there's a topic you'd like examined, send your question to The Ring, Questions Of The Month, P.O. Box 1148, Fort Washington, PA 19034

Q: WHO WILL WIN THE JOHNNY TAPIA-DANNY ROMERO SHOWDOWN?



Rick Wright, sportswriter for the Albuquerque Journal: "I wish I had a tape of Tapia's fight with Roland Gomez to show people. That's the kind of fight he needs to beat Romero. He was totally disciplined and focused, and he concentrated for 11 rounds. [Tapia won by 11th-round kayo.] Johnny boxed well, using his jab. He used movement for the entire fight.

"Tapia fights as a banger now. He hasn't fought the kind of fight he needs to fight to beat Danny in a long time. If he gets hit, he could be in trouble. I don't think he can avoid Danny's power for all 12 rounds.

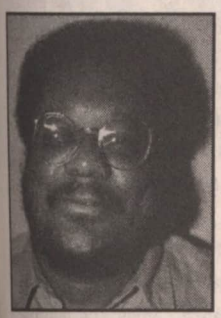
"Danny is a tremendous puncher, and he's a much better boxer than people give him credit for. When he fought Francisco Tejedor, he shifted gears and was able to box effectively. He always does look for the knockout, though. If he just tries to head-hunt against Johnny, he could be in trouble.

"What I expect to see is Johnny getting emotional during the fight. He will lose his concentration and could get caught. I see him getting caught by a big punch, probably in the middle rounds.

"Johnny has fast hands and fast feet. He is the quicker of the two fighters. Romero's best punch is his left hook. The fight depends a lot on Johnny. If he fights the way he is capable of, it could turn into a chess match. But I think he will lose by making it a holy war and not fighting with discipline."

Romero's title defense against Polo Saucedo, a 12th-round TKO victory last November, was a bloody punchathon. His upcoming showdown with crosstown rival Johnny Tapia figures to be no less dramatic.

Q: WHO IS BOXING'S BEST PROSPECT?



Chris Thorne, boxing writer for the Newark Star Ledger, and president of the Boxing Writers Association of America: "I like Omar Cheika. He's a young prospect just starting out as a pro. He's a super middleweight who is managed by Bill Cayton and trained by Kevin Rooney. I'm very familiar with him; as an amateur, he won the New Jersey Golden Gloves title three times.

"I think he'll have a bright career fighting in this division. I think Omar can be very viable at 168, or move up to 175 before his career is over. Omar can make an impact. He fights patiently and is not in love with the knockout.

"Omar has all the tools. He can box and has pretty good defense. He has a good jab that will improve in time. He can box well from a distance, but also has a good punch. At times he will fight in that Cus D'Amato style. His best punch is his right hand. He can throw it to the body and then back to the head. He also throws a good right uppercut.

"Bob Arum and Lou Duva showed interest in him before he turned pro. Cheika is being moved along very quickly. He is being put in with reputable fighters. They want to get him a title shot by next summer, and they're matching him accordingly. He's not just fighting tomato cans. He'll keep getting better as the competition gets tougher."

PROSPECTS FOR THE MONTH

NAMES	Pro Debut	Total Bouts	Won	Lost	Draws	KO's
HEAVYWEIGHT						
Alvin Lewis	6/66	8	8	0	0	6
Detroit, Mich.						
LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT						
Mark Tessman	4/66	8	8	0	0	3
Houston, Texas						
MIDDLEWEIGHT						
Al Benoit	12/66	6	6	0	0	3
Oakham, Mass.						
WELTERWEIGHT						
Billy Wallace	12/66	4	4	0	0	0
Randolph, Mass.						
LIGHTWEIGHT						
Ron Harris	5/65	6	5	0	1	1
Baltimore, Md.						
FEATHERWEIGHT						
Jimmy Anderson	1/65	11	11	0	0	7
England						
BANTAMWEIGHT						
Abel Benitez	11/66	5	5	0	0	1
Los Angeles, Cal.						
FLYWEIGHT						
George Hind	12/65	9	9	0	0	3
Scotland						

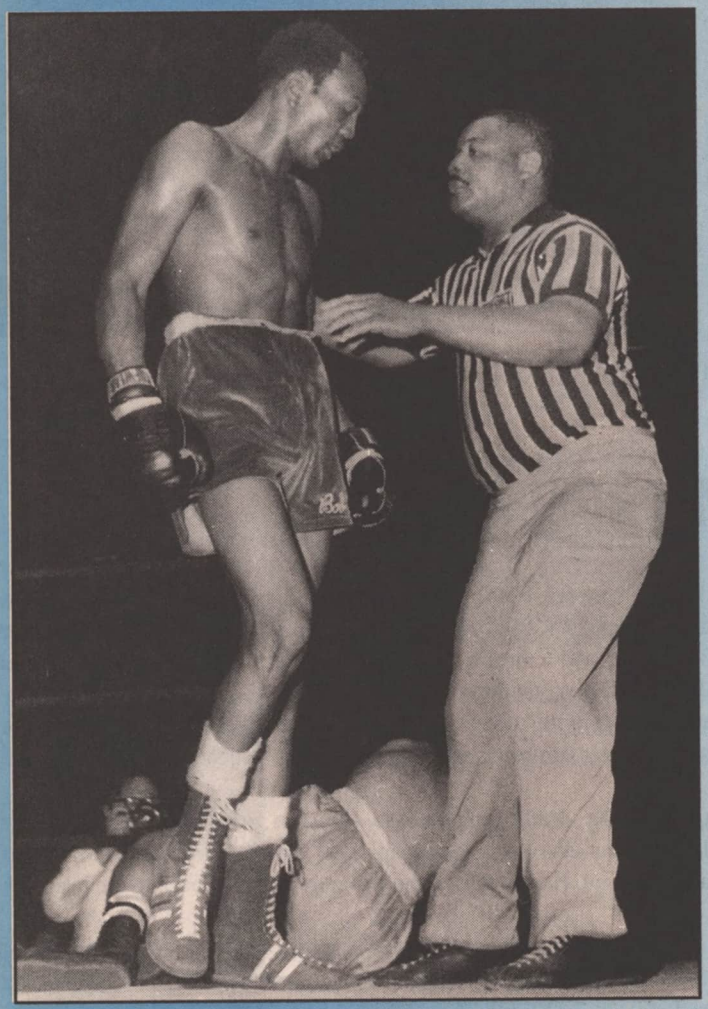
In the May 1967 issue of THE RING, Tessman's potential was acknowledged. Less than a year later, he was ranked in the top 10. The Texan went unbeaten through his first 23 bouts, then lost a rematch to Henry Hank.

MARK TESSMAN:

THE SMARTEST LIGHT HEAVY IN THE WORLD

. . . Until That 10th Round With Foster

By Pete Ehrmann



Tessman's sole shot at the world title ended at the feet of champion Bob Foster. Tessman fought well until getting caught by Sheriff Bob in round 10.

At 18, he was hailed as one of the classiest boxers to come along since Tommy Loughran.

At 25, he was washed-up and gone from the ring for good. Getting smacked by Bob Foster could do that to even a natural like Mark Tessman.

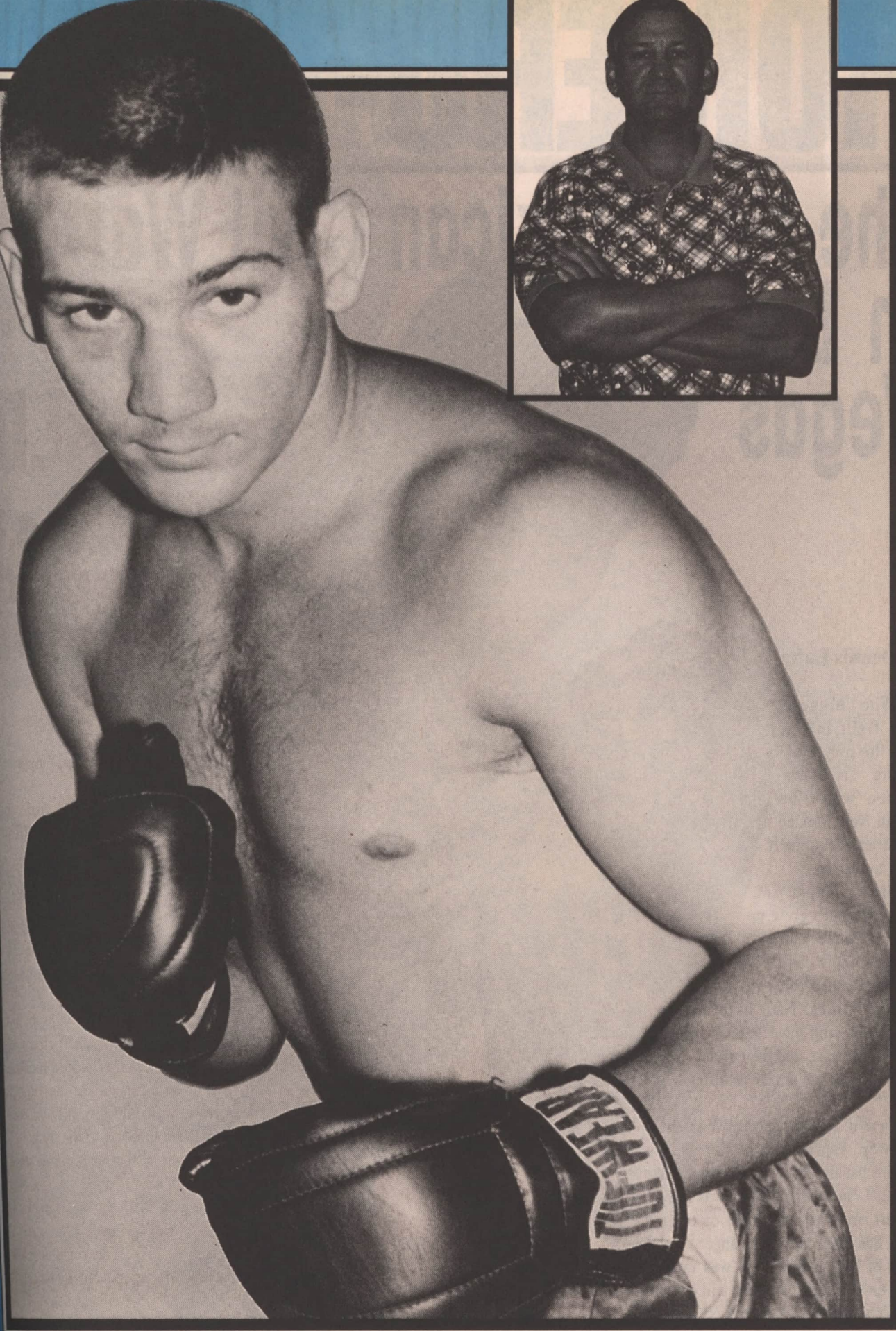
Now only 49, Tessman still qualifies as comeback material under the new parameters established by George Foreman and other creaky oldsters from his era who are still in there swinging. But the only Seniors Tour the former 175-pound contender is interested in is the one on which golf balls, not goofballs, are hit.

As it was, the native of Houston got into boxing before he was even a teenager only because he was afflicted with asthma, and his father thought that training would increase his endurance. So after putting in a full day at the Hughes Tool Company, the elder Tessman would take his son, then only 125 pounds, on the 44-mile round trip to the gym.

What happened, of course, is an old and familiar story. "It's kind of addictive," Tessman says, "once you get over getting your feet wet. I had quick hands, and I started hitting people on the chin and they went down."

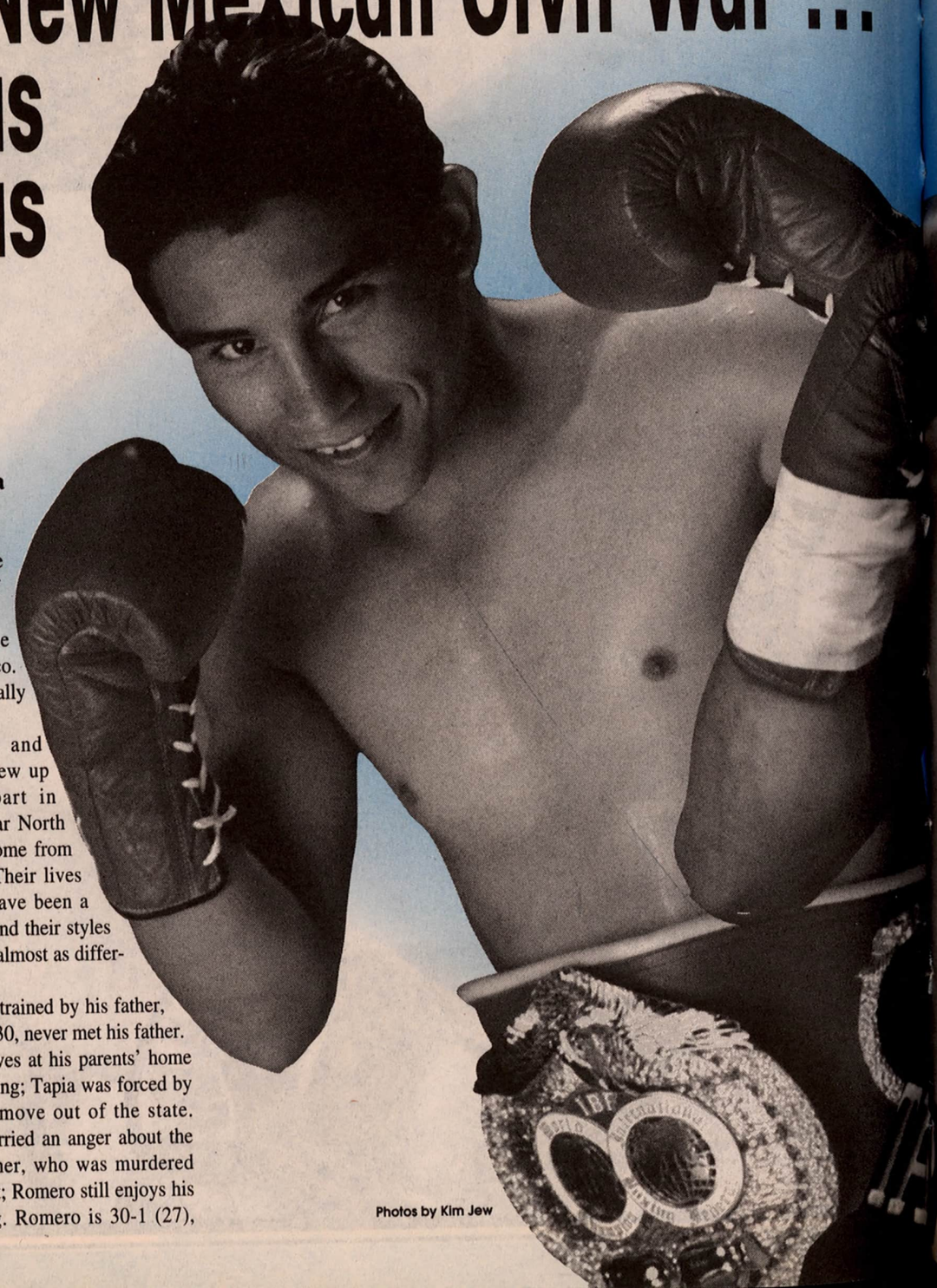
Before he was old enough to drive, Tessman was too good for the other kids at that first gym, and so he trans-

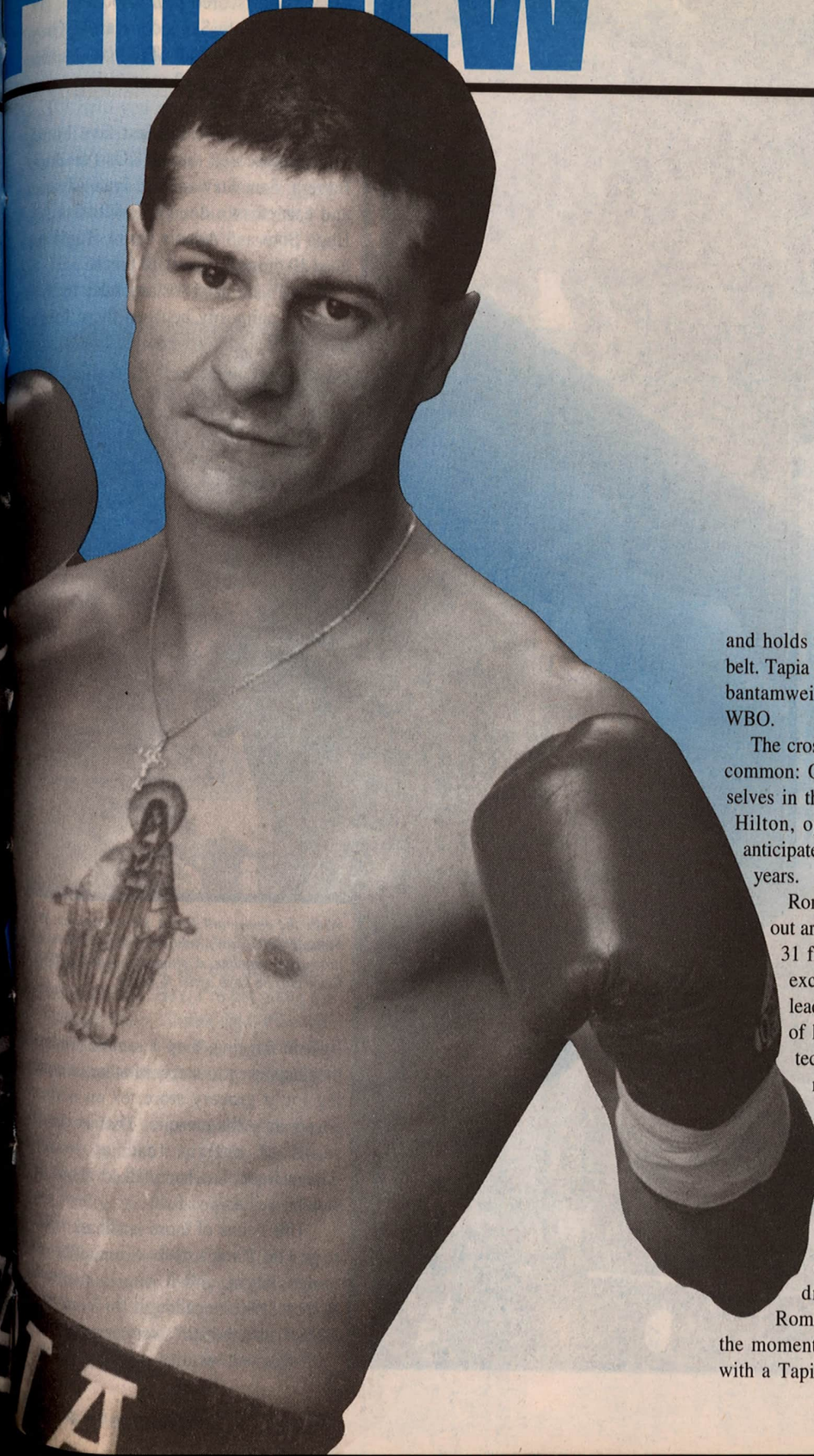
(Continued on page 74)



ROMERO-TAPIA PREVIEW

The New Mexican Civil War ... In Las Vegas





Photos by Kim Jew

By Dennis Latta

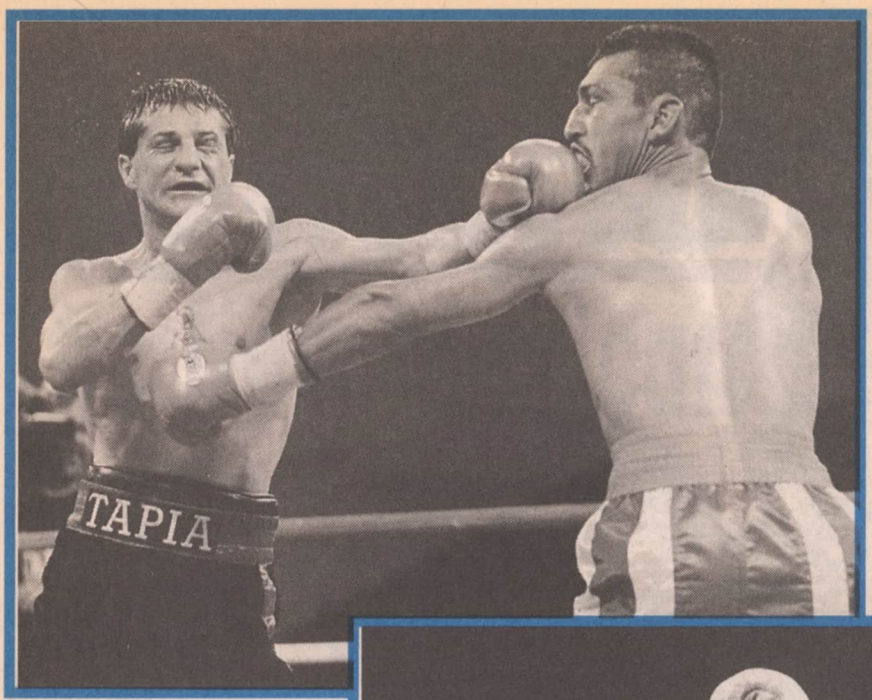
The biggest fight in the history of boxing in New Mexico won't be held in New Mexico. But at least it's finally going to happen.

Johnny Tapia and Danny Romero grew up about a mile apart in Albuquerque's near North Valley, but they come from different worlds. Their lives outside the ring have been a study in contrast, and their styles inside the ring are almost as different.

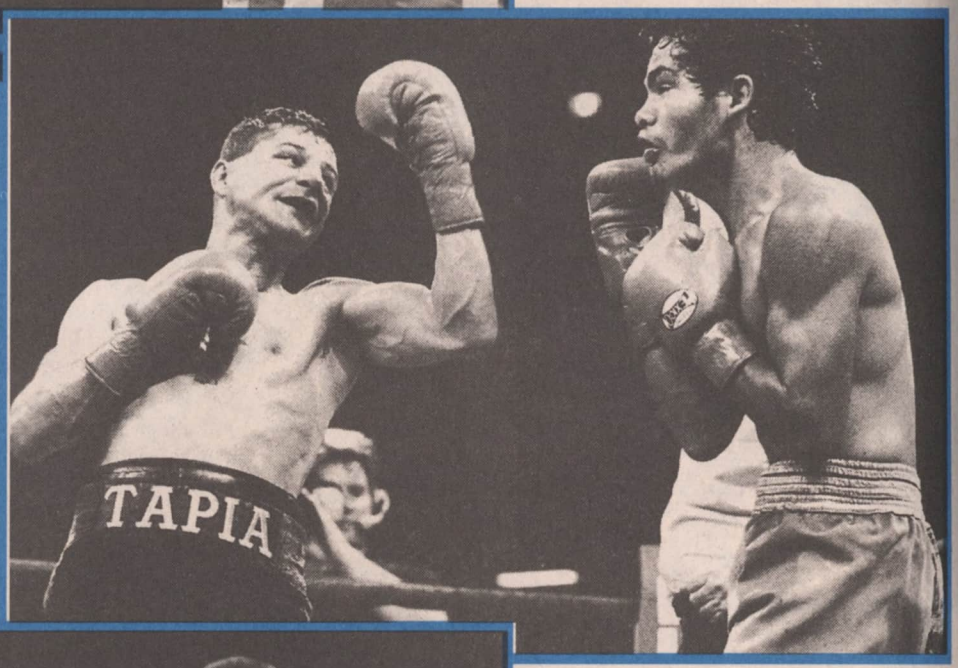
Romero, 22, is trained by his father, Danny Sr.; Tapia, 30, never met his father. Romero usually lives at his parents' home when he's in training; Tapia was forced by a court order to move out of the state. Tapia has long carried an anger about the death of his mother, who was murdered when he was eight; Romero still enjoys his mother's cooking. Romero is 30-1 (27), and holds the IBF junior bantamweight belt. Tapia is 40-0-2 (24), and is the junior bantamweight champion of the spurious WBO.

The crosstown rivals have one thing in common: On July 18, they'll find themselves in the same ring at the Las Vegas Hilton, opponents in one of the most anticipated lighter-weights matchups in years.

Romero is the hard hitter, a knockout artist who has scored 27 kayos in 31 fights. Tapia is more the boxer, exceptionally quick whether he's leading or counterpunching. Many of his 24 kayos have been of the technical variety, with his opponents battered, overwhelmed, and broken in spirit. Seemingly overemotional, if not overaggressive, he nonetheless fights as if he can go 20 rounds. It remains to be seen whether he'll temper his enthusiasm so that he's not drawn into a slugfest with Romero, or whether the magic of the moment will inspire him to perform with a Tapia-like combination of intelli-



How good is Tapia? He can jab with his eyes shut, as he proved during his technical draw with Ricardo Vargas (above). Tapia's left could be a key factor in the Romero fight.



Tapia, following through against Antonio Ruiz (right), has faced quality competition since returning from a drug suspension. He's more experienced than his younger rival.

While the emotional Tapia, shown against Willy Salazar (left), can't help but be aggressive, he's not a big puncher. A shootout would definitely favor classic kayo artist Romero.

gence and unbridled passion.

As recent form suggests, this should be a classic battle of the big hitter against the boxer-puncher. In his last five bouts, Romero has scored four knockouts (vs. Jaji Sibali, Polo Saucedo, Harold Grey, and Jose Quirino) and a TKO (vs. Esteban Ayala). He's gone 12 rounds just twice, and 10 rounds only once.

Conversely, In his last five bouts, Tapia has scored three TKOs (vs. Jorge Barrera, Sam Stewart, and Ivan Alvarez) and earned two decision victories (vs. Hugo Soto and Adonis Cruz). Tapia has gone 10 or more rounds 10 times.

There's no need for any false hype or fictional animosity between these former neighbors. If they weren't scheduled to fight in the ring, they'd rumble wherever they happened to meet, whether in a parking lot, a grocery store, or on a street-corner in Albuquerque. That is the end result of a fight that, at least in Albuquerque, has been talked about nonstop for years.

"This is one of those landmark fights," says Top Rank's Bob Arum, who promotes Tapia, and formerly promoted Romero. "We're calling it 'In Your Face,' and for once the title's very appropriate."

Uniformed security was very visible at

the Las Vegas Hilton when the fight was officially announced on April 30. The boxers were kept apart, though Tapia tried to lunge at Romero on one occasion.

"I'm going to hurt you," Tapia said, staring at his opponent, who was intentionally looking the other way. "I don't want to knock you out. I want to punish you. I'll help you up when I knock you down so I can punish you some more."

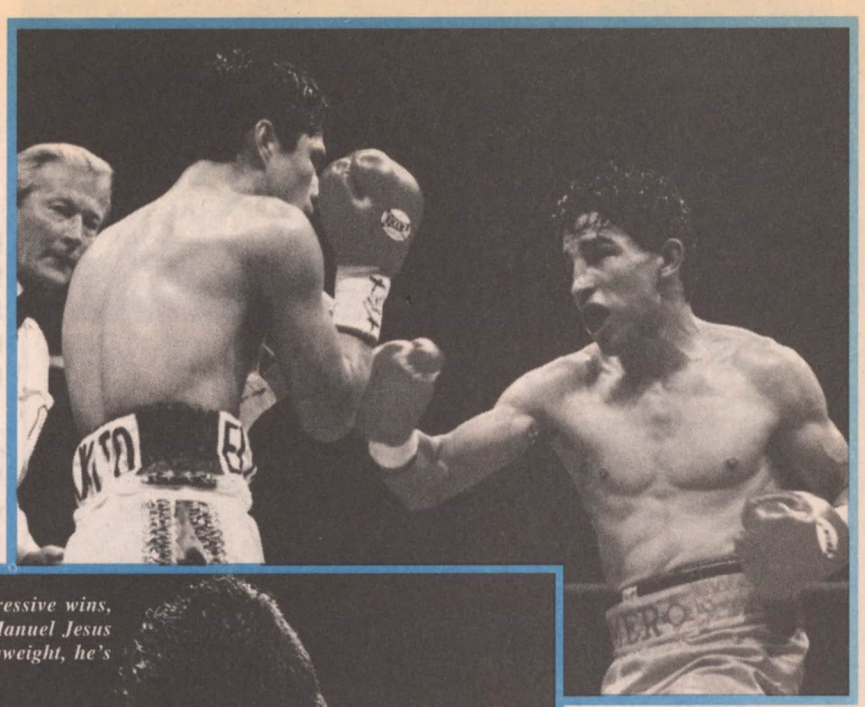
Romero has taken the high road in the verbal exchanges. "There's always going to be trash-talking in our business, but I'm not going to make a fool of myself," he said. Just as the fighters' boxing styles have been firmly established, their out-of-the-ring personas have been consistent as well.

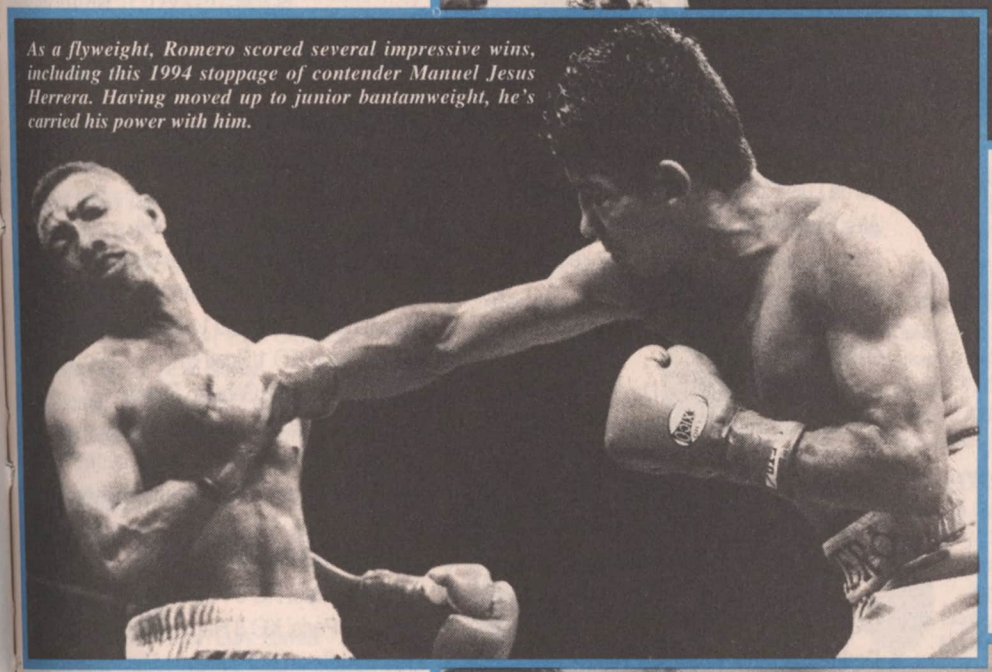
After the press conference, the fighters did not pose together for the traditional promotional photo. "Hey, I'm not going to stand between them," Arum said. "We've got pictures of them on the stage. We'll put them together electronically. It's safer that way."

When starting as an amateur, one of Tapia's first trainers was Danny Romero Sr. At that time, Tapia was close to the Romero family, but the two parties gradually split over the years.

When Tapia came back from a 3½-year drug suspension in 1994, the friction between the two sides began to surface. In May '95, Romero and Tapia were sched-

(Continued on page 76)





As a flyweight, Romero scored several impressive wins, including this 1994 stoppage of contender Manuel Jesus Herrera. Having moved up to junior bantamweight, he's carried his power with him.

Romero can end a competitive fight with one punch, as Mexican slugger Makito Martinez learned in July 1995 (above). "Kid Dynamite" has lots of weapons, but his right hand is his most effective finisher.

Romero is trained by his father, Danny Sr. (below). In a plot twist that makes Tapia-Romero even more intriguing, Romero Sr. trained Tapia as an amateur. Will that give Romero any kind of edge?

SUMMARY

HEAVYWEIGHTS
George Foreman W 12 Lou Savarese
Buster Douglas W Disq. 1 Louis Monaco
Frans Botha KO 10 James Stanton
Michael Grant W Disq. 4 Lionel Butler
Axel Schulz W 10 Jorge Valdes
Samson Po'uha W 10 Frankie Swindell
Samson Po'uha KO 4 Bert Cooper
Danell Nicholson KO 3 Moses Harris
Keith McKnight W 10 Ed Donaldson
Keith McKnight KO 2 Bernard Oipman
Jorge Luis Gonzalez W 12 Daniel Netto
Alex Stewart W 10 James Warring
Louis Monaco W 10 Michael Dokes
Scott Frank KO 5 Derek Amos

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Fabrice Tiozzo KO 3 Ed Dalton
Michael Nunn KO 7 Booker Word
Carl Thompson KO 4 Keith McMurray
Ralf Rocchigiani W 12 Stefan Anghern
Booker Word KO 8 Vince Durham
Dale Brown KO 8 Brian LaSpada

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Drake Thadzi W 12 James Toney
Lou Del Valle KO 3 Ken Payne
Merqui Sosa W 12 Fabian Garcia
Rocky Gannon KO 3 Jim Crawford
Donny Lalonde KO 7 Joey Stevenson
Antonio Tarver KO 3 Jason Burrell

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Robin Reid W 12 Henry Wharton
(Retains WBC Title)
Frankie Liles KO 5 Segundo Mercado
(Retains WBA Title)
Joseph Kiwanuka W 12 Antoine Byrd

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
William Joppy W 12 Peter Venancio
(Retains WBA Title)
Bernard Hopkins KO 7 John David Jackson
(Retains IBF Title)
Hassine Cherifi KO 6 Neville Brown
Paul Vaden KO 8 Wayne Powell
Robert Allen W 12 Andrew Council
Simon Brown KO 8 David Mendez
Lupe Aquino KO 6 Earl Jackson
Darren Maciunski W 10 Kevin Tillman

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Winky Wright KO 6 Steve Foster
Guillermo Jones KO 5 Alejandro Ugueto
Santos Cardona KO 5 Nate Woods
Ryan Rhodes KO 1 Lindon Scarlett
Greg Haugen D 10 Greg Johnson

WELTERWEIGHTS
Ike Quartey KO 5 Tiger Jones
(Retains WBA Title)
Wilfredo Rivera KO 5 Alex Lubo
David Kamau W 10 Juan Carlos Rodriguez
Shannan Taylor W 10 Sean Sullivan
Maxim Nesterenko KO 11 Edwin Murillo
Freddy Ladd KO 1 Scott Sala
Jose Rivera KO 2 Gilberto Flores
Lonnie Smith KO 5 Miguel Gonzalez
Leonard Townsend W 12 Jaime Lerma
Fernando Vargas KO 2 Claude Staten

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Vernon Forrest KO 6 Pedro Saiz
Giovanni Parisi KO 8 Harold Miller
Fred Pendleton KO 2 James Martinez
Israel Cardona KO 6 Steve Larrimore
Dezi Ford W 10 Sal Lopez
Antonio Pitalua KO 5 Aaron Herrera

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Orzubek Nazarov KO 7 Leavander Johnson
(Retains WBA Title)
Arturo Gatti KO 7 Calvin Grove
(Non-Title Bout)
Demetrio Ceballos KO 9 Oscar Lopez
Cesar Bazan KO 1 Ramon Sanchez
Billy Irwin W 10 Andre Cray
Joel Diaz KO 9 Luis Montes

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Jesus Chavez KO 8 Louie Espinoza
Jorge Paez KO 5 Gerald Gray
Djamel Lifa KO 6 Moussa Sangare
Justin Juuko KO 2 Rakhim Mingaleev

Carlos Hernandez KO 8 Bernard Harris
Troy Dorsey W 10 Rudy Zavala

FEATHERWEIGHTS

Naseem Hamed KO 1 Billy Hardy
Juan Manuel Marquez W 12 Agapito Sanchez
Angel Vasquez KO 3 Darryl Pinckney
David Santos W 12 Max Gomez
Sergio Reyes W 8 Arturo Estrada
Rafael Olvera KO 11 Javier Jauregui
Paul Ingle KO 11 Michael Alldis

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS

Antonio Cermeno W 12 Angel Chacon *(Retains WBA Title)*
Junior Jones W 12 Marco Antonio Barrera
Kennedy McKinney W 12 Hector Acero-Sanchez
Jorge Eliecer Julio KO 3 Felipe Castillo
Jesse Magana W 12 Al Kotey
Angel Rosario KO 5 Nestor Garza
Jose Luis Bueno KO 7 Pedro Barrientos

BANTAMWEIGHTS

Sirimongkol Singmanasuk KO 4 Javier Campanario *(Retains WBC Title)*
Adan Vargas KO 8 Juan Luis Torres
John Michael Johnson KO 4 Jesus Montiel
Joel Luna Zarate Tech. Draw 2 Martin Solorio

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS

Yokthai Sithoar D 12 Satoshi Iida *(Retains WBA Title)*
Alejandro Montiel W 10 Miguel Granados
Luigi Castiglione W 12 Giovanni Andrade

FLYWEIGHTS

Chatchai Elite-Gym W 12 Isaias Zamudio *(Wins Interim WBC Title)*
Ferid Ben Jeddou W 12 Sandro Oviedo

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS

Saman Sorjaturong KO 7 Julio Coronell *(Retains WBC Title)*
Melchor Cob Castro KO 11 Miguel Martinez

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RINGSIDE REPORTS

FIGHTER *of the* MONTH

A few days before Big George, 48 and getting older by the day, climbed through the ropes to battle the slightly favored Savarese, a 63-year-old woman gave birth. No wonder Foreman was inspired.

Forget 40. Soon, we're fairly certain, Foreman will be declaring that the age of *50* is not a death sentence. The former—and still linear, if you go for that line of thought—heavyweight champion wants to fight after celebrating that birthday, and if you watched him finish with a rush in outpointing Savarese, you can't possibly doubt that he'll do just that.

When you're 48, you have to give a little to get a little. Let's put it this way: If Foreman possessed this kind of stamina 20 years ago, he might never have lost the title, retired for 10 years, and returned for a comeback that continues to defy belief.

You think that 63-year-old mother named her child George?

• • • •

George Foreman

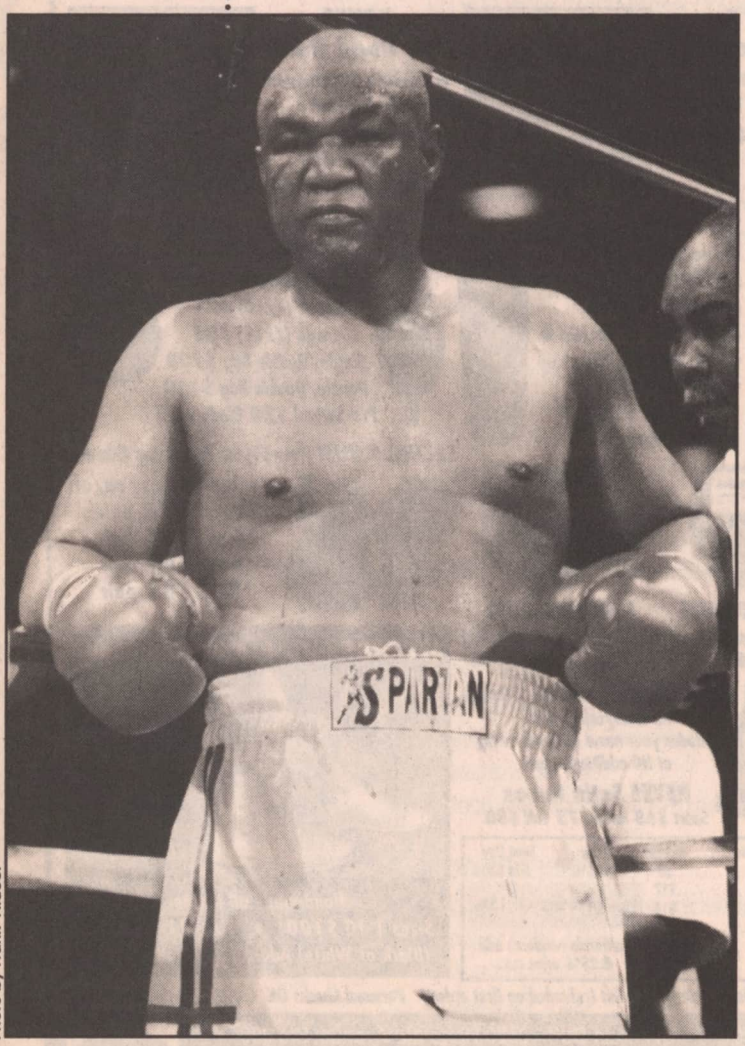


Photo by Frank Vitucci

Bernard Hopkins KO 7 John David Jackson

Shreveport, Louisiana: "The Executioner" not only defended the IBF middleweight title, pummeling a used-up Jackson at the Municipal Auditorium, but also provided the keenest postfight analysis.

"He was the teacher," Hopkins said of the mandatory challenger, "but there comes a time when the pupil must graduate, and today was that time."

Hopkins honed his now-formidable skills as a sparring partner for Jackson when the latter was considered one of the best fighters in the world. Jackson, he readily admits, taught him how to fight southpaws. Those lessons proved valuable in this, Hopkins' fourth defense.

Hopkins, 156½, Philadelphia, was cautious in the first few rounds against a fighter who looked spent after the second stanza. The left-handed Jackson, 156, Los Angeles, stayed stuck to his stool until the last possible second before the start of the third, and looked none too springy when he did rise.

In the third, Hopkins, 32, began to find his mark with whistling overhand rights, and in the fourth, a series of those punches put the 34-year-old Jackson down, though referee Johnny Femia (USA) ruled a slip. With Jackson having switched to survival mode, a champion's mentality kept him in it until 2:22 of the seventh. Hopkins scored a clean knockdown in the sixth, and by the time Femia halted the action one round later, Jackson, 36-3 (19), had absorbed an old-fashioned mugging.

The judges were Nelson Vazquez (Puerto Rico), Oscar Bryan (USA), and Elmo Adolph (USA).

Following the stoppage, Hopkins, 31-2-1 (24), leaned over the top rope and gestured wildly at his former promoter, Butch Lewis, who was seated ringside next to Don King. Hopkins punctuated the tirade, sparked by a prior promotional flap, with a string of passionate verbal translations of the Italian salute.

King flashed a smile, while Lewis made no such attempt.

Promoter: Don King

(4-19-97)

Charlie Bier

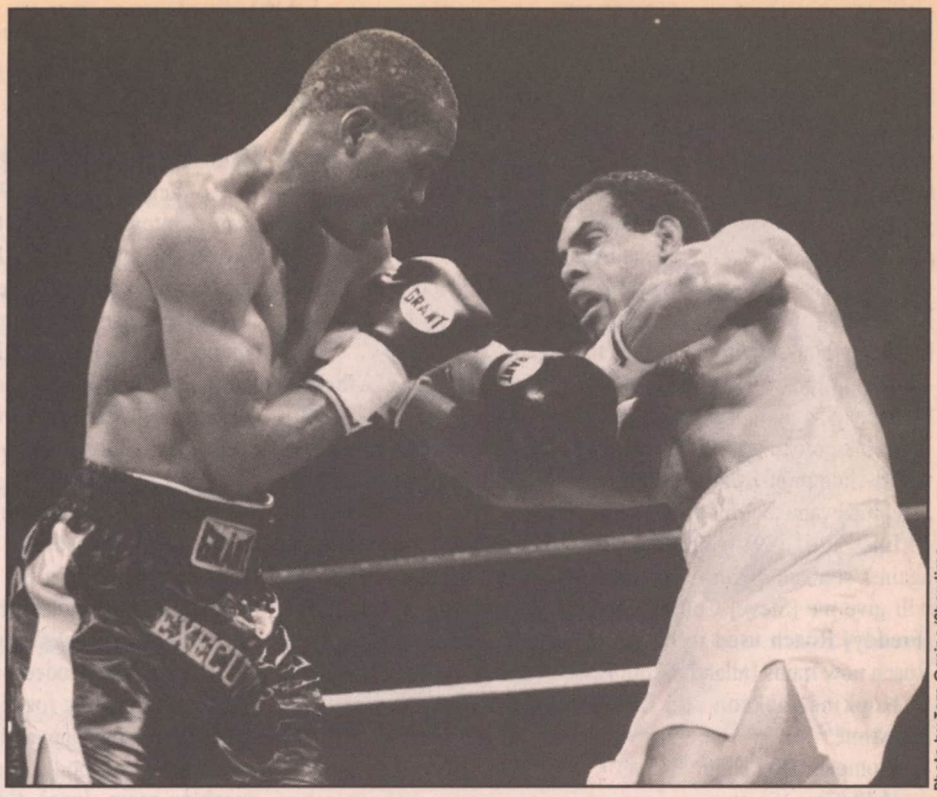


Photo by Tom Casino/Showtime

It was Hopkins' turn to teach Jackson

Frankie Liles KO 5 Segundo Mercado

Shreveport, Louisiana: Fighting for the first time in 10 months, WBA super middleweight champion Liles hammered a shot Mercado before stopping the challenger 1:37 into the fifth round. Liles' fifth defense was the chief support to Hopkins-Jackson.

Less than 30 seconds into the first round, the southpaw Liles, 168, Las Vegas, dropped Mercado, 166¾, Esmeralda, Ecuador, with a crunching overhand right to the temple. Mercado, 30, almost hit the deck again in the second, and only Liles' sloppy fin-

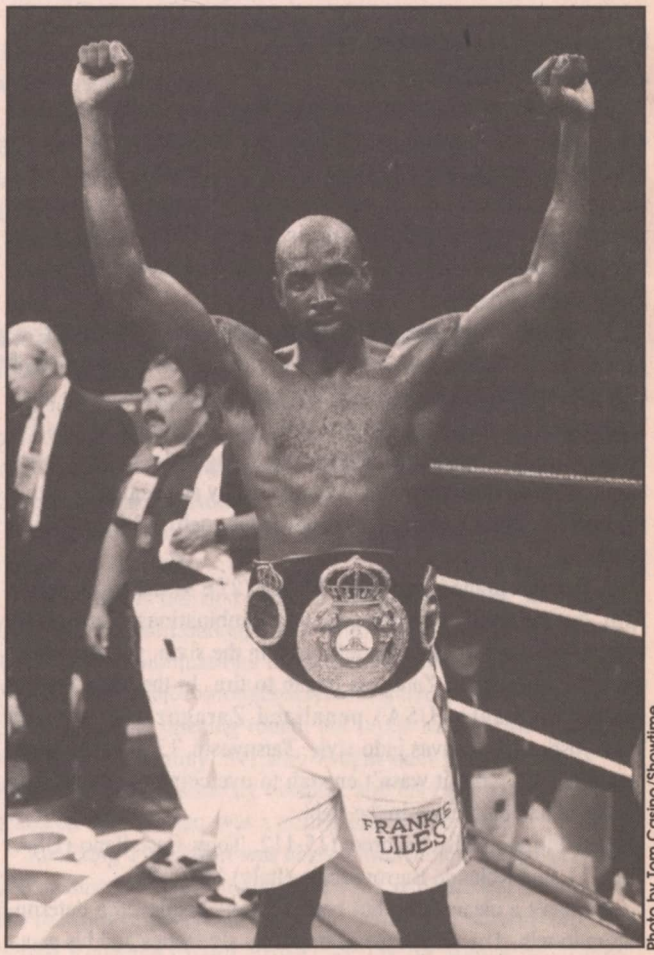


Photo by Tom Casino/Showtime

Liles was miles better than Mercado

ishing skills delayed the knockout.

Rounds three and four consisted of the same predictable pattern: Liles, 32, would land a series of combinations or a hard single shot that would leave Mercado ready to go, but the champion would fail to apply the finisher. In the fifth, however, Liles, who seemed to have Mercado, 19-5-1 (11), pinned in a corner all fight, got him there a final time and landed numerous headshots before referee Terry Wood (USA) halted the action.

"Of course I thought [the referee] stopped it too soon," said Mercado. "I wasn't hurt. He was winning the fight, but I wasn't hurt. Ten thousand times I'll fight him again."

The judges were Gonzalo Riveras (Venezuela), Alberto Mendez (Nicaragua), and Barry Ogeron (USA).

In his previous bout, Mercado, attempting to become the first world champion from Ecuador, was stopped in four rounds by Joseph Kiwanuka. This was his third title try.

Liles, 30-1 (19) with a no-contest, would like to next defend against someone with more drawing power. "I hope Don King will give me [Steve] Collins," he said. "That's who I want next. [Freddy] Roach used to be my trainer. It's a personal thing." Roach now trains Ireland's Collins.

Hopkins-Jackson and Liles-Mercado were televised by Showtime.

Promoter: Don King
(4-19-97)
Charlie Bier

Daniel Zaragoza W 12 Joichiro Tatsuyoshi

Osaka, Japan: Veteran southpaw Zaragoza scored with frequent lefts and retained the WBC super bantamweight title by unanimous decision over 12 rough and bloody rounds at the Osaka Prefectural Gymnasium. It was Zaragoza's second win over the former bantamweight champion; in March 1996, the Mexican stopped Tatsuyoshi in 11 rounds. This was the fourth defense of Zaragoza's third reign.

The game Tatsuyoshi, 121½, Japan, applied a different strategy this time, circling and jabbing over the first three rounds. The cagey Zaragoza, 121¾, Mexico City, nonetheless caught the challenger with looping lefts. When Tatsuyoshi, 26, turned aggressive in round four, it made the 39-year-old Zaragoza's job that much easier. Though bleeding from a cut opened by an accidental butt in round five, the champion slowed Tatsuyoshi with precision punching.

A barrage pinned Zaragoza, 55-7-3 (27), to the ropes in the fifth, but he retaliated with accurate combinations. Tatsuyoshi, who suffered a cut under his left brow in the sixth, was outfought until the 11th, when Zaragoza began to tire. In the 12th, referee Arthur Mercante (USA) penalized Zaragoza for tossing Tatsuyoshi to the canvas judo-style. Tatsuyoshi, 13-4-1 (11), dominated the 12th, but it wasn't enough to overcome the points lead Zaragoza had built early in the fight.

Lou Filippo (USA) scored 115-112, Tony Castellano (USA) 116-111, and Rolando Barrovecchio (Italy) 116-112.

It wasn't a clean fight, but both warriors displayed a determination to win. The difference: Zaragoza's sly tactics and his accurate punching, especially with his southpaw left.

Promoter: Akihiko Honda's Teiken Promotions
(4-14-97)
Joe Koizumi

Ike Quartey KO 5 Ralph Jones

Las Vegas, Nevada: WBA champion Quartey took another giant step toward proving he's the best welterweight in the world by overwhelming "Tiger" Jones at the Las Vegas Hilton Center. It was Quartey's fifth defense.

The heaviest weapon in the arsenal of Quartey, 146½, Accra, Ghana, was a vicious right hand, with which he twice decked Jones, 147, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in the opening round. Ever the pursuer, Quartey was the epitome of a combination puncher, ripping home three lefts, a left-right, and a combo to the head that wobbled Jones early.

Without mercy, Quartey pinned Jones, 27, in the challenger's corner, then dropped him with a short right to the jaw. With 15 seconds remaining in the round, two more combinations to the head and a snapping left prompted Jones to sag to the canvas.

That Jones survived the opening three minutes is a testament to his tenacity. (He landed only five punches, while Quartey threw 132.) Unfortunately for him, things didn't improve. Early in the second, Quartey staggered the challenger with a 13-punch volley to the head and body. Pressing forward to minimize Quartey's punching room, Jones did manage to get in a few punches, but nothing of significance.

Through the third and fourth, Quartey outpunched Jones six to one. Coming out for the fifth, a weary Jones, 30-2 (22), could no longer find safety on the inside. The champion put a cap on the evening by driving Jones into the ropes with double-lefts and rights. Just as Jones started to totter, referee Joe Cortez (USA) arrived to break his fall, with the end coming at the 1:08 mark.

CompuBox reported that Quartey connected on an impressive 72 percent of his powerpunches.

The judges were Bill Graham (USA), Henk Meijers (Holland),

Quartey tamed Tiger Jones

and Julio Roldan (Venezuela).

"This was a very easy fight," said the 27-year-old Quartey. "Jones was willing, but he just wasn't tough enough. I want to fight [Oscar] De La Hoya at any time, anywhere.

"We'll keep on fighting in the United States until the people get to know me better. Let the public mandate my next fight. All I want to do is fight De La Hoya. That's where the big money is."

Added Dino Duva of Main Events, one of the champion's promoters, "I think Oscar has the guts to get in with Ike, but I'm not sure [Bob] Arum [De La Hoya's promoter] has the guts to let the fight happen. That fight, if it could happen, will make Quartey a superstar, instead of just being known in the tight-knit boxing community."

Quartey earned $500,000 and Jones $100,000.

The bout, the co-feature with Jones-Barrera, was televised by HBO.

(4-18-97)

Jack Welsh

Junior Jones W 12 Marco Antonio Barrera

Las Vegas, Nevada: Cast in the role of underdog for the second consecutive time against Barrera, junior featherweight and pound-for-pound entrant Jones relied on volume-punching to score a close but unanimous decision before 2,450 fans at the Las Vegas Hilton Center.

Last November, Jones, a 6-1 underdog, dropped Barrera and seemed en route to a stoppage victory when the undefeated sensation was disqualified in the fifth round because of corner interference.

Before the rematch, Barrera infuriated Jones by referring to the first fight as "just a fluke." The bettors seemingly agreed, as Barrera answered the opening bell an 8-5 favorite.

The 26-year-old Jones, 121, Brooklyn, New York, made the pace, working behind a jab that was more an irritation than the big-time weapon it had been in the original match. Boxing with a high guard and uncharacteristically looking to counter, Barrera, 122, Mexico City, Mexico, didn't get untracked until the second and third rounds, which he won by unleashing a steady body attack.

Jones' flurries were strong enough to take rounds four and five, but after Barrera effectively hooked his way through the sixth, the bout was even on two of the cards.

Barrera, 23, was warned by referee Mills Lane (USA) for punching low in the fifth and seventh. While Jones would never find the TNT right that stopped Barrera in November, he roused the crowd in the eighth, catching his rival with a six-punch salvo. Early in the ninth, he slipped inside with a quick left-right-left and followed with a big left uppercut. When Barrera responded with heavy bodywork in the ninth, he strayed low and cost himself a point.

The pace quickened over the second half of the bout, and the momentum swayed from fighter to fighter. When Jones, 44-2 (26), took the 10th, he seemed a winner, but Barrera, 43-2 (31), rallied in the 11th and 12th, the best rounds of a very good fight. Pounding the body, the Mexican repeatedly forced Jones to clinch.

Jerry Roth scored 114-113, Chuck Giampa 114-112, and Duane Ford 116-111. All three judges are from the USA. THE RING scored for Jones by 115-114.

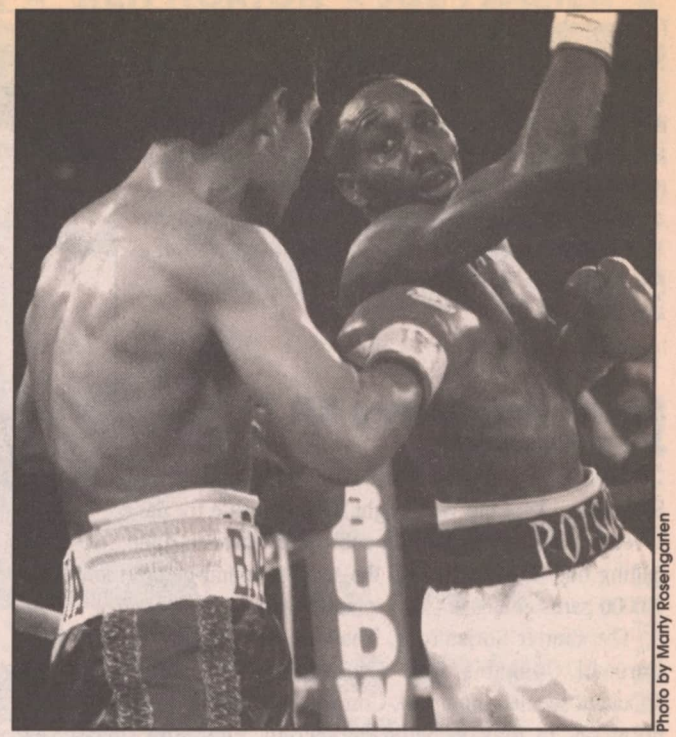


Photo by Marty Rosengarten

Jones-Barrera II: Different script, same winner

"We both tried to impose our wills," said Jones, who admitted that Barrera's lack of aggressiveness surprised him. "I had to adjust a couple of times."

Jones would like to next take on Wayne McCullough. As for Barrera, who rebounded strongly from the disaster last November, look for him to be rematched with Kennedy McKinney, who he stopped in early-1996.

(4-18-97)

Jack Welsh

Vuyani Bungu W 12 Kennedy McKinney

Hammanskraal, South Africa: IBF junior featherweight champion Bungu retained the title for the eighth time with a disputed split decision over McKinney before a crowd of 4,000 at the Carousel Gambling Resort.

Bungu had won the title by outpointing McKinney in the same ring in August 1994.

Fighting for the first time in eight months, the 30-year-old Bungu, 122, East London, South Africa, used superior hand speed and counter combinations to keep McKinney, 122, Las Vegas, Nevada, off-balance throughout. Both fighters started rather tentatively in a quiet opening round, but in the second, the champion staggered McKinney, 31, who fought back strongly. Still, the American was consistently outsped, and his right hand, which he relied on far too often, was a mostly ineffective weapon.

Realizing a big effort was needed, McKinney, 30-3-1 (17), rallied against the tiring Bungu, 32-2 (18), over the last two rounds. His punches came too late, however, with Lynn Carter (USA) and Alfred Buqwana (South Africa) scoring for Bungu by 115-113 and 117-113, respectively. Bernie Cormier (Canada) disagreed,

Photo by Marty Rosengarten

favoring McKinney by 115-113. The referee was Stanley Christodoulou (South Africa).

Afterward, McKinney said, "I didn't lose, I was robbed." He added that Buqwana had been biased. In fact, the South African judge's card was most reflective of what had happened in the ring.

The bout was televised by ABC.

Promoter: Rodney Berman's Golden Gloves Promotions

(4-5-97)

Ron Jackson

Saman Sorjaturong KO 7 Julio Coronell

Chaiyaphum, Thailand: The hard-punching Sorjaturong kept the WBC light flyweight title for the seventh time, twice flooring substitute Coronell and halting him 40 seconds into the seventh round before more than 10,000 partisan fans at Chaiyaphum Stadium.

The shorter Sorjaturong, Thailand, started quickly, dropping Coronell, Colombia, with a right in the first round. Though a knockout seemed imminent, Coronell retaliated strongly from that point on. In fact, he won the second, punching smartly as Sorjaturong missed while going for the quickie kayo.

From the third to the sixth, Sorjaturong, 35-2-1 (28), applied steady pressure and Coronell fought back as best he could. In the seventh, however, another right downed Coronell, 23-5-2 (18). The challenger barely beat the count of referee Frank Cappuccino (USA), and with Coronell badly dazed, the bout was wisely halted.

The judges were Bryan McMahan (Australia), Omar Mintun (Mexico), and David Chung (South Korea).

In September 1996, Coronell lasted into the eighth round vs. then-IBF champion Michael Carbajal.

Promoter: Sombhop Srisomvongse

(4-13-97)

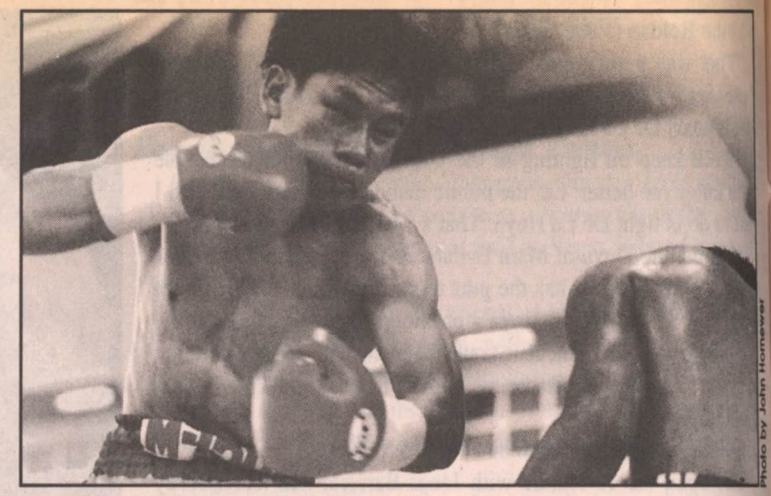
Joe Koizumi

Sirimongkol Singmanasuk KO 4 Javier Campanario

Phuket, Thailand: Unbeaten teenager Singmanasuk proved too strong and powerful for Campanario, retaining the WBC bantamweight title by impressive TKO at 1:56 of the fourth round before some 10,000 fans at the resort of Patong Beach. It was Singmanasuk's second defense.

Campanario, 118, Spain, started strongly, moving purposefully and boring in with good shots. By the second round, however, the champion was stinging the onrushing challenger with jabs. Singmanasuk, 118, Thailand, won the third with his jab, then turned loose in the fourth, landing a bodyshot and a straight right that sent Campanario, 9-2 (7), staggering. As referee Carlos Padilla (USA) was about to step in, Singmanasuk, 15-0 (6), exploded with a vicious right uppercut, and down went the Spaniard. Campanario gamely pulled himself up, but Padilla nonetheless called a halt.

The difference was simple: Campanario wouldn't hope to match Singmanasuk's power.



Sorjaturong showed Coronell his game-face

The judges were Rex Walker (USA), Karl Milligan (USA), and Kazumasa Kuwata (Japan).

Singmanasuk is obliged to next defend against former champion and mandatory challenger Victor Rabanales of Mexico.

Promoter: Sombhop Srisomvongse

(4-26-97)

Joe Koizumi

Yokthai Sithoar D 12 Satoshi Iida

Nagoya, Japan: The 22-year-old Sithoar barely kept the WBA junior bantamweight title, as he was held to a majority draw by left-hander Iida over 12 hard-fought rounds at Aichi Prefectural Gymnasium. It was Sithoar's third defense.

Sithoar, 114½, Thailand, was a busy aggressor all the way. But the taller Iida, whose sole loss came against Alimi Goitia (whom Sithoar defeated to win the title), made good use of his footwork, circling to the right to avoid the champion's wild hooks and crosses.

Though Iida, 22-1-1 (11), made Sithoar miss, his counterpunching wasn't effective early on. But after setting a torrid pace, Sithoar decelerated in the eighth, and Iida took advantage. He caught the champion with quick combinations in the eighth and ninth. Sithoar, 13-0-1 (8), rallied briefly in the 10th, but Iida regained control in the 11th despite suffering a cut on his left eyebrow. The challenger also captured the 12th, and at the final bell, both warriors were confident of victory.

As it turned out, neither won. Osvaldo Sanchez (Venezuela) and Dong An Park (South Korea) scored 114-114 and 115-115, respectively, and Manuel Rodriguez (Colombia) 116-113 for Iida. The referee was Armando Garcia (USA).

Iida's manager, Toshiro Matsuo, released the familiar cry, "We wuz robbed!" Across the ring, Sithoar's handlers, including famed Cuban trainer Ismael Salas, seemed relieved that the Thai had managed to retain the title.

After a clean, well-contested battle, Iida deserves a rematch in the near-future.

Promoter: Teiken Promotions in association with Midori Promotions

(4-29-97)

Joe Koizumi ■

★ MUHAMMAD ALI ★ JAKE LAMOTTA ★ KEN NORTON ★ JOE FRAZIER ★

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New Faces

(Continued from page 18)

Either way, it's a long distance from Kazakhstan and the small mining town of Balgash. Jirov grew up with six brothers and sisters in a central Asian part of the former Soviet Union. Leaving and looking back is a price of success Jirov pays while adjusting to his new life. After visiting the States twice for international competitions, he relocated to the lush Phoenix suburb of Scottsdale. "It's a nice, quiet place where I can get down to work and accomplish what I'm out here for," he says. He fills non-athletic time with music, dancing, and reading. "I get bored and I don't know many people here," he says. "It makes me think of friends and family."

Despite subdued emotions, the only time the likable transplant fits the stereotypical robot Soviet image is when asked about any changes since the old days. "Boxing is a profession," he intones. "It makes absolutely no difference to me where I fight. I do it anywhere they put me."

Jirov made his first impression stateside last summer in Atlanta, eliminating heavily hyped American Antonio Tarver, who had been touted as one of Olympics' premier fighters and strongest medal hopes. Winning the gold at 178 pounds and the Val Barker trophy landed Jirov a three-year contract with Top Rank. "We had offers from Germany, Australia, and other U.S. promoters," says manager Ivaylo Gotzev, who also handles translating duties. "We wanted someone who would help us [be competitive] with America's best fighters." Top Rank has covered its investment well so far, providing living expenses and an automobile. Jirov displayed his new Arizona driver's license as if it were a special trophy. "I scored 100 percent correct," he says of the exam.

Jirov zoomed out of the professional gate, appearing before big audiences on high-profile shows. His debut came on the Oscar De La Hoya-Miguel Angel Gonzalez undercard at Thomas & Mack Arena, a venue known for UNLV basketball. It might have looked like the cruiserweight got his sports confused when he repeatedly bounced opponent Vincent Brown off the canvas. The resulting second-round TKO started a string of knockouts that, as we went to press, had reached six.

Ten days after turning pro, Jirov was back in the Phoenix suburbs for a fight against the well-traveled Exum Speight, a respectable second notch in anyone's apprenticeship. Jirov showed advanced sportsmanship by refusing to pounce when Speight stumbled off-balance, which was much of the time. Jirov stunned his elder with jabs, looking as powerful as his physique implied. With Jirov pouring it on and Speight soaking it up, the loser proved a tough and willing foil until the bout was stopped in the third. Jirov's face puffed rather quickly considering the minimal punishment absorbed, so his team better keep the Enswell handy.

Afterward, Jirov was excited, which meant a couple of extra blinks and half a smile. "My corner told me to stay outside and get the work with a veteran American fighter," he said. "We followed our plan and I feel very good."

Given boxing's inevitable ups and downs, keeping that calm attitude will be a key. In fact, there was a scare and a gut-check in Jirov's next outing. No one seemed alarmed or excited when Jirov got dropped by Chuck Miller, perhaps because he quickly rebounded to stop his foe. Business as usual, all part of the game. Jirov next appeared in a prelim on a pay-cable show featuring Buster Douglas, then fought in a New Mexico madhouse, where Johnny Tapia and Danny Romero stoked the flames for their holy war.

Jirov's most recent assignment was at the Tropicana Hotel & Casino in Las Vegas, with the main event junior middleweight Raul Marquez' title-winning TKO of Anthony Stephens. The crowd was comprised of core fight fans and visiting media. Opponent Tyrone Armstead, 5-2-1 (4), wasn't intimidated, charging out with straight lefts that proved Jirov still needs plenty of defensive refinement. Jirov worked well with uppercuts, but it was clear he viewed the contest as practice more than a legitimate challenge. He thumped to the body, and Armstead caved in during the initial stanza. Jirov, however, failed to finish him. He took turns with one hand at a time until matters were halted after the fourth frame.

This wasn't exactly Atlanta, but Jirov tasted a little more fame, as observers offered backslapping congratulations and asked him for photos. Marquez warmed up in their shared dressing room, symbolizing how close Jirov already is to the world title picture. "Basically, I did whatever I wanted to do," he said. "Obviously, my opponent was much weaker. I had fun in there. I did what I had to do just playing. I had a good day of practice with the uppercut. Exactly the experience I wanted.

"I realize it's more and more important not to get punched in the first place. So I'm working on defense and learning something new every day."

Indeed, Jirov seems adaptable. He can fight in a conservative, stand-up style, box on his toes and work behind his southpaw jab, or bob and weave like a natural hooker. So far, he's tried a little bit of everything.

Jirov's goal is to unify the cruiserweight belts, then, if things work out, invade the heavyweights. "For better or worse," he says, "I just want to keep fighting better fighters."

The plan calls for a title shot by next April, a real possibility in this perennially weak division. That's not to say everyone's blindly optimistic. After the Armstead match, a sponsor from back home unleashed a backstage tirade in his native tongue about Jirov's first-round lapse. Jirov has strong support, but he's not pampered. Trainer Sasha Apachinski, who you'd swear has played the Czar in a dozen old movies, acts as if he's decided to postpone any relaxation until after Jirov has won a world title.

Nobody has guaranteed Jirov a spot in the Hall of Fame next to his heroes, Rocky Marciano, Muhammad Ali, and Sugar Ray Leonard. But nobody expected him to claim the gold in Atlanta either. Given his connections, his demeanor, and those golden amateur credentials, a spot in the top 10 is just about a given, and a shot at a world title is a safe bet.

Despite what you may have heard, to be young and a cruiserweight isn't such a bad thing at all. ■

Phil Woolever is a freelance writer based in Tucson, Arizona.

Terry Norris

(Continued from page 21)

ring. It's easy to see why he feels that way when you look at the list of name fighters he's whipped: John Mugabi (KO 1), Sugar Ray Leonard (W 12), Donald Curry (KO 8), Meldrick Taylor (KO 4), Maurice Blocker (KO 2), Simon Brown (W 12), Jorge Castro (W 12), Vincent Pettway (KO 8), Quincy Taylor (W 10), Steve Little (KO 6), and Paul Vaden (W 12). Sure, some of them—but by no means all—were a little frayed around the edges at the time Norris beat them. But all-in-all, it's a pretty impressive resume.

"Roy Jones is straight publicity," said Norris, a tone of contempt creeping into his voice. "It's the same with a lot of fighters, but I'm picking on Roy Jones because he's the main one out there. He's supposed to be the best fighter in the world, and [Montell] Griffin was destroying him. This is my third time up the pound-for-pound ladder. Now, I think that people are starting to catch on that Terry Norris is truly a good fighter. Sure, he made some mistakes. Everybody does."

Yes, they do. But unfortunately for Norris, he's been defined more by a handful of disasters than a multitude of accomplishments. People seem to focus more on his knockout loss to Brown than the return bout, in which Norris dominated and regained the title. Even worse, the bizarre back-to-back foul-outs against Santana have branded him a loose cannon who might backfire at any time. Even his current seven-bout winning streak, which includes regaining the WBC belt and winning the IBF 154-pound title, has failed to elevate Norris back to the near-superstar status he enjoyed a few years ago. The Trinidad fight, however, is another story altogether. A win and Norris can again start thinking about a plaque in Canastota.

Of course, defeating the vicious-hitting, multitalented Puerto Rican will be a lot tougher than anything Norris has attempted in a number of years, and perhaps ever. Remember, Leonard was well past his prime when Norris sent him into temporary retirement in 1991, and Taylor had already suffered his heartbreaking, last-second loss to Julio Cesar Chavez when Norris belted him out. Curry was even further gone than Leonard and Taylor, having previously lost to Lloyd Honeyghan, Mike McCallum, and Rene Jacquot, when Norris caught up with him. Trinidad is dangerous, undefeated, and in his prime. If Norris beats him, there will be no nitpicking, no carping. It will be a career-culminating triumph, vindication for a fighter critics say has never lived up to his promise.

Norris, 46-6 (29), understands what's on the line and what he's up against, but sounded quietly confident when asked to analyze the man he'll face in September at Madison Square Garden. (The bout was originally scheduled for June.)

"Trinidad hits you with those big shots, stuns you, then takes you out," said Norris. "Other than that, he doesn't have a lot of boxing skills. His legs are gone. He doesn't have any legs, actually. Yes, he has a little hand speed, but it's not as fast as mine. My main concern is keeping away from that power."

No kidding, but isn't that the same philosophy the 30 others guys who have climbed into the ring with Trinidad have espoused?

"I'm not like these younger guys who have been fighting him," answered Norris. "He's been able to jump on them and pound away. I'll be ducking and dodging, whatever I can do to keep him from getting a good shot on me. Also, he's moving up in weight [Norris' 154-pound title will be at stake], and his punches are not going to have the same kind of effect on me as they've had on those smaller guys. Plus, when he fights me, my power is going to be a lot stronger. If I hit him with a good shot, you never know what will happen."

And that, among other things, is the reason Norris-Trinidad is expected to be such an exhilarating fight. Despite his pristine 30-0 (26) record, Trinidad is not without his deficiencies. Like so many big punchers, he tends to be a bit chinny himself, as was demonstrated when he suffered knockdowns at the hands of Yori Boy Campas, Anthony Stephens, Oba Carr, and Kevin Lueshing. In each case, Trinidad rebounded to win, but there's no question he's vulnerable to a solid shot to the jaw.

Norris, too, is on a first-name basis with the canvas, having been knocked cold by Julian Jackson and Brown, and downed by Troy Waters and Santana. This has led many observers to believe the winner of Norris-Trinidad will be whoever lands the first bomb. Others see a knock-down, drag-out affair, with the man who is willing to endure the most punishment emerging victorious.

"I don't want to experience that, but if he hits me with a good shot, I believe I'll be able to withstand it," said Norris. "Hopefully, I'll be moving, doing something to take some of the power off the blow. It's going to be a great fight, but I don't plan on going down. Trinidad goes down a lot. I've been down. So you just never know. But I don't plan on going down. I plan on putting him down."

When contacted by THE RING, Norris was training in Big Bear, California. Much of his time away from the gym was being spent with co-trainers Rudy Elias and Orlin Norris Sr. (his father), putting together a battle plan.

"I know how to fight Trinidad," insisted Norris. "I've been watching tapes of his fights, and I'll be watching them until the last day, right up until I walk into that ring. I know his every move and everything about him. I visualize that in the first couple of rounds I come out boxing, moving, maybe even dropping Trinidad early. Then I see myself swarming all over him and trying to take him out. But he might survive and come back, and if he does, then I'll have to pick it up in the later rounds and try to land good, hard shots. Eventually, I see myself catching up with him and knocking him out."

Regardless of the fact that he's occasionally allowed his emotions to run amuck in the ring, Norris' demeanor is decidedly laid back, and he seldom sounds very passionate about anything. Even so, he claims the Trinidad fight has him feeling "the highest I've been for a fight since I fought Ray Leonard."

Coincidentally, the Trinidad fight will be Norris' first match at the Garden since he rose to prominence by thrashing Leonard there. Despite the numerous triumphs since, debunking Leonard's myth of invincibility has been, to date, the zenith of his career. The hall-of-fame promise the Leonard victory seemed to foreshadow has never truly manifested itself to the degree many anticipated. How ironic it would be should Norris' second Garden party turn out to be the very affirmation of the greatness he's been seeking since last perform-

ing in the fabled arena.

"I'm happy to be fighting there once again," said Norris. "It's a dream come true for me, to fight where I beat my idol. I can't lose. I hope Trinidad doesn't make the mistake of thinking of me as a stepping-stone, because I am one of the best fighters in the world, and I'm coming to beat Trinidad."

If he does, and especially if he does so in spectacular style, the comparisons with Robinson will probably be heard once again. But Norris isn't even thinking about overtaking the Sugarman in the all-time pound-for-pound standings. He knows that's one distinction that will always be beyond his reach, at least as long as people remember Robinson.

"I've watched tapes of Sugar Ray Robinson, and he was definitely a bad man in the ring," said Norris. "In my eyes, he was a great fighter, and I think he deserves to be the pound-for-pound best."

Exactly where Norris deserves to be among today's elite fighters will be determined by what happens against Trinidad. After that (if indeed there is an after that), Norris wants Oscar De La Hoya. Win those two, and who knows? At THE RING's 100th Anniversary, Norris might very well be a recipient rather than a presenter. ■

Junior Jones

(Continued from page 23)

not in an aggressive manner. Also, I don't think he deserves another shot. I think about what I went through after two losses, and those were against guys (John Michael Johnson and Darryl Pinckney) I shouldn't have lost to in 100 fights. I had to win 10 in a row and didn't get a title shot until Barrera (who was the WBO champion). There are guys who struggle for title shots. To just give McKinney one ... He lost to Barrera, then came right back with a shot at Vuyani Bungu. But I'd give him a shot if they paid me right.

3. Naseem Hamed: Of the six fighters, I'd take Hamed the most seriously. He's short, he's dangerous, he can punch. I can't take that from him—he can whack.

Hamed would be third because McCullough and McKinney would be warmups for that fight. Hamed talks so much trash, American crowds would get into it. I could make $3-million easy.

I respect the guy personally; we've met and he's very nice. But in the ring, he's like Jorge Paez and Hector Camacho in one ball of wax. Everyone says he's awkward and jumps around, but that doesn't worry me because when it comes to a jab and right hand, nobody can match me.

I respect Hamed's power; for a small guy he packs a lot of power. But Barrera and Orlando Canizales were hard punchers and I took their best shots. If I pressed the action. I'd take Hamed out early. He's been knocked down by ordinary guys like Daniel Alicea. Tom Johnson knocked him down, but they didn't call it. If I hit him right, he'll be counting sheep. I'm so sure, I'll go to England. He's good, but not as good as he thinks he is, and definitely not as good as his country thinks he is. When they get a good fighter over there (in England), they get overexcited.

Hamed fought Tom Johnson at the right time. Outside of Johnson, who's he fought? His competition has been guys he *should've* knocked out, guys he *should've* looked good against. I'm experienced. I've been through a lot.

As for Hamed's tactics, it takes a lot to frustrate me. Remember, nothing he does is gonna come as a surprise. And when he jumps in, he has to stop before he punches. When he stops, I'll use the basic one-two. And once the right hand lands, that's all I need. The night's over.

Hamed talks about being great, but I'm great already. I had two losses and came back to twice beat a guy who was 43-0. Who else has done that? The only way you can be great is to beat a great fighter. Hamed can't be great because he can't beat me.

4. Kevin Kelley: Kevin's a good friend, but this is business, a situation where you put friendships aside. I'd have dinner with him right after the fight is over. This is something neither one of us want, and to this day, the money would have to be right. It's not a fight worth a few hundred thousand. The only way we'd do it would be for a million.

Kevin has a lot of heart, but I'll bring the dog out in him. The dog'll get outta his cage. I could name three fights. Against Alejandro Gonzalez he was gonna quit, but the bell rang. Another fight on ESPN, he turned his back on the guy, but the referee didn't stop the fight and Kevin went on to stop the guy. And the Derrick Gainer fight, he wanted to quit. He said in his corner, "I can't see, but I want to fight." Saying you can't see is like saying, "Stop the fight." Those fights showed me that if you put pressure on him and pound him, it'll take a lot, but he'll quit.

Kevin's eyes, to me, will never be the same. With the jab I'll use, it'll be like fighting a blind man. I'd move up to featherweight to fight Kevin, but I'm a big junior featherweight, so that's no problem.

I don't think Kevin is past his prime; he still shows a lot of spark. Over the first five rounds it would be a very technical fight. He'd try to move, jab, outbox me, not get into any exchanges. But as the fight would go on, Kevin would get brave and stand toe-to-toe, and I would be able to make him quit.

5. Daniel Zaragoza: Zaragoza's very cagey, very smart, a very awkward guy. I'd bust him up so easy, within four rounds I'd have him bleeding all over the place. I'd just bust him up. He has a tremendous amount of scar tissue.

Zaragoza is a southpaw (as are Hamed and Kelley), and I've fought three of them as a pro. I stopped all of them, all early in my career. I don't like fighting southpaws, but I don't have a problem with them. You just have to be smarter because your punches have to come from a different angle. Zaragoza wouldn't hit me with left hands. He's too short; he has short arms. He'll only hit you with lefts if you stand in front of him.

If I'd have to worry about Zaragoza's left, he'd have to worry about my right. I'd just move and box him. He can punch hard enough to hurt you, but why stay in front of him if that's his only offense? He's not the fastest guy, and at his age, he isn't gonna feel like chasing down a guy. You can't always go at a guy and knock him out. Sometimes you have to take a detour or alternate route.

I respect Zaragoza; he's a warrior, and I don't know *how* long he's been around. He's only lost to good fighters, and he's beaten a lotta good fighters he wasn't supposed to beat. Zaragoza is an old guy who can't go on forever. There aren't too many

George Foremans in the world, old guys who can punch like that. When Zaragoza fights me, that's when his lady luck runs out.

6. Vuyani Bungu: I picked Bungu last, but not because he'd be the most troublesome. Still, he fights out of a shell, in a peekaboo style, and he's very defense-oriented. He's calm and cool, and I wouldn't be able to get under his skin. He's more of a counterpuncher. But there's a way to beat him. The key is consistency over 12 rounds. You can't do it for just one or two rounds. And you have to be in tremendous shape because you know he'll be.

Bungu has the least name value; how high are HBO's ratings gonna be for a fight with him? If I beat him, it would be just because I like collecting belts. (Bungu is the IBF junior featherweight champion.)

In his second fight with McKinney, Bungu kept doing the same things. He holds his hands high and moves side to side, looking to counterpunch. When he moves side to side, he still has to pass through the middle. That's when you use a nice, hard, stiff, good jab. Eventually, the side-to-side movement will slow down. You'll miss some, but the ones you land will be so stiff, you'll slow him down.

And after the jab, everything else falls into place. If you lead without jabbing, you're gonna get countered a lot. You have to give Bungu something to think about. He fights in a crouch, so he can see everything coming.

McKinney just came on too late. If he started in the fourth or fifth round doing what he did in the 12th, he would've beaten Bungu. I'd fight for all 12 rounds, and that's why I'd beat Bungu, just like I'd beat the rest of the guys on my hit list. ■

George Foreman

(Continued from page 25)

when the fact is, his has been the only hand raised after every one of those fights.

Foreman appears to be a victim of age discrimination. No one seems able to accept that he's still one of the top heavyweights out there. The announced attendance for the fight with Savarese was 7,102. That figure appeared generous. Scalpers were dying on the Boardwalk. The fans don't take Foreman or his opponents seriously.

When Riddick Bowe retired recently, *The Washington Post's* Shirley Povich, the dean of American sportswriters (he can boast of having worked Dempsey-Firpo), wrote that Foreman should follow him out the door. And that was *after* Foreman's win over Savarese. The opinion is held widespread throughout the country.

Foreman doesn't care a whit. He talks about fighting into his 50s—*Foreman 2000*—and it is conceivable. While he no longer carries the devastating knockout power of his youth (his past three fights have gone to decisions), he's far craftier than in his early days. He paces himself perhaps better than any boxer today, and minimizes danger with the most controlling jab in the heavyweight division. And, as he approaches the half-century mark, he's in great cardiovascular condition.

There is some precedent for what Foreman is doing: In 1914, heavyweight champion Bob Fitzsimmons fought two no-decision bouts at age 50, but his days as a contender had ended seven years prior, when Jack Johnson knocked him out in two rounds. As for Johnson, he went 19-0-1 after losing the heavyweight title at age 37 to Jess Willard. He scored a win at age 48, then was knocked out twice at age 50 in 1928. But by then he was no longer even remotely considered a contender.

The only fighter still competing at the top of the sport at such an advanced age was Archie Moore. "The Ol' Mongoose" scored more knockouts in his career (145) than any other fighter. He was so feared, he didn't get a shot at the world light heavyweight title until December 1952, against Joey Maxim. The bout came four days after Moore's 39th birthday.

Moore not only won the title, he never lost it. When he turned 47, one by one, the ruling organizations of the time began stripping him of championship recognition.

Moore fought an incredible 59 times after defeating Maxim, losing just four bouts, three to heavyweight champions or future champions (Rocky Marciano, Floyd Patterson, and Cassius Clay). He fought Clay at the advanced age of 49, and was stopped in four. Nevertheless, incredible.

Reached at his home in San Diego, Moore, now 83, said there's no reason for Foreman to hang up his gloves.

"There's nobody around that can hurt George because George has learned the tricks of the trade and he's a natural puncher with both hands," Moore said. "I think he should go ahead and make a few million dollars while they're giving millions of dollars out there for fights now."

Although they no longer keep in touch, Moore's connection with Foreman runs deep. For starters, both fought Muhammad Ali. In addition, Foreman worked with Moore through much of the early part of Big George's pro career. Moore helped train Foreman for many of his big fights and can be seen working the corner in the wonderful Academy Award-winning documentary *When We Were Kings*, which details the Ali-Foreman title fight in Zaire.

Moore says he taught Foreman the cross-armed defense that was the light heavyweight's trademark. Foreman never used it early in his career "because he didn't have to," according to Moore. "He was such a thunderous puncher." But he now regularly employs it during infighting.

The defense is difficult to master; few try it. It enables Foreman to protect himself against a variety of shots. Wide punches are taken on the elbows, and straight blows and uppercuts are caught in the gloves or the forearms.

Moore said that preparing for fights at 48 was far more arduous than at 30. "I had to train longer, put in more hours, and do more work," he said, "because I knew that boxing is the most demanding sport."

Moore finally stopped because, he said, "I would rather quit fighting and talk to you now than having you talk about me as a wreck who didn't stop fighting soon enough."

But when will it be time for *Foreman* to quit?

If his fight with Savarese, who was selected from a list of opponents supplied by HBO, is any indication, the answer is not yet. At 6'5", 230 pounds, Savarese brought the size to match Foreman. While his record of 36-0 (30) had been built on the chins of some of the sorriest fighters in the division, Savarese was made a slight betting favorite against Foreman. In his previous bout, he clubbed Buster Mathis Jr. for seven rounds to take the USBA title. Untested and unproven, Savarese was picked by many

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George Foreman

(Continued from page 67)

experts to put Foreman in mothballs once and for all. And with a whole lot of pluck and determination, the limited 31-year-old fighter from Greenwood Lake, New York, almost pulled it off.

Round one opened with Foreman, Marshall, Texas, plodding forward to claim the center of the ring and then beginning his grim advance forward. Savarese, light on his toes, dropped in the first shot, a counter left to the head, flurried to the body, and circled to his right.

Savarese's strategy quickly became apparent: counterpunch and get the hell out of the way. That wouldn't last long, however. He would be forced to fight,

Foreman began to launch his thudding jab, which hits an opponent like the end of a massive log being swung by a rope. With a minute to go in the round, Savarese's left eye already looked puffy. He paid it no mind. Inside, he landed short counter shots and a crisp right uppercut. Foreman snapped his jab again and Savarese countered. Savarese raised his hands in victory at the bell and swept the stanza on all three cards.

The second and third rounds showed what kind of fight this would be: two big guys engaged in spirited warfare. Foreman gained the upper hand with the jab. Every time Savarese mounted an attack or scored with his counters, Foreman would use his left to neutralize any further potential harm.

Foreman also began to subtly force Savarese to increase his work rate. He constantly maneuvered his way inside, deflecting punches all the while, and applying his weight. At the end of the third, Savarese suffered a cut over his left eye, and he later said it affected his performance. "I really couldn't see him," he said. "If I could've seen, I could've boxed a little more."

Foreman displayed his expertise again at the start of the fourth, blocking a four-punch salvo and answering a chopping Savarese right with a stiff forearm shot. But Savarese was game, buckling Foreman early in the fifth with a nice right. Foreman, however, bounced right back with a withering left, then another left to the body. Both tried unloading bombs, and the crowd chipped in with equally divided chants.

"I really tried to get a knockout and started pouring on the power, but I realized Lou Savarese was a good fighter," Foreman said afterward. "I got hurt a couple times with an overhand right and I almost started dancing. People at home were going to wonder where George got that slop from, that boogaloo."

Both fighters took the sixth off. Savarese had possibly his best round in the seventh, hurting Foreman with a straight left to the forehead before the bell. But as he did throughout the fight, whenever Savarese started building momentum, Foreman came back. In the eighth, he pounded Savarese with conviction, and though Big Lou fought back gamely, he was beginning to wear down. Referee Eddie Cotton gave Savarese an earful for rabbit-punching, and after the mini-break, Foreman ripped into Savarese with two huge hooks.

The rest of the fight was thrilling, and the crowd was lifted to its feet. Both fighters landed tremendous powerpunches, particularly in the furious 11th. Unfortunately, in that round, Cotton deducted a point from Savarese for a questionable low blow.

Foreman came out for the 12th looking like a fierce big bully in a back alley. A tired old man? He looked much fresher than Savarese. The wafflers by this time had come over to Foreman, and the house thundered its approval of his remarkable performance. Foreman closed the show with a terrific uppercut at the bell.

The decision was split, with Shafeeq Rashada and Barbara Perez scoring for Foreman by 118-110 and 115-112, respectively, and Al DeVito 114-113 for Savarese. THE RING scored for Foreman by 116-111. Big George had done it again.

"I thought he fought better tonight than he did against Michael Moorer," said Irving Azoff, the music industry mogul now promoting Foreman.

Talk turned to a homecoming fight for Foreman in Houston sometime in the fall, probably September. Unless the winner of Holyfield-Tyson II comes to the table, expect another second-tier name, although a rising contender like David Tua might be offered a crack. The squat, left-hooking Tua might remind Foreman just enough of Joe Frazier to have him dreaming of an easy blowout.

"Tua is among the names Foreman has been presented," said Dino Duva of Main Events, which will promote the bout. "So are Michael Grant, Obed Sullivan, Jimmy Thunder, and a couple of others.

"George's fantasy, of course, is to fight the winner of the Holyfield-Tyson rematch. If Evander wins, which I think he will, I don't think Holyfield-Foreman would happen. Evander has expressed no desire to fight George again. If Tyson wins, the fight [Foreman-Tyson] could happen."

Larry Holmes, another ancient at 47, is also clamoring for a fight with Foreman. But Foreman doesn't appear to be looking for a carnival event; he wants a big-bucks fight. As he bellowed at the press conference after making $4-million against Savarese, "Show me the money!"

Maybe that line is getting old, but the fighter doesn't seem to be. ■

John Scheinman, a frequent contributor to The Ring, is based in Washington, D.C.

Tim Anderson

(Continued from page 43)

just two accidental tourists, when Parker began mentioning his rock 'n' roll promotional work.

"You're wasting your time," King interrupted.

"Why's that?" Parker asked.

"Get yourself a stable of white fighters, then give me a call. That's what you should do."

It was a good story, and King's name gave Parker credibility by association. But as often works in boxing, the promoter perhaps was simply mastering self-promotion. No one played that game better than Parker.

"He was saying what?" King asked. "I never sat beside him on no plane. I never told him to get into boxing. Why would I do that?"

Asked if he is certain, considering this supposedly was 11 years ago, King laughs.

"Let me ask you something," he says. "Think I would forget meeting someone who looked like he did and called himself Elvis?"

Parker, who was 39 when he died, demanded that everyone call him Elvis. "He thought he really looked like Elvis—you know, *the* Elvis," says Russen, his former partner.

What made this so remarkable, as King alluded, is that this Elvis weighed 344 pounds, wore full-figured glasses, covered his baldness with a red, often-ponytailed wig, and by all accounts, sang terribly and played the piano worse. He played it all the time, too.

Parker's portable electric piano was the first item carried from his purple limousine into every hotel room. As soon as it was plugged in, the party began and typically lasted until hotel management was roused by the noise to find Elvis surrounded by his usual entourage of flunkies, fighters, ring girls, Crown Royal whiskey, and cocaine.

"That was his thing to numb himself—Crown and coke," says Denis Jones, his limo driver.

Russen says Parker began spending as much as $2,500 a night on cocaine parties.

"I'd be doing an ounce of coke a night, and he'd try to hang with me," remembers Barch, a self-described "punch-drunk boxer and co-conspirator" of Parker's. "It was the good life—girls, money, drugs—or so we thought at the time. Everyone had a good time. Everyone partied."

Everyone but Anderson.

"He was a flake," Barch says. "He never hung with us. I know he didn't do drugs. I don't know if he even drank a beer all the time I saw him. He was kind of off by himself. A weird guy."

In fact, Jim Murphy, who shared an apartment in Boca Raton with Anderson, says, "Tim was scared to death of drugs. He didn't smoke. No alcohol. No painkillers if he was hurt. Larry Holmes broke two of his ribs and he wouldn't take painkillers. You believe that?

"This is the cleanest-living guy I ever met in my life. He was always working out and always taking care of his body.

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"I'd kid him about it all the time. I'd bring home a six-pack of beer and say, 'Tim, if I put a beer in the refrigerator, will your vitamins get upset?'"

More than his love of vitamins, Anderson's boxing nickname, "Doc," came from studying kinesiology at the now-defunct Florida School of Medicinal Assistance in Fort Lauderdale. A certificate says he completed the course. This was one byproduct of his coming to Boca Raton in 1981 to play in a Chicago Cubs baseball rookie camp.

The other byproduct: boxing. He actually had begun boxing as a teenager in Chicago, where he came from a stable, working-class family that drew especially close after a diving accident left his sister, Erin O'Brock, a paraplegic at 16.

Anderson began to box seriously in South Florida and had 105 amateur fights when he turned pro in 1983. He earned $200 in winning his first fight in Indianapolis.

As his career progressed, friends saw Anderson as miscast. To develop the savage spirit necessary for fighting was an effort.

"Before Tim could get in the ring and hit someone, he had to mentally psych himself up for three days—three days of staring at walls and finding some hate in him," says Diane McVay, a former girlfriend of Anderson's who also was Parker's sister. "Many times I wondered why Tim was even in boxing. He always had the same answer: He liked working out."

Parker, citing his conversation with King, jumped into boxing in 1985 and signed Anderson for $750 a week to be bodyguard and boxer. They would split the boxing receipts, too. Or so Parker said. Because as their relationship worked, Parker paid Anderson some money and kept the rest on the books. He promised to act as Anderson's bank.

"He had a limo, a Ferrari, more money than I'd ever seen," says Anderson, now 38. "A guy with money like that, why wouldn't I trust him?"

Between the drugs, the money, and the normally unrooted lives of boxing, something was bound to happen to split the two, and perhaps the only surprise was how it happened. In 1990, before a fight in Fort Myers, a "Just Say No" visit was scheduled at a local school. Just before entering, Anderson remembers opening Parker's limousine door. Several people were doing cocaine.

"I slammed the door," Anderson says. "I was pretty upset. We went in and talked to the kids, but our relationship was pretty much severed right then. After the fight, I told Rick I was leaving and wanted my money."

Anderson figured he was owed $148,000 between the weekly salary and the 50 percent split of his boxing purses. "My savings," he called it.

Anderson also had begun writing a book about his experiences in boxing with the working title *Liars, Cheats, And Whores.* Parker claimed he wasn't paying up until assured his name wasn't slandered in the book. If it was, "he said, 'I'll kill your sister,'" Anderson remembers.

Parker knew Erin was Anderson's soft spot. Instead of pushing, Anderson returned to friends in Fort Lauderdale, forgetting his money.

"I started over," he says.

***

While Parker was scamming and threatening and blustering his way through boxing, he also came within a few seconds of seizing the sport's most powerful position—promoter of the heavyweight champ. He began calling himself "The White Don King" in anticipation of the moment, and it arrived for a few dazed seconds in 1991, when one of his clients, Bert Cooper, scored a knockdown of then-champion Evander Holyfield.

"I was one punch from the windfall factor—the one where all your dreams come true," Parker once said in an interview.

But Holyfield rallied, Cooper fell, and Parker schemed another way. The original way. The plan of finding The Great White Hope was back on, and this is when he settled upon Gastineau, a former New York Jets football player who was dabbling in boxing.

If anything, his brush with the windfall factor made Parker even more ambitious and less burdened by conscience. With Russen and Barch, he began hand-picking opponents for Gastineau. The first was Derrick Dukes, a pro wrestler who was paid $600.

"All we were looking for was somebody that'd lay down," Barch says. "He knew how to fall with a pulled punch. He had one of those 'pin me and pay me' attitudes."

Says Russen, "Dukes wasn't even allowed to throw a punch. The first one Mark threw close to him, he was just made to look good and fall down."

That fight lasted 18 seconds, including the 10 needed for the ref to count Dukes out. Gastineau began fighting frequently, if not exactly furiously. He twice fought one opponent, Jimmy Bakers, knocking him out in the first round in different states. He beat Barch's brother Kevin, who had never boxed before but told the Missouri Boxing Commission his record was 7-3.

It was all with a purpose.

"There was a handshake agreement with the Foreman camp that if Gastineau could get to 12-0, that George would fight him," Russen says. "It'd be set up in New York, where Gastineau was big. They were sitting on millions."

Russen and Barch told their stories beginning in 1993 to Hazelton's Florida commission, FBI investigators, and also U.S. Senate hearings on corruption in boxing. Soon the media waded in with a spotlight focused on Parker and Gastineau.

In April 1994, during a segment of the CBS show *60 Minutes,* Parker said, "These people that are making these accusations about fight-fixing are a bunch of lowlife scumball pieces of crap. Okay? Liars, thieves, drug addicts, or people that are motivated for greed or their own personal desire for gain. They want to harm me, want to destroy me for their own selfish reasons."

Kevin Barch and Dukes also told *60 Minutes* their fights against Gastineau were fixed. Gastineau declined to talk to *60 Minutes,* as he did for this article. In other interviews, he has denied all accusations of fixed fights.

But while stories focused on Parker and Gastineau, none centered on the man who killed the apparent scam of setting up a Gastineau fight with Foreman. With Gastineau's record at 9-0, Parker began to seek momentum toward the Foreman payday and so wanted Gastineau's name tied to him in the national media. Parker needed someone who could compare their punching power, relate their styles, and above all, give Gastineau headline credi-

bility against Foreman.

He knew the perfect person.

"I remember picking up the phone and Rick saying, 'How're you doing, buddy?'" Anderson says. "We'd talked once in two years, so I knew something was up. I said, 'What do you want?' He said, 'I'm going to make up the $148,000 I owe you.'"

"I said, 'Rick, that was two years ago. It's about $173,000 now.' He said, 'I'll make it up to you.' When I asked him how, he said, 'I want you to fight Mark Gastineau.'"

Anderson had done something that supported Parker's dream for Gastineau even more than just fighting Foreman. After that fight, Foreman was impressed enough to hire Anderson as a sparring partner. So Parker had two angles to compare Gastineau to Foreman, and the bait of owed money to get Anderson to play along.

The fight between Anderson and Gastineau took place on June 9, 1992, in San Francisco, and it came with all the trimmings of success right down to USA Network television. It also had the trappings of deceit. Three days before the fight, Anderson remembers Parker coming to his hotel room.

"He says he wants to talk about making a deal," Anderson says. "He told me I'd be paid $500,000 and all I have to do is lose in the first or second round. He goes, 'We'll make it look good. He knocks you out. You come to the interview, talk about how you were a sparring partner of Foreman's and you tell everyone Mark Gastineau hits as hard as George.'

"I'm sitting here, nodding, realizing this isn't going to happen. If I say I'm not going to do it, they're going to get someone else. So what I said was, thinking I'm pretty smart, 'Let me think about it.' This was Saturday night. The fight's Tuesday. I'm assuming they're thinking I'm going to take the deal."

On Tuesday morning, seven hours before the fight, Parker and Gastineau came to Anderson's room.

Remembers Anderson, "Rick says, 'We want to set up the fight and go over what's going to happen. I looked right at Mark and said, 'Mark, I'm going to hurt you.'

"Rick says, 'What?' I said, 'I'm going to hurt him.' Their mouths were wide open. I know they can't get someone else now."

Anderson indeed hurt Gastineau, who, because of the fixes and farces, hadn't fought past two rounds, and was now fighting to the uncharted depth of six rounds. Gastineau was beaten, exhausted, defenseless. Anderson toyed with him, and knocked him flat on his back, winning an easy decision.

"Mark told me later that in the second round he had asked Tim, 'When you going home?'—meaning when was he going to take a dive," Russen said.

Diane McVay, watching the fight on television from her home in Orlando, saw

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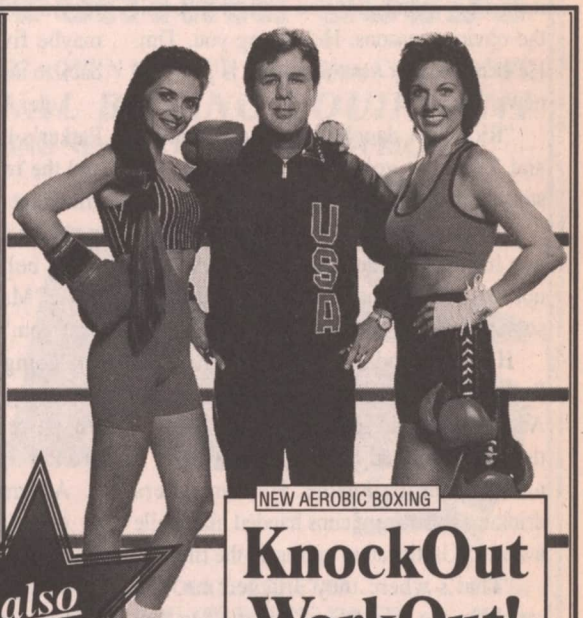

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something else. The anger of her brother.

"He was so mad, his nostrils were flaring," she says. "You knew there was going to be hell to pay for this."

***

For six months, Parker schemed. For six months, he plotted. He lined up a few more wins for Gastineau. He reclaimed lost ground for his project. At War Memorial that September, Gastineau fought Rick Hoard, who wore a brace on a knee so damaged that it buckled three times in the fight's first 67 seconds, sending him to the canvas each time.

The fight was called. Gastineau won without throwing an effective punch. Parker then began working on something bigger: the rematch with Anderson.

"He was absolutely obsessed with getting that win against Tim back," Russen said. "He kept saying if he got that win, he'd be back on track to a big payday. He didn't pay attention to his other fighters. All he cared about was working on this rematch."

It took place December 3, 1992, in Oklahoma City. No television. No headlines. Anderson isn't sure why he agreed to it, and his friends advised against it for all the obvious reasons. He's using you, Tim. He'll never pay you, Tim. He is just bad news, Tim.

"Rick kept dangling the plastic carrot, and Tim kept going after it—it was the story of their relationship," McVay said.

"I'm not sitting there believing Rick was happy with me," Anderson says. "I'm not that naive. I just didn't expect it to get so out of hand."

His trainer didn't go to Oklahoma City. Strangers worked his corner that night. Anderson handed someone a gallon of bottled water he had bought that day, but it never made it ringside. He remembers drinking water from cups handed him while awaiting Gastineau to appear in the ring.

"That's where they drugged me," he says. "In the third round I started to feel nauseous. I was seeing colors, and it seemed like there were more people in the ring and more people around the ring."

"He kept saying he was light-headed and dizzy and was going to throw up," said Houston Perkins, the fight's referee. "I thought maybe Tim had eaten something bad. Gastineau hadn't even hit him, and it probably wouldn't have mattered if he had. He had no punching power. Gastineau couldn't even beat me in a fight.

"This was the third Gastineau fight I'd refereed, and let's just say you knew in every one of them who was expected to win them."

Anderson's legs were wobbly. His mind was numb. Gastineau caught him with a right hook above the ear in the sixth round. Anderson went down. He got up, but his mind was gone and the fight was lost.

"I went back to the locker room, started throwing up in this big garbage can," Anderson says. "The next thing I knew I was on the cement floor of the locker room and being woken up by this janitor. It was three in the morning. Everyone had left me there."

An ambulance took him to the hospital. Denis Jones, Parker's limousine driver, was dispatched to pick him up there. Later, at the trial, Jones became important for Anderson's credibility because he was a Parker-friendly witness, called by the prosecutors. He confirmed what Anderson said.

"The doctor told us that night that he had been drugged," Jones says. "He was feeling sick and light-headed. It was maybe five in the morning when we got back to the hotel and he went to bed."

Later that morning, Anderson went to Parker's hotel room to collect his money, and the two had it out in front of Parker's entourage.

"I said, 'Rick, you guys drugged me, I can't believe it,'" Anderson said. "He goes, 'Mark was in great shape. He just beat you.' Then I said to him, 'Look, I'm not going to beat George Foreman, and I'm not going to beat Larry Holmes. But I'm never going to lose to Mark Gastineau in a fair fight. Never. You screwed me.'"

Anderson received $2,000 for that fight to go with the $1,000 from the first Gastineau fight.

"Yeah, $3,000 for screwing up my life," he said in a phone interview, having to call collect from an Orlando prison, where he is allowed to make one 15-minute call every three days. "But that's really how it went—I only got $3,000 out of all this."

***

Anderson left Oklahoma City the morning after the Gastineau fight, but the dizziness didn't leave so easily. He returned to Fort Lauderdale, immediately went to bed, and didn't wake up for three days.

"He was unconscious," said Murphy, his roommate.

When Anderson finally did get up, he bumped into walls. He tripped while walking. He threw up constantly. He once blacked out and smashed face-first onto a table. Days passed. Then weeks. Nothing improved.

"For six months he was bedridden," Murphy says. "This is the scenario: Me and my girlfriend rented every video in Blockbuster for the guy. That's all he could do. Lay in bed and watch movies.

"There's no question he was drugged and it killed his life. Period. He couldn't work out. He didn't box at all. The guy that I knew was dead from that point on."

Murphy, who sold hospital supplies, used connections to get Anderson medical help. Every few days he drove Anderson to a new doctor or a different test. He would have to pull over each trip for Anderson to throw up.

"I felt I was on a carnival ride, I was so dizzy all the time," Anderson says.

"We had every test imaginable done," Murphy says. "MRIs, vertigo tests, CATscans. Motion x-rays. Acupuncture with pulse monitoring. Biofeedback equipment. Everything. One doctor gave him vertigo exercises that helped for a few months. He was able to get out of bed, then finally get out and even work out a bit. That's when he got jumped the first time."

Anderson says he was coming out of a convenience store when two guys in hoods hit him in the head with a baseball bat. He had consulted with a lawyer about suing Parker and had started working on his book again.

"This was their payback," Anderson says. "They told me to forget everything I knew about Parker. Forget the lawsuit. Forget the book."

It sent Anderson back down the slide of dizziness and nausea. He rarely left bed again. He never worked out. Murphy found him more doctors and a psychiatrist. Nothing seemed to help.

"Parker began phoning him, too," Murphy says. "Tim got me and my girlfriend on the line once to hear. Basically, he told Tim he didn't want to hear accusations about a book. He'd say, 'You know what I've done before. You know I know

where your sister and family live. You know me, Tim. You know what I can do.'"

But Anderson kept talking about the lawsuit and the book, and Parker kept up with the threats. Once, Anderson says, a stranger on the street showed him an address in Fort Myers. It was his sister's address. He suggested Anderson forget about Parker.

"He never told me about it," Erin says. "He wanted to protect me, I guess. I wish he had said something. Who knows what might have happened then. It couldn't have been any worse than what did."

Anderson tried to work out, but never succeeded. His body didn't feel right. His muscles never responded. By the winter of 1994, he was bedridden again. Anderson said a doctor advised that the only way to get proper treatment was to find out what he had been drugged with.

He knew whom to ask. He called Parker and said his book was nearly completed. He just needed an interview with Parker. He would pay $45,000 for it.

"He wouldn't have met with me if I told him what I really wanted," Anderson says.

Anderson then went out and bought a gun.

***

Near midnight on April 28, 1995, an Orange County fire-and-rescue squad pulled into the parking lot of the Embassy Suites hotel and was met by Anderson.

"I shot him eight times," Anderson told police.

He placed the gun inside the rescue vehicle.

"I went to the detective and I said, 'Listen, I don't want a trial. I don't want any attorneys. I'll tell you everything that happened. I want the death penalty as soon as possible,'" Anderson says. "That shows just how sick I was."

Today, Anderson says he doesn't remember shooting Parker. He blanked out, he says. He remembers pulling out a tape recorder, telling Parker to list every drug he slipped Anderson the night of the Gastineau rematch.

"He took the tape recorder, knocked it into the next room, and it broke against the wall," Anderson says.

Anderson then pulled his gun out. Parker began talking. But upon realizing Parker didn't know what drugs were involved, Anderson dropped the gun to his side and says Parker then began screaming at him.

"The last thing I remember is him saying, 'For that stunt you just pulled with the gun, your sister Erin is dead,'" Anderson says. "Next thing I know I'm standing in the kitchen. I see Rick laying there. I saw he was shot in the groin, the stomach, the knee.

"I counted eight places. There were actually [more], so I obviously wasn't in control of anything. I went in the bedroom, put the gun in my mouth, and said, 'Forgive me, Lord.'"

***

The Tim Anderson who friends and family found in jail surprised them. Not because of his appearance. In fact, he looked great, like the old Tim, losing weight, shaping up, talking about how he was exercising again.

But what came out of his mouth shocked them.

"The Lord really saved my life," he says. "I wasn't alive. I was all messed up. But the Lord has blessed me."

Tim was born again.

He says the conversion began in the minutes after the murder, as he tried to kill himself. He pulled the trigger, but the gun jammed. He pulled it again. It still didn't go off.

He ran outside and down the stairs.

"I took the gun, threw it on the ground, and—bam!—it went off," he says. (The state's firearms examiner testified there was a "malfunction" with the gun that could lead to jamming.)

He went into the bushes beside the building and tried to kill himself again.

"Five times I pulled the trigger," he says. "Nothing happened again. Finally, I heard this voice saying, 'My son, it's not your time.'"

In the first week in jail, a preacher came to Anderson's cell.

(Continued on page 74)

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Tim Anderson

(Continued from page 73)

"He laid hands on me," Anderson says. "He was talking to me about the Lord, telling me about the Holy Spirit, and tears started flowing down his cheeks. I started crying. I felt healed. My body felt whole again."

Two days later, Anderson began working out regularly for the first time in nearly two years. He joined Bible studies.

His lawyers kept a blanket on this turn of Anderson's new-found faith, not wanting it to prejudice the jury in any way. During a pre-trial interview, Anderson, wearing inmate orange and his ankles chained, ended by saying, "God bless."

He pleaded not guilty, saying the shooting was in self-defense for the threats Parker had made. The trial, a media event in Orlando, lasted a week. The jury deliberated six hours. Anderson was found guilty of first-degree murder, which under the state guidelines carried an automatic sentence of life in prison without parole.

Today, the jury foreman says the jury didn't realize this sentence was automatic. After the trial, foreman Vincent Runfola wrote Orange County Judge Richard Conrad, "We were all going to write you a letter during the pre-sentence investigation requesting leniency for Mr. Anderson. We now know that we never had that chance. Most of the jury members walked out of the courtroom that agonizing night feeling blindsided and misled."

Anderson wants a retrial. Money remains a problem.

"Romans 8:28," Anderson says. "'All things work for the good for those who love God.'"

***

In October, Mark Gastineau was knocked out by Alonzo Highsmith, a former University of Miami and Houston Oilers running back, in the second round of a fight in Tokyo. Anderson didn't hear the news until last month.

By then, he had been moved from the Lee County Jail in Fort Myers to a state prison in Orlando. He was awaiting surgery for nerve problems in his neck and disk problems in his back.

"I got beat up in my cell in [the Lee County Jail]," he says. "Two guys just walked in one day and attacked me. They beat me up pretty good. It all gets back to the Parker stuff. No doubt.

"There were other people involved—other promoters, other fighters. They're getting prisoners to threaten me. I just don't know who exactly is after me now."

A voice is heard in the background.

"They're telling me I have only a minute left on this call," he says. "You know I've been thinking about when I played baseball. I could've stayed with that. I don't know how far I could've gone in it. But I liked the training of boxing, so I started taking boxing more seriously."

He pauses, reflecting, the final seconds of his phone allotment arriving. "I should've stayed with baseball." ■

Dave Hyde is a sports columnist for the Sun-Sentinel.

Mark Tessman

(Continued from page 51)

ferred to the Adams & Benbow Gym in downtown Houston, which, in the mid-'60s, was the home of one of the best collections of prize fighters under one roof. Many were there because they'd answered an ad placed regularly in THE RING by multimillionaire oilman and gym owner Hugh Benbow, who hoped to recruit a future heavyweight champion or two.

But the Big Kahuna at the A&B Gym was contender Cleveland "Big Cat" Williams, one of the most devastating heavyweight punchers of the last four decades. Williams, recalls Tessman, was "a hell of a nice guy. He had quick hands and could pull the trigger on you quick. He was a smart fighter, but I don't think life gave him some good breaks."

By the time Tessman turned pro in 1966, after winning two Lone Star Golden Gloves light heavyweight titles, he was the most heralded young prospect in the state. At 5'10", he had exceptional boxing ability, speed, and balance.

"They used to say I could carry a glass of water on my head in the ring and never spill a drop," he recalls.

Tessman was such a talented boxer that when Williams went into training for what would be his losing fight against Muhammad Ali for the world heavyweight title late that year, the crewcut neo-

phyte was recruited to spar with him. One day the media were out in force to watch the workout, and the glare of the spotlight emboldened the youngster to "show them a little something." He realized that was probably a mistake, Tessman says, when "all of a sudden the breeze started picking up with Williams' punches."

But before any damage was done, trainer Perry Payne yanked Tessman out of the ring, telling him, "I saved your life."

Tessman was 8-0 (3) when THE RING selected him as its 175-pound "Prospect Of The Month" in May 1967. In less than a year, Tessman broke into "The Bible Of Boxing's" light heavyweight rankings after whipping some good fighters with loads more experience.

"In beating Tony Montano," wrote THE RING correspondent Harlan Haas, "Mark Tessman exhibited his paint-brush left, his clever footwork, his fast combinations, and fine physical condition. He pitched another shutout. Montano tried every trick in the book, but Tessman's speed bewildered the veteran."

By December 1968, the Houstonian was the fourth-ranked light heavyweight in the world on the strength of his easy decision win over dangerous veteran Henry Hank, whom Tessman recollects as "a devastating puncher who'd take you out with one shot. And he was willing to take some shots to get one of his in."

"Hank, a 15-year pro veteran, has been in with all the top men of the light heavy class and more than held his own with them," reported *Boxing Illustrated*. "He figured to give Mark a real test and did his best, but Tessman was just too fast and too good a boxer for the slow-footed Hank to catch up."

In a December 1968 rematch in Indianapolis, "I was doing quite well when I caught a right hand that opened a gash over my eye," Tessman says. "You could see my eyeball. My corner stopped the fight."

It was his first loss in 24 bouts, but in a rubber match six months later, the Texan once again boxed his way to a decision win over Hank.

Meanwhile, Tessman was also outslicking heavyweights like Cookie Wallace, and enjoying it even more than his mastery over opponents his own size. "Those guys were a lot slower," he recalls. "They couldn't even see me."

By the end of 1969, Tessman had moved into the third spot in the world rankings and scored high in balloting for THE RING'S "Progress Award," given annually to the boxer who'd "achieved the greatest success and advancement, to a rated position from a lower echelon, within the last 12 months of steady and important competition."

By then, Tessman's report card read 30-1, which was top-notch for any fighter, much less a kid who, all the while he was cracking heads in the ring, was also cracking the books full-time at the University of Houston.

The next year was going to be a big one for him on both fronts. Tessman was scheduled to receive his Bachelor of Arts degree in Physical Education, and he also signed to fight for the undisputed 175-pound title on June 27.

In the meantime, Tessman was supposed to meet former world heavyweight champion Floyd Patterson in a bout on the U of H campus. But it was postponed twice and eventually canceled, leaving him heading into his title fight not having fought anyplace but the gym in more than six months. A hindrance anytime, ring rust was a real albatross going up against a champion who had knocked out 34 of the 40 men he had beaten, and all 10 of the men he'd faced since winning the light heavyweight title from Dick Tiger two years earlier.

Bob Foster would go down as one of the best light heavyweight champions in history, but in the early going of their fight in Baltimore, Tessman more than held his own.

"I don't think Bob was taking me too seriously," he says. "I started making him miss. The first thing that happens when a puncher starts missing is he gets mad and tired. The more you make 'em miss, the more you have him in hand."

It was a strategy that took Tessman into the later rounds in excellent shape. So much so, in fact, that trainer Joey Fariello, imported to Tessman's corner for the occasion, began telling him, "He's ripe. He's ready to go," and urging him to make it happen by abandoning the stick-and-move plan that had gotten him that far.

Against his own better judgment,

(Continued on page 76)

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Publisher's Weekly

The Boxer's Workout clearly and systematically presents all the elements of a sound boxer's workout program, with unprecedented step-by-step photo-illustrations of the essential moves and punches. It was written by writer-boxer Peter DePasquale, with veteran coaches Al Gavin and Bob Jackson of New York's Gramercy Boxing Gym.

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Mark Tessman

(Continued from page 75)

recalls Tessman, "I started believing him. I started planting my feet and punching."

Wrote THE RING, "At the start of the 10th, Tessman looked like a new man. He scored with left jabs at will and right hands to the body and head. Bob moved slowly, throwing weak left jabs. Then lightning struck. As Tessman moved in, he was caught with a straight right to the head and a vicious left hook, which sent him down for the full count at two minutes of the 10th round."

Says Tessman now, "The left hook I didn't see. It was the only knockdown of my career. I always told myself to try and spot familiar faces around ringside and I'd know I was all right. There was no finger count. I got up at what I thought was eight, but the referee thought it was 10. Not that I could have continued. I probably would've gotten hurt."

The result notwithstanding, THE RING predicted the young Texan "may someday be champion when Foster steps down." But instead, Tessman stayed out of boxing for a year. "There were some things money-wise that upset me," he explains. He got his college degree and became a teacher at Grady Elementary School in Houston.

When he returned, the idea was to get Foster again. But in his first comeback match, Tessman lost a decision to trial-horse Eddie "Red Top" Owens, looking and feeling so bad, he says, that "I was hoping he would take me out." He was so uncharacteristically awful that afterward Tessman's dad suggested getting the contents of his water bottle tested for drugs.

His next time out, Tessman fought contender Pierre Fourie (who would lose twice in title fights to Foster) in the latter's hometown of Johannesburg, South Africa. "It was a great experience to go overseas," says Tessman, "but it was weird." He recalls a prefight meeting with a South African boxing commissioner at which Tessman, fretting about a hometown decision, said, "Look, I'm not looking for special treatment, but if I win, I win. If I lose, I'll shake your hand."

"Fine," the commissioner told him.

Still, the American was wary, and having the same commissioner as referee of the bout didn't help much.

"Fourie came out and tried to outbox me," Tessman recalls. "I got him on the ropes and the referee pulled me off. After three, four rounds, he started using his head, thumbs, and laces, and the ref wasn't doing anything about it. So I got in there toe-to-toe. I lost a split decision. They said it was one of the best fights they'd ever seen."

And it was Tessman's last, at age 25.

His trainer, Charley Court, advised him that it would be at least two years before he could get another title shot. "And there was no sense staying in boxing with a college education," says Tessman, who by then was teaching and coaching high school football, a profession he loved and remained in for six years, until family requirements forced him to seek better-paying work. For the last nine years, he has been a manufacturing representative in Houston for Capitol Cement.

In this age when hardly anybody retires from boxing for good, it's hard to imagine a boxer as talented as Tessman sticking to his goodbyes at such a young age.

"I was tempted to come back," he admits. "I got divorced, and of course divorce can cause all kinds of emotions, and can cause you to go off the deep end." But when he told Court he was thinking of fighting again, the man Tessman says "is not your typical trainer" told him: "Then you do it without me. We had a deal." The deal stuck.

In the early-'80s, Tessman did appear in the ring again, but this time as a referee. It was a short-lived and disappointing avocation.

"Refereeing has become quite political, with all the alphabet groups and everything," he says. "If you don't know anybody in the WBA or WBC or whatever, they'll get their own people right there in your own hometown."

A better experience was shared with the legendary Jackie McCoy: training Canadian heavyweight hopeful Willie deWit.

"I had never trained anybody when I got the call asking if I would," he says. "I left a heck of a job and trained Willie for two years, from 1984-'86. It was a wonderful experience, and I was just so glad to be in that situation." (DeWit never fought for a world title. He compiled a record of 20-1-1, then left the ring for a career in law.)

Overall, says the former wunderkind, "I wouldn't change anything I did. I met some fine people in boxing. I met some questionable people, too, but you're gonna find that in any business."

Tessman does puzzle over one thing, though. A year ago, he had open heart surgery to replace an aortic heart valve that doctors said probably had been defective since birth. But during his prefight physicals, the doctors said it was just a murmur and let it go.

"I don't know," says Tessman, "how I made it through all those fights."

The answer, of course, is the boxer's traditional way of using his head more than his heart. Until that 10th round against Foster, anyway. ■

Pete Ehrmann, a frequent contributor to The Ring, is based in West Allis, Wisconsin.

Tapia-Romero

(Continued from page 55)

uled to fight on the same card in Los Angeles, and had reservations on the same flight from Albuquerque. But the Romeros changed their arrangements.

Though the Romeros have denied it, rumors circulated that they said something about not wanting to be on the same flight as a crack-head. "Top Rank told us that [the Romeros] refused to go on the same flight," said Teresa Tapia, the fighter's wife and manager of record. "Things just started turning bad. When Johnny came back, it was like he was invading their space. Since then, there's been bad blood.

"Johnny's never felt like this about any other fight."

No rumor here: The Romeros wouldn't stay in the same room with Tapia for the prefight press conference or the weigh-in of their HBO-televised fights in March. In fact, they made a scene by walking out. Clearly, the bad blood flows both ways.

***

Tapia turned pro in March 1988. He ran up a record of 21-0-1 and was a top contender for a world title. In October 1990, however, his postfight drug test came up positive following a technical decision over Santiago Caballero. After

two more positive drug tests, he was suspended.

After several consecutive negative drug tests, Tapia was relicensed by the New Mexico Athletic Commission in March 1994. His rebound has been remarkable. Almost immediately boxing to his potential, he's gone 19-0-1 since, with almost all of his bouts nationally televised, most of them on ESPN.

Turning pro at age 18 in 1992, Romero bounced between 112 and 120 pounds. He earned the IBF flyweight title in April 1995, scoring a 12-round decision over Francisco Tejedor. Then, after making one defense, he took his 25-0 record into a non-title bout against journeyman Willy Salazar in September 1995. Less than two minutes into the first round, Salazar caught Romero with a right to the eye. Immediately, Romero's left eye swelled, but it wasn't until the seventh round that the bout was stopped, giving Romero his first and only loss.

Romero underwent surgery for a fractured eye socket and didn't fight again for almost six months. During the layoff, he vacated the title in anticipation of further struggles making 112 pounds. It was also at this time that Romero and his father were having disagreements with Top Rank, so the parties agreed to end their association. Romero later signed with promoter Cedric Kushner.

Romero came back with two easy fights, then got a shot at the IBF junior bantamweight title last July. In an eye-opening performance, he knocked down Colombia's classy Harold Grey in the first round and knocked him out in the second. He has since made two defenses, stopping Saucedo and Sibali.

Ever since his return, Tapia had been waiting for Romero to move up to his weight. Their pairing was a natural, but the bout took years to make. Tapia has called for a fight from the start. Romero Sr., however, initially countered with the argument that whether Danny fought Tapia or not, he was going to be a major star. Once the camps agreed to talk, the animosity, which had built over the years, served as an additional roadblock.

HBO stepped in and offered so much money that neither side could turn it down. For $600,000 each, the fighters agreed to two bouts, the second being their showdown. The first half of the package was held before a capacity crowd of 8,381 at the Albuquerque Convention Center in March. Taking care of his mandatory defense, Romero kayoed a feisty Sibali in the fifth round. Tapia stopped Barrera in the third.

Before the Albuquerque boxers were able to shower and get into street clothes, they were talking about their next fight. *The* fight.

"I hope he don't chicken out now," Tapia said of Romero. "I've been waiting for this. Danny Romero is one of the reasons I came back to boxing."

A date of July 18 was picked by HBO, but for several weeks the site remained in limbo. Tapia wanted the bout held at The Pit on the campus of the University of New Mexico, a building that seats more than 17,000 for basketball. "We owe Albuquerque this bout," he said. "Albuquerque sponsored us. I would love to have the fight here."

The Romero camp took a strictly-business attitude. The tax structure in New Mexico would have hurt everyone involved, so the Romeros preferred the fight be held in Nevada, where the taxes are lower. When the Las Vegas Hilton began negotiating for the bout, the Romeros quickly agreed. Tapia didn't give up, however. With Albuquerque promoter Lenny Fresquez heading a group that made a bid, Tapia held two press conferences in a last-ditch effort to have the bout land in Albuquerque. Though the basic bid of the Albuquerque group was larger than what the Hilton was offering, taxes, sponsorships, and other income made the offer from the Hilton a better deal.

Since the bout won't be held in New Mexico, New Mexico has decided to go to the bout. The Hilton has seating for 6,500, and all the tickets were sold within 24 hours of the formal announcement. Flights between Albuquerque and Las Vegas were sold out four months in advance, and several travel agencies have chartered buses for the 12-hour drive from Albuquerque to Las Vegas.

"It's been unbelievable," Teresa Tapia said in May. "I bet you we've gotten 20 calls every day for two weeks from people asking for tickets."

Art Manteris, the vice president and director of race and sports operations for the Las Vegas Hilton Sportsbook, was instrumental in securing the bout for his hotel. "Since we got back into boxing, this is a fight I've wanted," he said. "If it were held in Albuquerque, I'd go to see it. I think it'll be a great fight."

In March, before the site was chosen, Manteris listed Romero a 7-5 favorite. When the early betting favored Tapia, the Hilton dropped the odds to even. In early-May, the odds were back up to 7-5 Romero.

Tapia now lives in Big Bear, California, with Oscar De La Hoya a neighbor when "The Golden Boy" is in training. After being arrested for assaulting his wife two years ago, Tapia moved out of New Mexico as part of a court decision. He and Teresa have purchased a home and plan to live in Big Bear, at least until Tapia retires.

Romero lives in a condominium about a block from his parents' home in Albuquerque's near North Valley. Because of the distractions that come with a bout like this, he packed up and moved his training camp to northern New Mexico, near the town of Angel Fire.

Distractions aside, there's no doubt both men will be in the best condition possible for the biggest bout of their lives. Neither can expect another payday like this, nor a chance to face another arch-nemesis.

As fight night approaches, both fighters remain in character, and there are no hints as to what will happen in the ring. Romero has had little to say. When Tapia was holding press conferences, Romero's only comment was "shut up and fight."

Tapia, on the other hand, is having trouble controlling his emotions. "I know I have to fight a smart fight," he'll say. But in the next breath he'll start rambling about going after Romero's previously injured eye and trying to hurt his opponent. His emotion is the spice of this fight.

The winner of this bout has been promised additional paydays from HBO. But that's not why these rivals are climbing into the ring. What's at stake that matters is the title of best fighter in Albuquerque. The winner will become a local legend, and the loser risks being dismissed as nothing more than the boxer he beat. ■

Dennis Latta is a boxing writer for the Albuquerque Journal.

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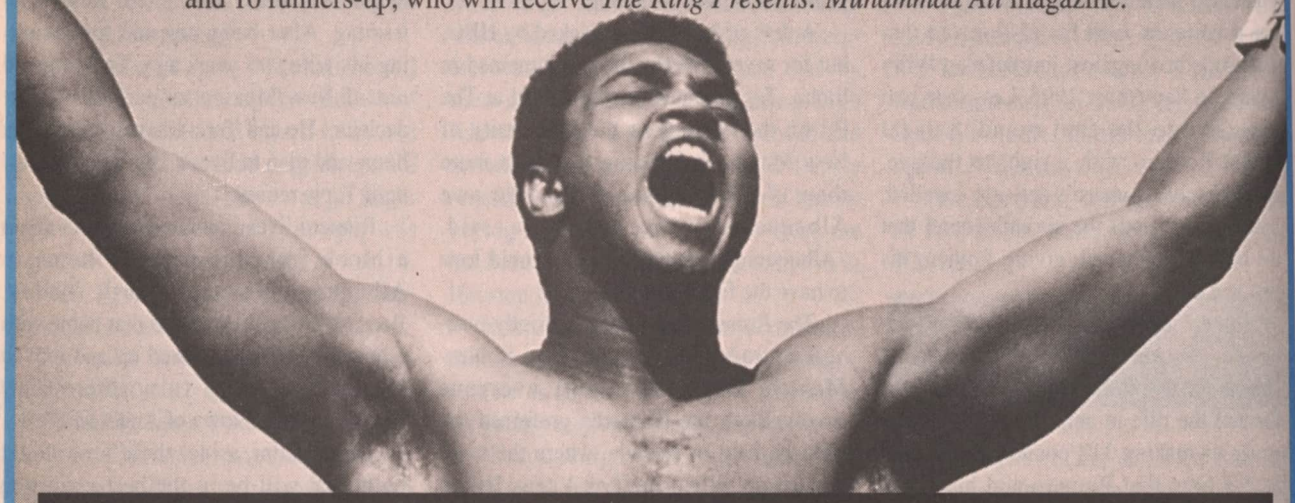
Muhammad Ali: The Whole Story, the definitive six-tape set on The Greatest's career, is now available in stores, and believe us, it's well worth the suggested retail price of $109.98. But if you really know Ali's career (and are a little lucky), you can win the set in the Muhammad Ali Trivia Contest. To enter, simply complete the entry form located on the next page. Include the answers to the 10 Ali trivia questions, and return your entry to Ali Trivia Contest, P.O. Box 750, Fort Washington, PA 19034. There will be 20 grand prize winners who will receive the *Muhammad Ali: The Whole Story* tape set and 10 runners-up, who will receive *The Ring Presents: Muhammad Ali* magazine.



THE MUHAMMAD ALI TRIVIA CHALLENGE

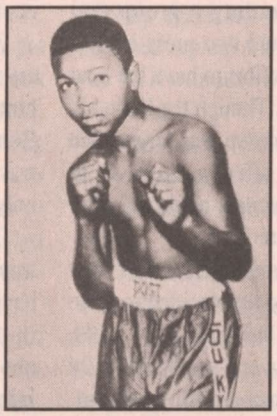
1. In what weight class did Ali win an Olympic gold medal in 1960?

2. Who was the first fighter to knock down Ali in the professional ranks?
A) Alex Miteff
B) Sonny Banks
C) Joe Frazier
D) Doug Jones

3. Ali fought one former world champion before winning the heavyweight title. Who was that former champion?

4. What nickname did Ali give George Chuvalo?
A) Stone Face
B) The Tank
C) The Washer Woman
D) The Great White Dope

5. Who did Ali fight in Jakarta, Indonesia?
A) Joe Bugner
B) Jimmy Ellis
C) Cody Jones
D) Rudy Lubbers



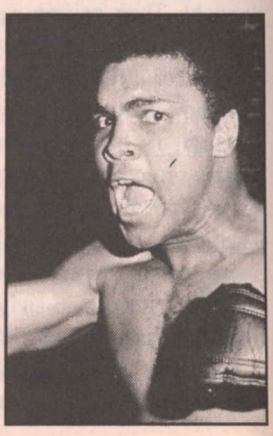
6. Which one of the following authors did not write a book about Ali?
A) Thomas Hauser
B) Richard Kaletsky
C) Ferdie Pacheco
D) Steve Farhood

7. Ali's famous Deer Lake training camp is in which state?
A) Pennsylvania
B) Kentucky
C) New Jersey
D) Michigan

8. Who did Ali defeat in his last successful title defense?

9. What title was at stake when Ali knocked out light heavyweight champion Bob Foster in 1972?

10. True or false: Ali is the only man to win the heavyweight title three times.



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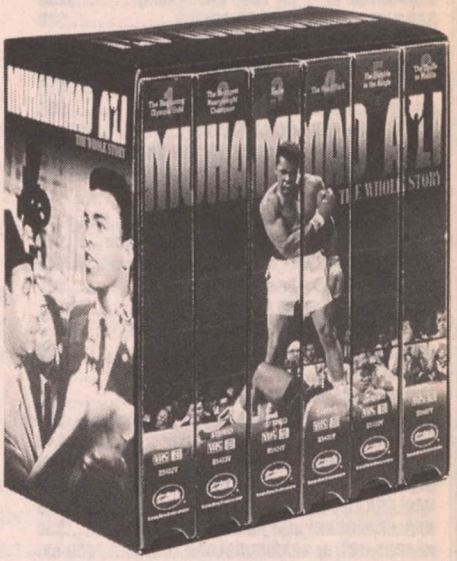

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All entries must be received by September 20, 1997. Winners will be selected by the editors of THE RING and notified by mail.

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BOXING COLLECTOR'S NOTEBOOK

By Don Scott

With the millennium approaching, folks are curious about what things were like 100 years ago. Well, my fight records don't go back that far, but I can nonetheless offer some insight on the game, and particularly its memorabilia.

The heavyweight champion was James J. Jeffries. Jeff left us a wealth of memorabilia and stories. He was extremely popular until his death at age 78 in 1953. He ran a gym, Jeffries Barn, for many years, and some of the rarest and best fight memorabilia was displayed on its walls.

In 1899, Jeff was at his peak. On November 3 of that year, he defeated Tom Sharkey over 25 rounds. Kid McCoy holds the distinction of winning the only major fight held on January 1, 1900, when he defeated Peter Maher.

Memorabilia of any pre-1900 fight is exceedingly rare. Then again, not a lot of collectors focus on fights and fighters from that time.

It was a lot easier in the last few years of the 19th century to secure photos of your favorite boxer than it is today. There were several mail-order photography studios that mass-produced what are called cabinet-cards. Some folks call any photo glued to a cardboard back a cabinet card, but that's inaccurate. Cabinet photos were 3⅞ by 5¾-inch photos glued to a photographer's card that was 4 by 6½ inches. Studios made mounted photos of many other sizes, but those were much rarer. There were small cards, called *carte de visites,* but most of those were replaced by cabinet photos after 1890.

Today, a pristine cabinet card of John L. Sullivan may run you $200-250. The cards of fighters who were less popular then are probably less popular now, and as a result, they run $50-$150. This is a clear case of supply and demand. These photos are beautiful and rare, but who collects them? (I do.) A marginal increase in demand would cause these items, most of which are pre-1900, to skyrocket in price.

Unless you are lucky or subscribe to *Boxing Collectors News* or other collector publications, you will be hard-pressed to find photos. THE RING once sold them, but no longer.

Boxing cards were also very easy to find in the 1890s. Back then, however, they were not sold individually or in packages. Instead, they came with tobacco products. These are also now hard to find. The most common set was put out by Mayo Cut Plug Tobacco in the USA (a bit after 1900), and Ogden's Cigarettes in England. Excellent-mint pre-1900 cards can sell anywhere from $50 to hundreds of dollars, depending on rarity.

Today, you can find a number of boxing sets that have recently been produced, especially the Brown's card sets, which have been periodically issued for more than 10 years now. Most of today's cards, which feature contemporary fighters, are inexpensive.

Programs could be found in the 1890s, but only if you actually went to the fight. And posters were available only if you ripped them off some wall or tree. Few of these items have survived. Conversely, today, programs and posters are produced in big numbers for the collectors market.

Postcards were mailed for the first time just before the turn of the century, and they became quite popular. Pre-1900 postcards with fighters pictured are extraordinarily rare, however. Boxing postcards from the 1990s are pretty hard to find, too. The item has been hit-or-miss since the '20s.

Before the turn of the century, excellent publications like *The Police News* and *The Police Gazette* often ran ads for lithographs. Souvenir coins, charms, medals, and figurines were also available. These all fetch premium prices today. One of my favorites is the 1894 litho of the great heavyweight Peter Jackson, which includes his facsimile signature. There has been speculation that these were reprinted, but originals with the artist's pencil signature can still be found.

Autographs of boxers were difficult to come by in the last part of the 19th century. While doing research on Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, I was amused to read an article in an 1893 Boston newspaper that said autograph-seekers were becoming a real problem in the theater district. I have not seen evidence that there was much of a secondary market on boxer autographs at the time. That, of course, has changed in 100 years.

If you have any questions, write me at ***Boxing Collectors News***, 3316 Luallen Drive, Carrollton, TX 75007.

WORLDWIDE RATINGS

The ratings of the three major governing bodies recognized by The Ring are supplied by the organizations themselves. They are updated on these pages as soon as they are made available to us. In this issue, the WBA and WBC ratings were compiled as of April 1997, and the IBF as of March 1997.

HEAVYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Lennox Lewis (GB)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Evander Holyfield (USA)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Michael Moorer (USA)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Henry Akinwande (GB)	1	–	–
Zeljko Mavrovic (CROA)	2	3	9
David Tua (NZ)	3	7	7
Orlin Norris (USA)	4	6	–
Andrew Golota (POL)	5	5	–
Ray Mercer (USA)	6	–	8
Tony Tucker (USA)	7	–	10
Corrie Sanders (SA)	8	4	3
John Ruiz (USA)	9	8	–
Joe Hipp (USA)	10	–	–
Mike Tyson (USA)	–	1	2
Francois Botha (SA)	–	2	4
Vaughn Bean (USA)	–	9	5
Lee Gilbert (USA)	–	10	–
Vacant	–	–	1
Obed Sullivan (USA)	18	–	6

CRUISERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Marcelo Dominguez (ARG)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Nate Miller (USA)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Adolpho Washington (USA)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Fabrice Tiozzo (FRA)	1	–	–
Akim Tafer (FRA)	2	5	–
Torsten May (GER)	3	6	6
Johnny Nelson (GB)	4	–	–
Juan Carlos Gomez (CUBA)	5	2	12
Terry Dunstan (GB)	6	3	10
Jacob Mofokeng (SA)	7	–	3
Yosukezan Nishijima (JAP)	8	–	–
Chris Okoh (GB)	9	–	11
Alexei Ilin (RUS)	10	–	–
Ezequiel Paixao (BRA)	–	1	–
Uriah Grant (USA)	26	4	1
Alexander Gurov (UKR)	–	7	–
Dirk Wallijn (BELG)	16	8	–
Ken Murphy (USA)	–	9	5
Valery Vikhor (UKR)	–	10	–
Vacant	–	–	2
Arthur Williams (USA)	25	–	4
Faustino Gonzalez (COL)	–	–	7
Imamu Mayfield (USA)	22	11	8
David Izeqwire (NIG)	–	–	9

LT. HEAVYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Montell Griffin (USA)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Virgil Hill (USA)	**–**	**C**	**C**
Roy Jones (USA)	1	2	–
Michael Nunn (USA)	2	4	–
Eddy Smulders (HOLL)	3	6	6
William Guthrie (USA)	4	3	1
Graciano Rocchigiani (GER)	5	–	5
Crawford Ashley (GB)	6	7	4
Merqui Sosa (DR)	7	12	–
Muhammad Siluvangi (ZAI)	8	8	–
Chris Eubank (GB)	9	11	11
Mark Prince (GB)	10	–	–
Lou Del Valle (USA)	–	1	3
Dario Matteoni (ARG)	18	5	–
Richard Frazier (USA)	12	9	10
Darrin Allen (USA)	25	10	2
Ray Berry (USA)	26	–	7
Frank Tate (USA)	–	–	8
John Scully (USA)	–	–	9

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Robin Reid (GB)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Frank Liles (USA)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Vacant	**–**	**–**	**C**
Henry Wharton (GB)	1	8	3
Thulane Malinga (SA)	2	–	–
Jorge Castro (ARG)	3	–	–
Vincenzo Nardiello (ITA)	4	–	9
Andrei Shkalikov (RUS)	5	1	11
Joe Calzaghe (GB)	6	–	5
Zafarou Ballogou (TOGO)	7	9	4
Chris Johnson (CAN)	8	12	–
Joseph Kiwanuka (UGA)	9	4	–
Gary Ballard (SA)	10	7	2
Charles Brewer (USA)	15	2	1
Mauricio Amaral (BRA)	16	3	6
Leif Keiski (SWE)	–	5	–
Robert Coehlo (BRA)	–	6	–
Tim Littles (USA)	–	10	–
Tony Byrd (USA)	29	–	7
Bryant Brannon (USA)	–	–	8
Frederic Seillier (FRA)	–	–	10

MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Keith Holmes (USA)	**C**	**–**	**–**
William Joppy (USA)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Bernard Hopkins (USA)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Hassine Cherifi (FRA)	1	8	6
Stephane Ouelette (CAN)	2	11	–
Robert McCracken (GB)	3	–	3
Julian Jackson (USA)	4	5	–
Richie Woodhall (GB)	5	–	–
John David Jackson (USA)	6	–	2
Kevin Palmer (USA)	7	–	–
Glen Johnson (USA)	8	3	8
Brian Barbosa (USA)	9	6	7
Glenn Catley (GB)	10	12	–
Peter Venancio (BRA)	12	1	–
Darren Obah (AUSTRL)	21	2	–
Paul Vaden (USA)	11	4	5
Robert Allen (USA)	20	7	–
Dana Rosenblatt (USA)	17	9	–
Anthony Andrews (GUY)	24	10	–
Vacant	–	–	1
Lloyd Bryan (USA)	30	–	4
Andrew Council (USA)	–	–	9
Rogerio Cacciatore (BRA)	22	–	10

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Terry Norris (USA)	**C**	**–**	**C**
Laurent Boudouani (FRA)	**–**	**C**	**–**
David Ciarlante (ITA)	1	2	–
Troy Waters (AUSTRL)	2	7	–
Julio Cesar Vasquez (ARG)	3	–	12
Said Bennajem (FRA)	4	–	–
Faouzi Hattab (FRA)	5	–	–
Ernie Artango (AUSTRL)	6	–	–
Javier Castillejo (SPA)	7	6	–
Ahmed Dottuev (BALK)	8	–	–
Winky Wright (USA)	9	–	–
Carl Daniels (USA)	10	5	2
Guillermo Jones (PAN)	–	1	4
Robert McCracken (GB)	–	3	–
Tony Menefee (USA)	–	4	–
Alejandro Ugueto (VEN)	–	8	–
Stephen Martinez (USA)	–	9	–
Jason Rarere (NZ)	–	10	–
Raul Marquez (USA)	–	–	1
Anthony Stephens (USA)	–	–	3
Steve Foster (GB)	–	–	5
Mark Breland (USA)	–	–	6
Don Stokes (USA)	–	–	7
Adrian Dodson (GB)	19	–	8
Rossman Henry (COL)	–	–	9
Jairo Siris (COL)	–	–	10

WELTERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Pernell Whitaker (USA)	**C**	**2**	**–**
Ike Quartey (GHA)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Felix Trinidad (PR)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Patrick Charpentier (FRA)	1	3	1
Derrell Coley (USA)	2	4	8
Wilfredo Rivera (PR)	3	10	–
Andrei Pestryaev (RUS)	4	1	–
Ariel Chaves (ARG)	5	–	–
Robert West (USA)	6	–	–
Diobelys Hurtado (CUBA)	7	–	–
Suk Hyun Yun (KOR)	8	–	–
Maxim Nesterenko (RUS)	9	–	–
Walter Saporiti (ARG)	10	–	12
Jeff Malcolm (AUSTRL)	–	5	–
Oba Carr (USA)	–	6	10
Shannan Taylor (AUSTRL)	11	7	–
Andrew Murray (GUY)	21	8	7
Romallis Ellis (USA)	–	9	–
Vincent Pettway (USA)	–	–	2
Hitonon Sato (JAP)	–	–	3
Tony Martin (USA)	12	–	4
Mahenge Zulu (ZAI)	–	–	5
Hugo Pineda (COL)	–	–	6
Juan Negron (PR)	–	–	9

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Oscar De La Hoya (USA)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Khalid Rahilou (FRA)	**–**	**C**	**–**

Kostya Tszyu (AUSTRL)	–	–	C
Julio Cesar Chavez (MEX)	1	1	–
Miguel Angel Gonzalez (MEX)	2	2	–
Ismael Chaves (ARG)	3	–	–
Rafael Ruelas (MEX)	4	–	11
Soren Sondergaard (DEN)	5	6	3
Charles Murray (USA)	6	–	7
Sharmba Mitchell (USA)	7	4	2
Walter Crucce (ARG)	8	–	–
Jong Hoon Yuh (KOR)	9	–	–
Nicolas Cervera (COL)	10	–	9
Jose Barbosa (VEN)	–	3	–
Frankie Randall (USA)	–	5	–
Viacheslav Yanovsky (KAZ)	–	7	–
Ray Oliveira (USA)	–	8	–
Virgil McClendon (USA)	–	9	5
Bisao Arai (JAP)	–	10	–
Freddie Pendleton (USA)	–	–	1
Jermal Corbin (USA)	–	–	4
Jan Bergman (SA)	–	–	6
Vernon Forrest (USA)	15	–	8
Jose Cordoba (PAN)	–	–	10

LIGHTWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Steve Johnston (USA)	C	–	–
Orzubek Nazarov (JAP)	–	C	–
Phillip Holiday (SA)	–	–	C
Cesar Bazan (MEX)	1	–	–
Jean-Baptiste Mendy (FRA)	2	4	–
Hiroyuki Sakamoto (JAP)	3	–	12
Leavander Johnson (USA)	4	–	–
Alberto Sicurella (ARG)	5	2	–
Jong Kwon Baek (KOR)	6	–	–
Jimmy Rangel (COL)	7	–	–
Daomai Sithkodam (THAI)	8	–	–
Shane Mosley (USA)	9	–	5
Marco Rudolph (GER)	10	–	–
Leavander Johnson (USA)	–	1	3
Eduardo Morales (ARG)	17	3	2
David Dodi Tetteh (GHA)	16	5	–
Oscar Garcia Cano (SPA)	13	6	–
Angel Mona (FRA)	12	7	–
Samir Cherrad (FRA)	26	8	–
Ivan Robinson (USA)	–	9	4
Ceppy Holman (INDO)	–	10	–
Demetrius Ceballos (USA)	–	–	1
Justin Rowsell (AUSTRL)	–	–	6
Luis Flores (COL)	25	–	7
Fred Ladd (USA)	–	–	8
Billy Schwer (GB)	–	11	9
Miguel Julio (COL)	–	–	10

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Genaro Hernandez (USA)	C	–	–
Yong Soo Choi (KOR)	–	C	–
Arturo Gatti (USA)	–	–	C
Anatoly Alexandrov (RUS)	1	1	9
Gabriel Ruelas (USA)	2	–	–
Robert Garcia (USA)	3	5	1
Azumah Nelson (GHA)	4	–	–
Djamel Lifa (FRA)	5	7	8
Takanori Hatakeyama (JAP)	6	–	10
Douglas Villarreal (COL)	7	6	–
Hector Lizarraga (USA)	8	–	–
Jorge Paez (MEX)	9	–	–
Justin Juuko (UGA)	10	–	–
Gilbert Serrano (VEN)	–	2	–
Lakva Sim (MON)	–	3	–
Carlos Gerena (PR)	–	4	–
Edson Xuxa Nacimento (BRA)	–	8	–
Koji Matsumoto (JAP)	–	9	–
Raul Franco (MEX)	–	10	–
Jaime Rangel (COL)	–	–	2
Harold Warren (USA)	19	–	3
Tom Johnson (USA)	–	–	4
Tracy Patterson (USA)	–	–	5
Cliff Samardin (AUSTRL)	–	–	6
Ramon Ledon (CUBA)	–	–	7

FEATHERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Luisito Espinosa (PHIL)	C	–	–
Wilfredo Vazquez (PR)	–	C	–
Naseem Hamed (GB)	11	–	C
Carlos Rios (ARG)	1	1	9
Cesar Soto (MEX)	2	–	–
Billy Hardy (GB)	3	–	4
Ever Beleno (COL)	4	9	5
Alejandro Gonzalez (MEX)	5	–	–
Mehdi Labdouni (FRA)	6	–	–
Manuel Medina (MEX)	7	–	–
Frederic Perez (FRA)	8	4	–
Koji Matsumoto (JAP)	9	–	–
November Ntshingila (AUSTRL)	10	8	6
Yober Ortega (VEN)	–	2	–
Victor Polo (COL)	–	3	7
Fred Norwood (USA)	–	5	–
Hector Arroyo (PR)	–	6	–
Angel Vasquez (PR)	26	7	–
Yuji Watanabe (JAP)	–	10	–
Hector Lizarraga (USA)	–	–	1
Welcome Ncita (SA)	–	–	2
Jose Badillo (PR)	–	–	3
Carlos Gerena (PR)	–	–	8
Arnulfo Castillo (USA)	–	–	10

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Daniel Zaragoza (MEX)	C	–	–
Antonio Cermeno (VEN)	–	C	–
Vuyani Bungu (SA)	–	–	C
Erik Morales (MEX)	1	2	–
Wayne McCullough (IRE)	2	–	–
Joichiro Tatsuyoshi (JAP)	3	–	–
Hector Acero-Sanchez (DR)	4	–	–
Martin Krastev (BUL)	5	4	7
Enrique Sanchez (MEX)	6	3	12
Enrique Jupiter (MEX)	7	–	–
Reynante Jamili (PHIL)	8	–	–
Arnel Barotillo (AUSTRL)	9	–	–
Welcome Ncita (SA)	10	–	–
Rafael Del Valle (PR)	–	1	–
Serge Poilbian (FRA)	13	5	–
Yuichi Kasai (JAP)	–	6	–
Angel Chacon (PR)	14	7	9
Kennedy McKinney (USA)	–	8	–
Bugiarso (INDO)	–	9	–
Enrique Angeles (MEX)	–	10	–
Anell Barotillo (AUSTRL)	–	–	1
Vacant	–	–	2
Kennedy McKinney (USA)	–	–	3
Victor Llerena (COL)	–	–	4
Vincent Belcastro (ITA)	–	–	5
Nurhuda (INDO)	–	–	6
Harold Mestre (COL)	–	–	8
Rey Jamili (PHIL)	–	–	10

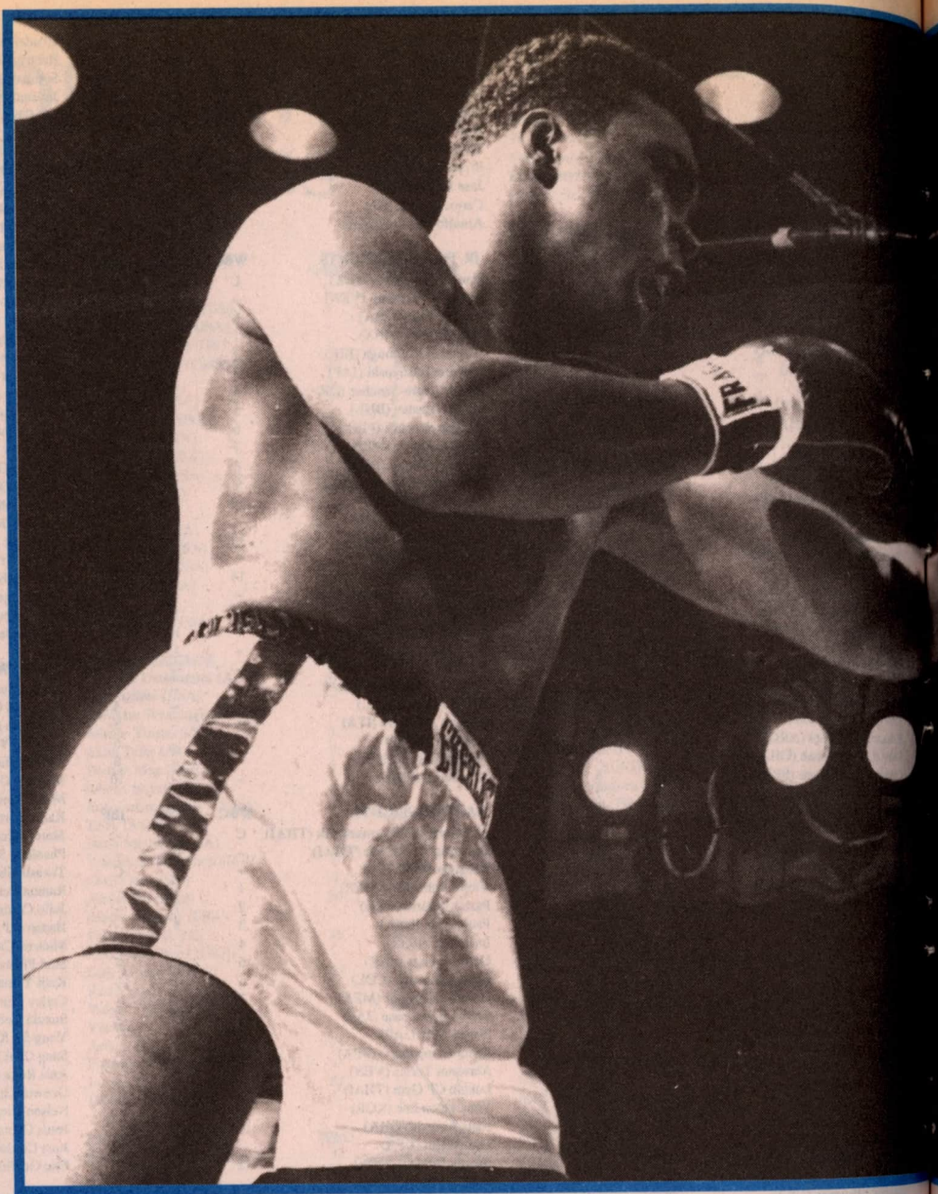
BANTAMWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Siromongkol Singmanasuk (THAI)	C	–	–
Daorung C. Siriwat (THAI)	–	C	–
Mbulelo Botile (SA)	–	–	C
Victor Rabanales (MEX)	1	–	–
Pastor Maurin (ARG)	2	7	–
Paul Ayala (USA)	3	5	–
In Jin Chi (KOR)	4	–	–
Dario Azuaga (PAR)	5	–	6
Jorge Monsalvo (COL)	6	–	–
Gerardo Martinez (MEX)	7	10	–
Setsuo Kawamasu (JAP)	8	11	–
Shaszi Nitta (JAP)	9	–	7
Javier Campanario (SPA)	10	–	–
Abraham Torres (VEN)	–	1	–
Lukhin CP Gym (THAI)	–	2	–
Yong Hoon Lee (KOR)	–	3	–
Nana Konadu (GHA)	–	4	–
Tim Austin (USA)	–	6	1
Johnny Bredahl (DEN)	15	8	–
Johnny Armour (GB)	–	9	–
Adrian Kaspari (INDO)	21	–	2
Jesus Perez (COL)	19	–	3
Rafael Del Valle (PR)	–	–	4
Wilson Alcorro (COL)	–	–	5
Adan Vargas (MEX)	11	–	8
Fernando Montilla (PHIL)	–	–	9
Ancee Gedeon (USA)	–	–	10

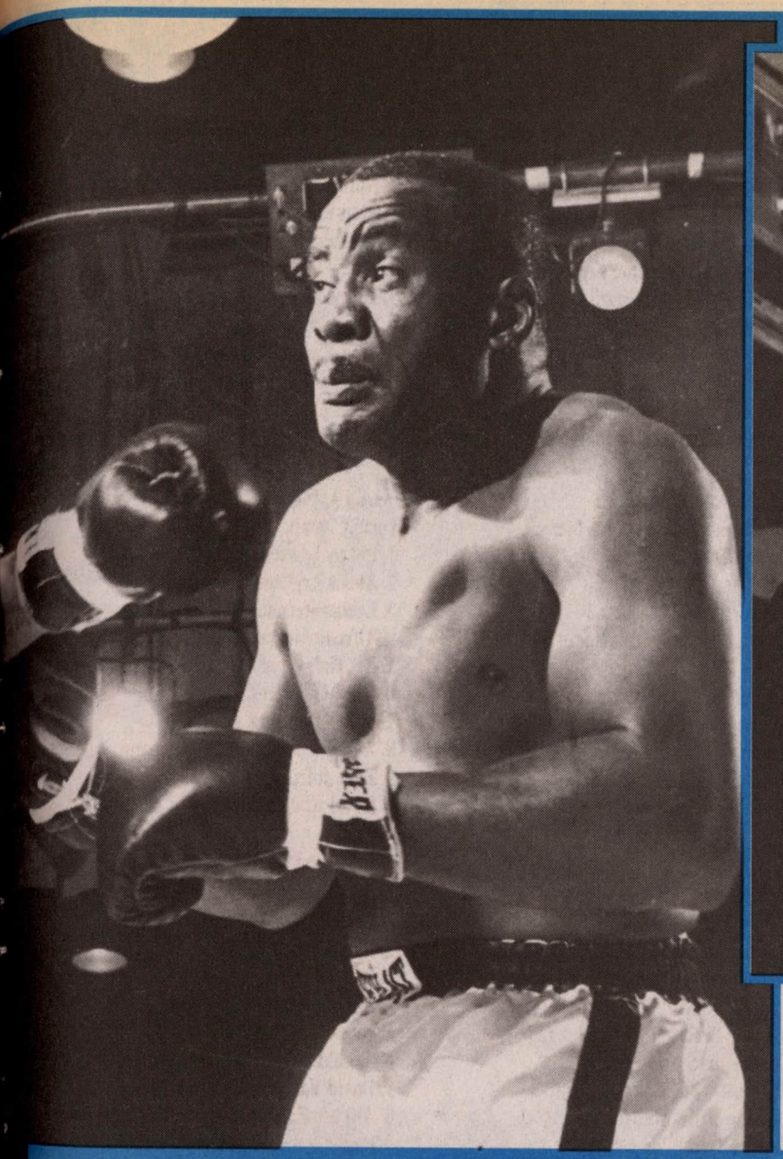
JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Gerry Penalosa (PHIL)	C	–	–
Yokthai Sithoar (THAI)	–	C	–
Danny Romero (USA)	–	–	C
Joel Luna Zarate (MEX)	1	7	–
Hiroshi Kawashima (JAP)	2	6	–
Luis Bolanos (COL)	3	–	–
Jose Rafael Sosa (ARG)	4	–	–
Luis Benavides (COL)	5	–	9
Veeraphol Sahaprom (THAI)	6	3	–
Evangelio Perez (PAN)	7	–	–
In Joo Cho (KOR)	8	–	–
Raffy Montalban (PHIL)	9	–	–
Seung Koo Lee (KOR)	10	–	–
Dario Azuaga (PAR)	–	1	–
Satoshi Iida (JAP)	15	2	8
Andy Agosto (PR)	13	4	4
Leo Gamez (VEN)	–	5	–
Felix Machado (VEN)	–	8	–
Julio Gamboa (NIC)	–	9	–
Edicson Torres (VEN)	–	10	–
Vacant	–	–	1
Ubadel Soto (COL)	–	–	2
Ratanachai Sor Voraphin (THAI)	16	11	3
Sombak Singchawan (THAI)	–	–	5
Juvenal Berrio (COL)	–	–	6
Jaji Sibali (SA)	26	–	7
Wilfredo Vargas (PR)	–	–	10

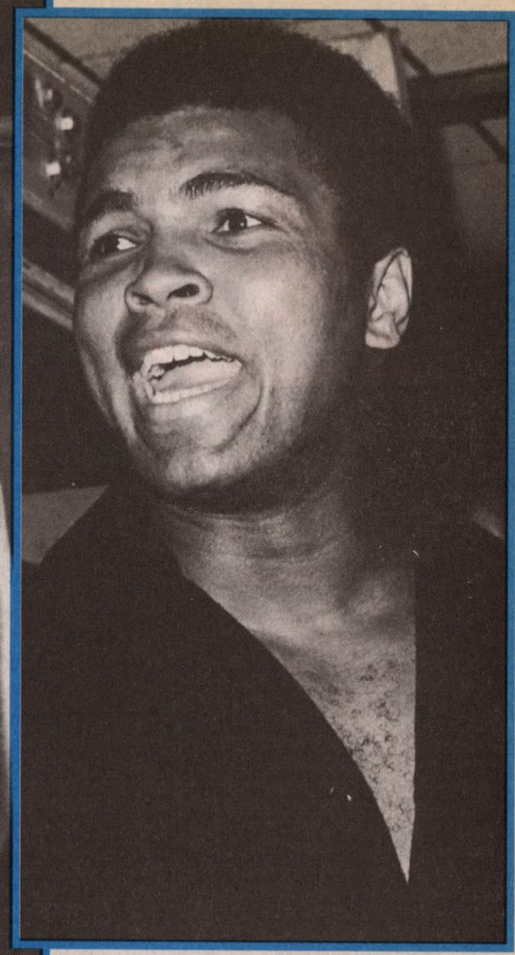
FLYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Yuri Arbachakov (RUS)	C	–	–
Jose Bonilla (VEN)	–	C	–
Mark Johnson (USA)	13	–	C
Isaias Zamudio (USA)	1	4	9
Chatchai Sasakul (THAI)	2	–	1
Gabriel Mira (MEX)	3	–	–
Yong Soon Chang (KOR)	4	10	–
Chokchai Chokviwat (THAI)	5	–	–
Keiji Yamaguchi (JAP)	6	–	–
Jesper Jensen (DEN)	7	5	8
Paul Weir (GB)	8	–	–
Salvatore Fanni (ITA)	9	–	–
Peter Culshaw (GB)	10	9	–
Evangelino Perez (PAN)	–	1	2
Saen Sow Ploenchit (THAI)	14	2	–
Gilberto Gonzalez (VEN)	–	3	–
Takashi Ohba (JAP)	28	6	–
Arthur Johnson (USA)	12	7	11
Aquiles Guzman (VEN)	–	8	–
Ferid Ben Jeddou (TUN)	–	–	3
Ilido Julio (COL)	25	–	4
Irene Pacheco (COL)	–	–	5
Yodchingchai Sornthong (THAI)	–	–	6
Will Grigsby (USA)	–	–	7
Vuyani Nene (SA)	–	–	10

JR. FLYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Saman Sorjaturong (THAI)	C	–	–
Pichitnoi C. Siriwat (THAI)	–	C	–
Mauricio Pastrana (COL)	–	–	C
Ladislao Vazquez (MEX)	1	–	–
Yosam Choi (KOR)	2	9	–
Melchor Cob Castro (MEX)	3	–	11
Manuel Jesus Herrera (DR)	4	12	6
Kaaj Chartbandi (THAI)	5	–	–
Shiro Yahiro (JAP)	6	–	–
Phanieng Sasiprabha (THAI)	7	8	–
Takashi Shiohama (JAP)	8	–	7
Ramon Euroza (MEX)	9	–	–
Julio Coronel (COL)	10	–	–
Hadao C.P. Gym (THAI)	–	1	–
Michael Carbajal (USA)	–	2	5
Sinn Ploenchit (THAI)	–	3	–
Keiji Yamaguchi (JAP)	–	4	–
Carlos Murillo (PAN)	–	5	2
Suzuki Kabato (JAP)	–	6	–
Yong Jin Kim (KOR)	15	7	–
Sang Chul Lee (KOR)	–	10	–
Anis Roga (INDO)	–	–	1
Onewin Chareon (THAI)	–	–	3
Nelson Dieppa (PR)	–	–	4
Jesus Chong (MEX)	–	–	8
Juan Cordoba (ARG)	–	–	9
Eric Griffin (USA)	–	–	10

STRAWWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Ricardo Lopez (MEX)	C	–	–
Rosendo Alvarez (NIC)	–	C	–
Ratanapol Sow Voraphin (THAI)	–	–	C
Rocky Lin (JAP)	1	1	–
Sinn Sow Ploenchit (THAI)	2	–	–
Ala Villamor (PHIL)	3	–	7
Andy Tabanas (PHIL)	4	8	2
Morgan Ndumo (SA)	5	–	–
Payak Nakornluang (THAI)	6	–	–
Kermin Guardia (COL)	7	–	–
Lindi Memani (SA)	8	–	–
Carmelo Caceres (PHIL)	9	–	–
Sang Chul Lee (KOR)	10	–	–
Jose Garcia (COL)	–	2	–
Kwanjai Battery (THAI)	–	3	–
Chana Porpaoin (THAI)	–	4	–
Sung Tae Lim (KOR)	–	5	–
Songkram Porpaoin (THAI)	–	6	–
Ronnie Magramo (PHIL)	–	7	–
Gabriel Martinez (MEX)	–	9	–
Fah Sung Ponasawang (THAI)	–	10	–
Juan Herrera (COL)	11	–	1
Osvaldo Guerrero (MEX)	–	–	3
Mongol Charoen (THAI)	12	–	4
Wondee Charoen (THAI)	–	12	5
Luis Doria (COL)	–	–	6
Wellington Vicente (BRA)	–	–	8
Kermin Guardia (COL)	–	–	9
Keitaro Hoshino (JAP)	23	–	10







The toughest fight in Muhammad Ali's career? "The Greatest" says his first fight with Sonny Liston deserves that distinction. Liston, says Ali, "was the strongest heavyweight I'd ever seen."

ALI RATES TITLE-WINNING FIGHT WITH LISTON HARDEST OF CAREER FULL OF TOUGHIES

From THE RING, February 1975

By Muhammad Ali
(as told to Bob Goodman)

Can Frank Sinatra name his 10 favorite songs? Could a child list his 10 favorite candy bars? Can Jim Brown rattle off his 10 toughest football games? And make those lists in order of preference?

I doubt it. At least not without changing the lists many times over.

I guess I have been asked to name my toughest fights at least a hundred times. And I have probably come up with almost as many different replies. It's difficult because I consider all of my fights tough and all of my opponents worthy.

Until this time, I don't think I've ever had to sit down and give it thought. Running true to form, if you asked me the same question next week, my list might change again.

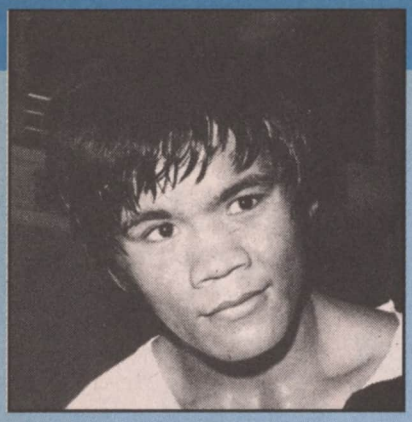
I've had too many milestones in my career to possibly think of picking fights on their importance.

There was probably no bigger challenge in my career than the one that George Foreman posed in Kinshasa, Zaire. Strangely, although regaining my crown will remain one of my greatest thrills, it wasn't one of my toughest fights.

The toughest would be my fight with Sonny Liston, when I won the title in 1964.

I was young and a great admirer of Liston's talent. He could do just about everything except dance. But outside of myself, there's never really been a dancin' heavyweight. Liston had a tremendous jab, could punch with either hand,

THE RING RATINGS, *February 1975*



Ben Villaflor

HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champ: Muhammad Ali, Chicago, IL
1. **George Foreman**, Hayward, CA
2. **Joe Frazier**, Philadelphia, PA
3. **Ron Lyle**, Denver, CO
4. **Oscar Bonavena**, Argentina
5. **Joe Bugner**, England
6. **Ken Norton**, San Diego, CA
7. **Jerry Quarry**, Los Angeles, CA
8. **Chuck Wepner**, Bayonne, NJ
9. **Henry Clark**, San Francisco, CA
10. **Larry Middleton**, Baltimore, MD

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champ: Title Vacant
1. **John Conteh**, England
2. **Victor Galindez**, Argentina
3. **Len Hutchins**, Detroit, MI
4. **Jorge Ahumada**, Argentina
5. **Karl Heinz Klein**, Germany
6. **Alvaro Lopez**, Stockton, CA
7. **Richie Kates**, Philadelphia, PA
8. **Pierre Fourie**, South Africa
9. **Maxie Smith**, England
10. **Tom Bogs**, Denmark

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
World Champ: Carlos Monzon, Argentina
1. **Rodrigo Valdes**, Colombia
2. **Tony Licata**, New Orleans, LA
3. **Vito Antuofermo**, Brooklyn, NY
4. **Gratien Tonna**, France
5. **Kevin Finnegan**, England
6. **George Cooper**, Oakland, CA
7. **Tony Mundine**, Australia
8. **Bennie Briscoe**, Philadelphia, PA
9. **Emile Griffith**, New York, NY
10. **Bobby Watts**, Philadelphia, PA

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
World Champ: Oscar Albarado, Uvalde, TX
1. **Elisha Obed**, The Bahamas
2. **Jose Duran**, Spain
3. **Koichi Wajima**, Japan
4. **Miguel A. Campanino**, Argentina
5. **Miguel de Oliveira**, Brazil
6. **Eckhard Dagge**, Germany
7. **Larry Paul**, England
8. **Charkey Ramon**, Australia
9. **Donato Paduano**, Canada
10. **Miguel Castellini**, Argentina

WELTERWEIGHTS
World Champ: Jose Napoles, Mexico
1. **Clyde Gray**, Canada
2. **Angel Espada**, Puerto Rico
3. **John Stracey**, England
4. **Fausto Rodriguez**, Dominican Republic
5. **Rocky Mattioli**, Australia
6. **Hedgemon Lewis**, Detroit, MI
7. **Johnny Gant**, Washington, D.C.
8. **Armando Muniz**, Los Angeles, CA
9. **Bruno Arcari**, Italy
10. **Sandy Torres**, Puerto Rico

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
World Champ: Antonio Cervantes, Colombia
1. **Hector Thompson**, Australia
2. **Esteban DeJesus**, Puerto Rico
3. **Pedro Fernandez**, Spain
4. **Tony Petronelli**, Taunton, MA
5. **Monroe Brooks**, Los Angeles, CA
6. **Toni Ortiz**, Spain
7. **Emiliano Villa**, Colombia
8. **Leoncio Ortiz**, Mexico
9. **Brooks Byrd**, Clovis, NM
10. **Miguel Barreto**, Puerto Rico

LIGHTWEIGHTS
World Champ: Roberto Duran, Panama
1. **Ray Lampkin**, Portland, OR
2. **Angel Mayoral**, Las Vegas, NV
3. **Ken Buchanan**, Scotland
4. **Hugo Gutierrez**, Argentina
5. **Rudo Barro**, Philippines
6. **Ishimatsu Suzuki**, Japan
7. **Arturo Pineda**, Mexico
8. **Ray Lunny III**, San Francisco, CA
9. **Hugo Barraza**, Colombia
10. **Miguel Mayan**, San Diego, CA

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
World Champ: Ben Villaflor, Philippines
1. **Kuniaki Shibata**, Japan
2. **Sven-Erik Paulsen**, Norway
3. **Tyrone Everett**, Philadelphia, PA
4. **Victor Echegaray**, Argentina
5. **Lothar Abend**, Germany
6. **Samuel Serrano**, Puerto Rico
7. **Jean-Baptiste Piedvache**, France
8. **Alfredo Escalera**, Puerto Rico
9. **Apollo Yoshio**, Japan
10. **Pedro Aguero**, Argentina

FEATHERWEIGHTS
World Champ: Title Vacant
1. **Bobby Chacon**, Los Angeles, CA
2. **Alexis Arguello**, Nicaragua
3. **Leonel Hernandez**, Venezuela
4. **Alfredo Marcano**, Venezuela
5. **Art Hafey**, Canada
6. **Ruben Olivares**, Mexico
7. **Shig Fukuyama**, Japan
8. **Antonio (Gitano) Jiminez**, Spain
9. **Eder Jofre**, Brazil
10. **Royal Kobayashi**, Japan

BANTAMWEIGHTS
World Champ: Soo Hwan Hong, South Korea
1. **Benicio Sosa**, Argentina
2. **Rafael Herrera**, Mexico
3. **Romeo Anaya**, Mexico
4. **Rodolfo Martinez**, Mexico
5. **Jose Casas**, Argentina
6. **Arnold Taylor**, South Africa
7. **David Vasquez**, New York, NY
8. **Alfonso Zamora**, Mexico
9. **Paul Ferreri**, Australia
10. **Jose Luis Soto**, Mexico

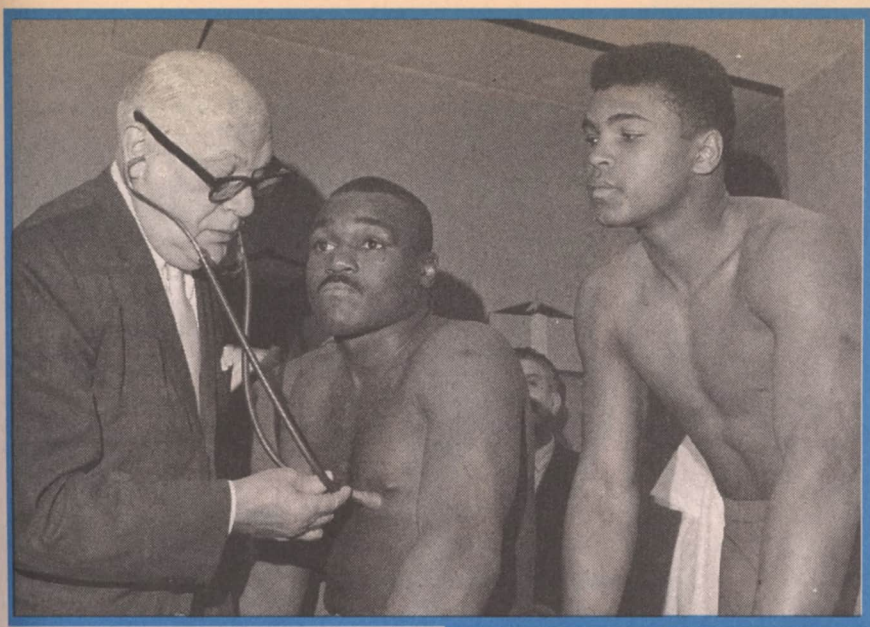
FLYWEIGHTS
World Champ: Title Vacant
1. **Miguel Canto**, Mexico
2. **Shoji Oguma**, Japan
3. **Thanomjit Sukothai**, Thailand
4. **Betulio Gonzalez**, Venezuela
5. **Susumu Hanagata**, Japan
6. **Vicente Pool**, Mexico
7. **Erbito Salavarria**, Philippines
8. **Ignacio Espinoza**, Dominican Republic
9. **Fritz Chervet**, Switzerland
10. **Cecil Escobido**, Philippines

was smart in the ring and as strong as any heavyweight I'd ever seen.

He was ugly, too. In and out of the ring. Being a big underdog and acting crazy at the weigh-in made everybody think that I was scared half to death.

Sonny came out at the bell looking to take me apart. I moved and stuck, knowing that I was gaining control in the second round. But "The Bear" was always dangerous. Stalking, glaring, mean.

About the fourth round my eyes started burning. Finally, when I came back to my corner, I couldn't see at all. I figured Liston had something on his gloves and asked



Ali was rising contender Cassius Clay when he took on veteran Doug Jones in March 1963. Clay won a disputed 10-round decision at hostile Madison Square Garden. It was, he says, the second-toughest fight of his career.

Angelo (Dundee) to cut my gloves off. He didn't, but gave my eyes a good wash, checked Liston's corner, talked to the referee, and tried to stall for more time.

The bell rang, but my eyes were still burning and watering. Angelo gave me a good pat on the rear end and said, "Keep moving."

Half-blind, only seeing a blurred hulk coming at me, I got on my bicycle. Luckily, I had enough instinct, speed, and, yes, fear to keep from getting tagged by the chasing Liston until my eyes started to clear.

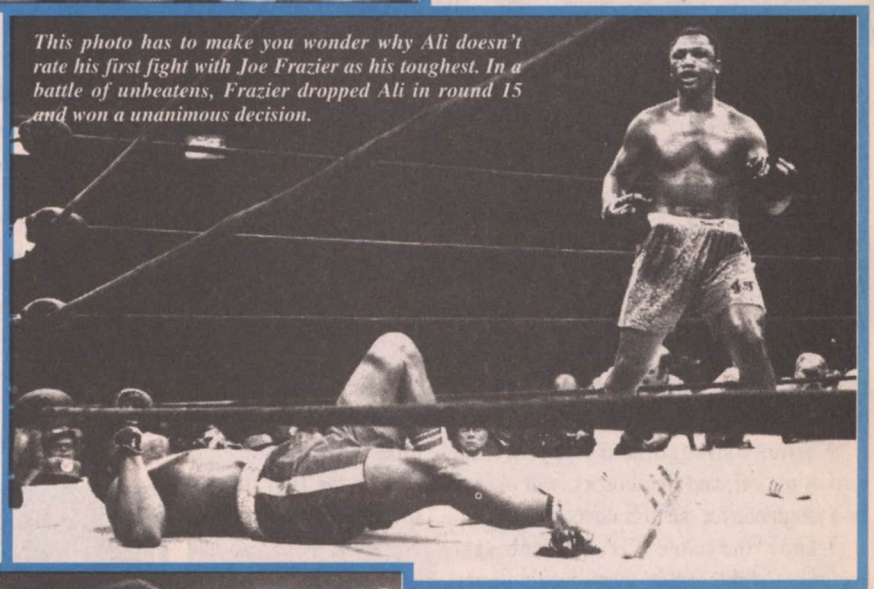
I think he used a lot up chasing me and missing those big punches. He was tired and I knew I had regained control.

Like a wounded animal, with eyes swollen and cut, Sonny came out with a surge in the sixth round and connected with a good right hand, but he couldn't keep it going and I ended the round feeling like I was the new champ.

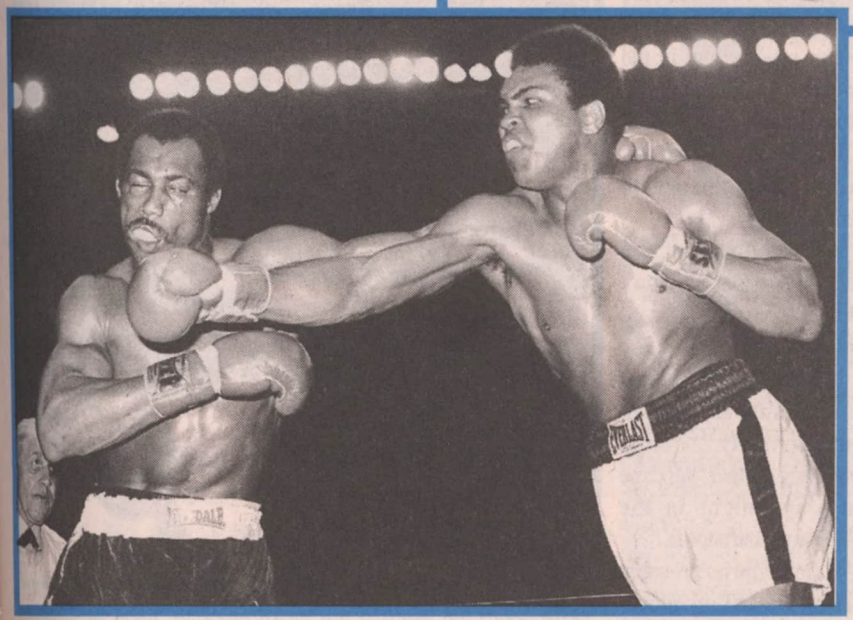
But I was still very relieved to see big Sonny remain on his stool when the bell rang for the seventh.

I still respect him as one of the truly great heavyweights of all-time.

Next, I'd say, would be the Doug Jones fight in 1963.



This photo has to make you wonder why Ali doesn't rate his first fight with Joe Frazier as his toughest. In a battle of unbeatens, Frazier dropped Ali in round 15 and won a unanimous decision.



In their first and second bouts, Ken Norton took Ali's best right hands and kept inching forward. If Ali thought Norton was troublesome in those bouts, imagine what he thought after their rubber match.

Jones had just come off a big knockout over Zora Folley. He was smart and hungry. I had put a lot of pressure on myself with the predicting and tried to make it come true. The Garden was jammed and Jones was from New York.

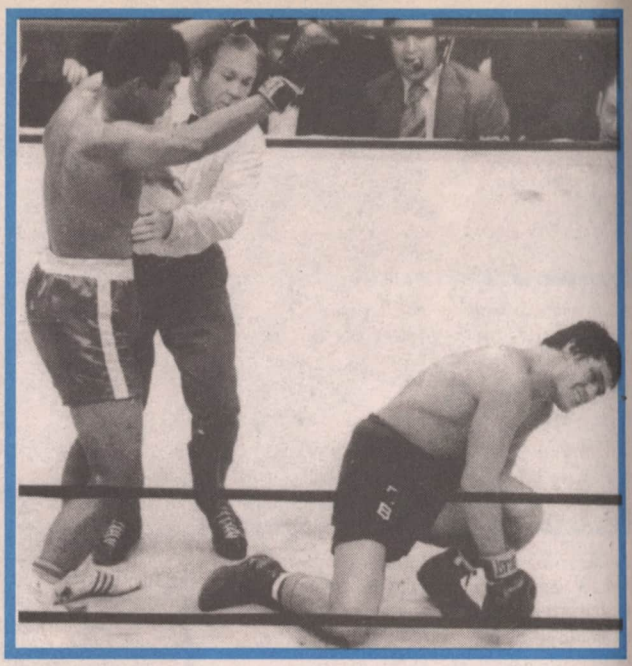
All night long the determined Jones kept getting me with a looping right hand. He'd move in relentlessly and lead with the right. He was just throwing me off-stride and I was very happy to be awarded a close decision.

Here I go, getting myself in deep trouble. That's because I don't know who could've been tougher than Joe Frazier the first time we met. He was really something that night, March 8, 1971. I'll never forget the date.

Joe just kept coming. I thought that I won that fight, but I don't do the judging. Everybody remembers that one, so I don't

Germany's Karl Mildenberger was all laughs before his 1966 challenge of Ali, and nothing but trouble during the bout. Ali was confused by the southpaw before scoring a 12th-round stoppage.

In only his second bout after a three-year layoff, Ali went 15 bruising rounds with contender Oscar Bonavena. He scored three knockdowns in the last stanza, clearing the way for his challenge of world champion Joe Frazier.



have to go into it. He was a great heavyweight that night. His style will give me a tough fight every time.

Ken Norton was tough both times we fought. He broke my jaw in the first one, which I wasn't in condition for. The second time in Los Angeles, I was ready and won the early rounds, but had to pull a split decision out in the last round.

Norton's strength and jerky rhythm throws me off, and like Frazier, will always be a tough one for me to conquer.

I know the name Karl Mildenberger might not strike fear in many men's hearts, but he was a rough one for me to figure.

I fought him in Germany in 1966. He was a southpaw, and I had a lot of trouble getting untracked against his style. He could box pretty well and whacked me with a few good punches. I didn't get him until the 12th round in what everyone figured would be an easy fight.

In my second fight since my layoff of more than three years, Oscar "Ringo" Bonavena gave me a real tough 15 rounds.

Bonavena, short, awkward, and strong, did everything but hit me in the kneecaps in trying to win that one. I finally caught him coming in with a left hook in the 15th round. I was glad it was over after a grueling fight.

Then, in 1972, I met light heavyweight champ Bob Foster in Lake Tahoe. I always respected him as possibly the greatest of all 175-pounders, but I never figured he could handle me.

For almost four rounds, I laid on him and used my 41-pound advantage to tire him out. When I figured I had him weary, he started jabbing. I couldn't believe he was outjabbing me, the master of the jab. His jabs were sharp and hard. He caught me with some good combinations and shook me a couple of times.

For the first time in my career, I was cut with a crisp jab. He also had me swollen under the other eye and cut in the mouth, but the weight took its toll and he went down for the seventh and final time in the eighth round.

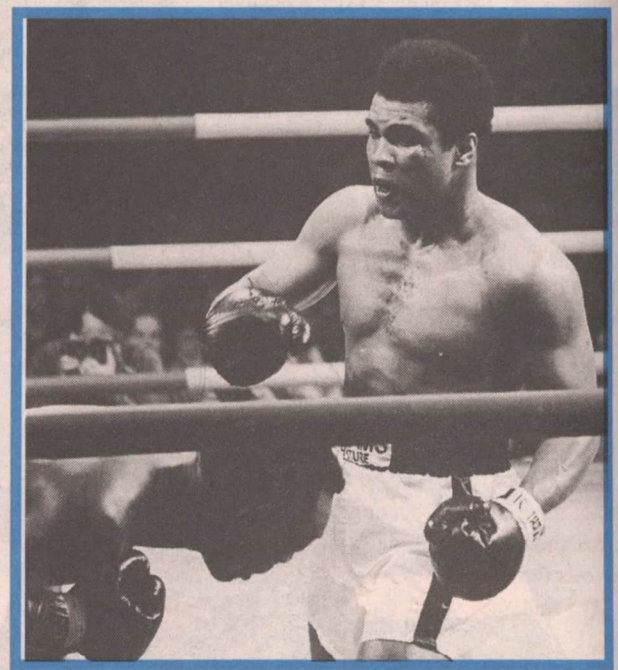
I was glad I got him at 34, and that he didn't have an extra 15 or 20 pounds.

It might sound funny, but Jimmy Ellis, who was formerly my chief sparring partner, gave me a tough night in the Houston Astrodome.

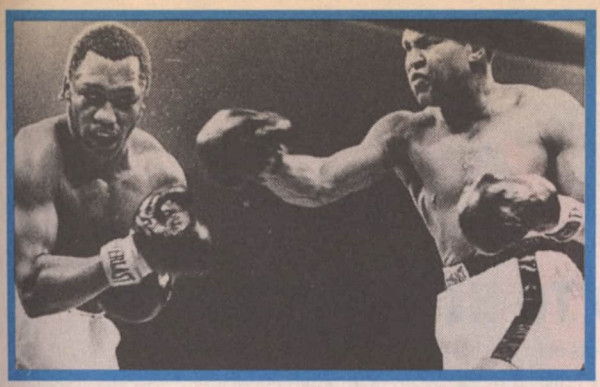
Jimmy, who probably knew me and my moves better than I knew myself, was as smart as they came. He had pride and was a world champion, too.

For seven or eight rounds, Jimmy gave me fits. He darted in and out and kept me under pressure with a good scientific fight. I started getting to him about the ninth round, and the referee stopped it in the 12th.

Up jumped Joe Frazier again, and as you can guess, it was another tough one, but I wound up with the decision this time.



There aren't too many photos of Ali bleeding. Light heavyweight champion Bob Foster did the damage during his 1972 duel with Ali, won by "The Greatest" in the eighth round.



Ali's second war with Joe Frazier was a physical battle, but nowhere near as grueling as the first bout. Ali won a 12-round decision at Madison Square Garden, in January 1974.

Joe was still his relentless self, as he seemed to get stronger as the fight went on. I thought I had him going early in the fight, but there was a little mixup with the bell and the ref stepped in too early.

The fight was a good one and Joe remains high on my list in more ways than one. We are even at one and one, and maybe someday we can have the rubber match to settle the score. Joe would like that, too.

Those are 10, which I was asked for, but there are more that seem to belong in that top 10.

Jerry Quarry, in our first fight, in Atlanta, was coming on strong in the third when I stopped him on a cut. But that was my first fight back after the layoff, and Quarry was probably too tough a choice. I was very fortunate to have had the fight stopped on a cut, which was a bad one.

Joe Bugner, the European champion, gave me a tough 12-round decision fight in Las Vegas. That's another one that people figured would be easy, but Bugner was determined, clever, and fast.

Mac Foster gave me a grueling 15 rounds in Tokyo, Japan, that had to be one of my toughest fights from a physical standpoint.

Alvin "Blue" Lewis, whom I stopped in 11 in Dublin, Ireland, gave me much more trouble than I ever bargained for. I did have a bad cold going into the fight, but that's no excuse. Lewis was a good heavyweight who needed more breaks.

Speaking of tough, I don't know who was ever tougher on me physically than "Granite Jaw" George Chuvalo. He gave me two tough distance fights for a total of 27 rounds, and took everything I had to dish out and kept coming for more.

Henry Cooper, one of England's greatest, sat me on my pants in London and was without a doubt one of the best I had met. His big trouble was his tissue-paper skin.

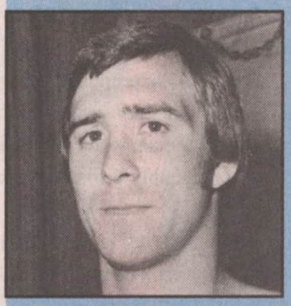
Ernie Terrell, who's now making it as a singer with his own group, gave a tough account of himself against me at the Astrodome for the undisputed world championship in a fight I won over the 15-round distance.

As I said, they were all tough. I've never really had an easy one.

There will be more tough fights in the ring for me. But my toughest of all fights is still to come when I retire from boxing. That will be the continued fight to help my people. ■

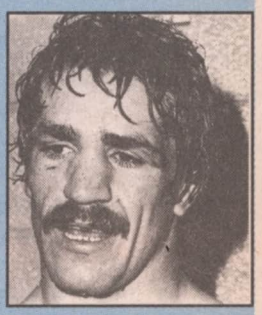
THE RING, February 1975

The Cover: Muhammad Ali again wears the crown as heavyweight champion of the world. In the cover story, Associate Editor Dan Daniel examines the controversies surrounding "The Rumble In The Jungle," including George Foreman's assertions that the ring ropes were loose and referee Zack Clayton issued a fast count.



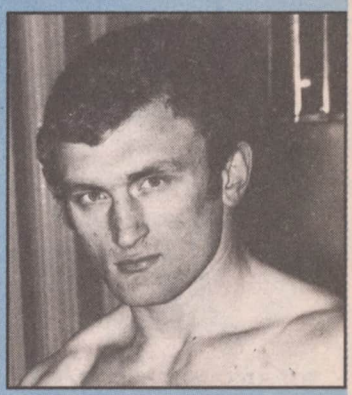
Welter Wonder: British correspondent Ron Olver profiles European welterweight champion John H. Stracey, who is aiming for a shot at world titlist Jose Napoles. England's Stracey, a classy boxer, jumped to third in the ratings with an eighth-round TKO of French contender Roger Menetrey.

Vito And The Veteran: Sam Taub reports ringside from Madison Square Garden, where up-and-coming middleweight Vito Antuofermo (pictured) outpointed former world champion Emile Griffith over 10 rounds. While everyone agreed that Antuofermo deserved the nod, the margin (6-3-1, 7-2-1, and 8-2 in rounds) seemed a bit unfair to the loser.



Jewish Bomber: Rising middleweight Mike Rossman is profiled by his brothers Andrew and Jay. Rossman, a high school student in New Jersey, is unbeaten in 17 pro bouts. He's already beaten such opponents as Mike Baker and Nat Dixon, and seems headed toward the top 10.

Fighter Of The Month: This month's winner is heavyweight Joe Bugner, a points winner over former champion Jimmy Ellis. The Hungary-born, England-based Bugner jumps to number five in the ratings, behind only former champions George Foreman and Joe Frazier, Ron Lyle, and Oscar Bonavena.



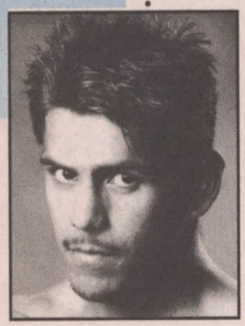
LOOKING AHEAD

By Steve Farhood

"I'M WILLING TO GO TO HELL AND BACK"

It's been easy to forget about Gabe Ruelas. If it was only so easy for him to forget.

Once a world champion, Ruelas was emotionally crushed by the death of Jimmy Garcia and physically beaten by the fists of Azumah Nelson. But if any fighter ever deserved another chance, Ruelas does, and as we went to press, it was anticipated he'd challenge IBF junior lightweight champion Arturo Gatti in September.



Ruelas: Gatti's the one he wants

"Gosh, I guess it will tell me if I want to continue in the sport, if my love for boxing is still there," Ruelas, 26, said of the proposed fight.

Ruelas' recent history is all too familiar. In May '95, he defended the WBC 130-pound title by stopping an overmatched Garcia, who died from head injuries suffered in the bout. Seven months later, Ruelas, physically ill and predictably distracted, lost the title by fifth-round knockout to Nelson. Three meaningless wins have followed.

"For Gabriel, boxing is not a hobby; he doesn't live and die boxing," said Leslie Ruelas, Gabe's wife. "After everything he's been through, it's hard for him to get up for the little fights. He's very excited. This is a chance for him to prove he's not a basket case or anything."

"Only a type of fight like this can get me up," Ruelas said. "I'm tired of winning 10-round fights, fights in which I have everything to lose and nothing to win.

"This is the fight I wanted. Gatti is a good fighter and I respect him. But he has everything for me to take. I told my trainer, 'I'm willing to go to hell and back for this fight.'"

If Ruelas punches with the passion he showed in beating Jesse James Leija and Freddie Liberatore, his challenge of Gatti could be the fight of the year. While he promises he'll box the free-swinging champion, he'll undoubtedly be tempted by Gatti's porous defense. "He's there to get hit a lot," Ruelas acknowledges. What he'll have to prove is that he's still a good enough fighter to take advantage.

"One thing I've learned," said Ruelas, "is that whether I win or lose this fight, people are always gonna talk about the Nelson and Garcia fights." Probably so. But a win over Gatti will help him place them where they belong—further and further into the past.

LISTEN UP

Look for newly crowned IBF junior middleweight champion **Raul Marquez** to defend vs. **Yori Boy Campas** before the year is out … On July 19, IBF featherweight champion **Naseem Hamed** will make his American free TV debut on ABC's *Wide World Of Sports* … The new date for the **Terry Norris-Felix Trinidad** showdown: August 23 at Madison Square Garden. Underneath: **Lonnie Bradley-Julio Cesar Green** and WBC strawweight king **Ricardo Lopez-Nene Sanchez** … **Virgil Hill** didn't last very long as IBF light heavyweight champion. (He's still the WBA titlist.) Hill was stripped for failing to defend against number-one contender **William Guthrie**, who will meet **Darrin Allen** to fill the vacancy … Look for the **Roy Jones-Montell Griffin** rematch, a pay-per-view headliner, on August 7 … IBF bantamweight champion **Mbulelo Botile** is scheduled to defend against mandatory challenger and unbeaten 1992 Olympian **Tim Austin** in Nashville, Tennessee.

Las Vegas Hilton

FUTURE FIGHTS

By Art Manteris

VP/Director of Race and Sports Operations Las Vegas Hilton SuperBook

Favorite	Underdog	Odds	The Skinny
Danny Romero	Johnny Tapia	Pick-'em	Classic matchup; anything could happen
Pernell Whitaker	Julio Cesar Chavez	4-1	Chavez can't beat top fighters any longer
Roy Jones	Montell Griffin	8-1	Jones needed motivation, and now he's got it
William Joppy	Keith Holmes	7-5	Joppy is better than I thought
Naseem Hamed	Luisito Espinosa	4-1	I'm starting to fully believe in Hamed

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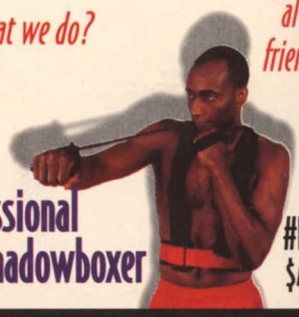

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